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NAVAL WARS OF THE FUTURE.

NAVAL tactics, the science which relates to the management of fleets and single vessels of war, embraces strategy and evolutions under all circumstances. Many forms, or orders, are necessary for conducting the evolutions of a fleet, and, unless a Commander-in-Chief is thoroughly versed in tactics, has a quick eye to see the defects in his enemy's line, and a ready mind to execute, he will fall short of what is required, and will probably gain few laurels, if indeed he is not brought to grief for want of that knowledge which every sea officer should possess.

Two opposing fleets may be compared with the figures on a chessboard, which are moved as circumstances may seem to require, to give each opponent the chance for victory. The problem of manœuvring a fleet is, however, much more difficult, as we see the game of chess well played by very ordinary persons, while the men who have proved themselves great naval tacticians can be counted on one's fingers. Many battles have been won at sea by men who could not be considered tacticians, but their victories have been gained by courage, which is just as necessary in naval tactics as in any other case courage to decide quickly in emergencies, without which no man can have the nerve to take advantage of the opportunities offered by his foe. Courage, combined with the science of which we are treating, will, other things being equal, insure victory.

Naval tactics is the most difficult branch of the art of war, and, notwithstanding the many centuries in which great fleets have contended on the ocean, it has not yet reached its acme. At the present time there is a diversity of opinion as regards the proper manner of manœuvring and fighting, and no one would like to commit himself by proposing a system for future wars, for fear of proving a false prophet, since so many new elements are constantly entering into the science of war that only a master mind can grasp the whole subject and form some idea of future naval operations. Even in the management of a large fleet in time of peace, there is enough to occupy the mind of a Commander-in-Chief.

Many things are to be learned in the organization of a fleet before going into battle, and he who neglects to drill his ship's crews in the manœuvres necessary to enable its atoms to preserve a compact form, or to change rapidly from one form to another, would prove himself a tyro indeed, quite incapable of conducting great operations.

Naval tactics present intricate formations which are Greek to a landsman and not much more intelligible to those officers who put off learning the science of their profession until they arrive at command. Yet all the formations can be stored in the memory, ready to be put in practice when opportunity occurs.

I here give an outline of these fleet formations which will show the unitiated what difficulties are encountered in manœuvring a fleet even in peaceful times, and it may induce them to further study the subject.

An assemblage of vessels, either by simultaneous, successive or direct movements, or by a conversion, or by a wheel in concentric circles, or by a combination of movements, can attain any formation necessary to a fleet or squadron. That is an axiom. Success depends on the Commander-in-Chief, who may be readily able to form line ahead, or line abreast, or in echelon, which are called "simple formations." But, if it happens to be desirable for any combination of vessels to divide and form on more than one line of bearing, the formation becomes a complex one, and is said to be, "in line ahead in two columns," or "in double line ahead,' "alternate line abreast," or "in groups in line abreast," "in naval square," "in double echelon," or "in groups in double echelon," or "in chase formation," or "in retreat formation."

These are the general formations which would probably be

practiced when two fleets met upon the ocean manœuvring for position previous to attack, and it is not difficult to see that such manœuvres involve intricate changes, the success of which depends not only on the Commander-in-Chief, but on the ability of commanding officers of single ships.

Naval tactics, outlined as above, constitute the system of attack and defense in the formation of fleets which we have adopted without ever having had an opportunity of putting it in practice in default of a squadron of evolution, or of the opportunity to witness the manœuvres of foreign fleets, which latter seem to depend more on the benefits to be derived from the simplest formations than the case will warrant. So many new factors are constantly coming into the field of naval warfare that it seems to me when a sea fight occurs, with all the latest implements, we will discover that the whole world has been committing great mistakes, and that there will be more science practiced than has heretofore been thought necessary, and, therefore, it will be better for us to pay more attention to science than to lay so much stress on simple fleet manœuvres.

The treatise on naval tactics, which may be called the foundation for all subsequent books on the subject, was written in the reign of Louis XIV., by a French Jesuit, Paul l'Hoste, who was a thorough seaman and had seen much service in the naval wars with England. His work was written after consultation with the Marshal Count de Tourville and other famous admirals of France.

In their early career the French were not distinguished as seamen, and in contests with the English in particular, generally came off second best. Even in the time of Elizabeth, the English navy gave proof of prowess possessed by no other nation, owing to the attention paid to her maritime forces by that queen of famous memory. History abounds with the record of English victories at sea, and those gained over the French impressed Paul l'Hoste with the idea of preparing his treatise, which assisted greatly in enabling French fleets to hold their own against their rivals, but could not compensate for the bold, dashing manner in which the British made their attacks, and frequently set the French tactics at naught.

This trait in the English character of defying all obstacles to come in close contact with an enemy, seemed to render the use of an intricate system of naval tactics unnecessary for them. They conquered by the exercise of that stubborn will which is an attri-

bute of the Anglo-Saxon race, together with their expertness in seamanship which has rendered their navy renowned.

In future wars, where new elements are brought into play and the fleets are propelled by steam instead of sails, Great Britain may find herself at fault for want of that precise knowledge in tactics, which gives an army such a decided advantage over a less skilled opponent; yet, with their stubborn way of fighting, their facilities for naval construction and armament, and their nautical ability, Englishmen may prove victorious in the coming time as in years gone by.

We can hardly predict the result of future naval wars. France, the most scientific of nations, has made great improvements in ships and all warlike appliances, and, as the manœuvres of future fleets may correspond more nearly to those of an army than in the days of sailing ships, and as the French may exhibit more skill than they did in former times, perhaps the English are destined one day to encounter a foe that may snatch from them the laurels won since 1588, the year of the "Invincible Armada." Some future French admiral may avenge the humiliation inflicted on his country by Howe, Hyde Parker, Hood, Rodney, Collingwood and Nelson, not to mention others whose names illuminate the naval history of Great Britain.

Who can tell what may happen when science usurps the place of seamanship pure and simple? The day may come when some other naval power than Great Britain may show a record of brighter and more important deeds than have ever yet been chronicled. I cannot help thinking, however, that the same impulses which inspired the Britons of the past century still lie *perdu*, and only want to be awakened by the cry, "*To Arms!*" and, all things being equal, we shall see the Britons gathering on that element of which they seem a part a harvest equal to what they have reaped in the past.

I believe that the nations of Europe look upon the naval power of Great Britain as the one thing that cannot be broken, and, while that power endures, Great Britain will hold her own against any three continental nations combined. The same reasons that, a century ago, made the British navy superior to all others may exist in the future; for, during the French Revolution, after a long series of hostilities between Great Britain and France, the conviction was forced upon the latter that the only way to compete with her rival was to build a navy of equal force. When

this scheme was proposed in the French Assembly, Mirabeau remarked, "The English war marine has grown to what it is, like the English oaks of which the ships are built, through the slow progress of a thousand years. You cannot have a navy without sailors, and sailors are made through the dangers of the deep, from father to son, until their home is on the wave. You cannot build up a navy at once by a simple act of legislation."

Since the time of Mirabeau the science of naval war has been changed, and other nations of Europe, besides Great Britain, may, in the future, attain reputation as naval powers which hitherto they have failed to acquire. Mirabeau spoke truly when he described the British navy, but the changes that have taken place in recent times are such as Mother Shipton in her wildest predictions never hinted at. Steam rules everything, and the gallant hearts who once bade defiance to the tempest, and, like the stormy petrel, loved to disport on waves running mountain high, have given place to a class of men who, although they wear the emblems of the old sea-dogs, are of quite a different character, and the motive power of war ships is in the hands of mechanics who have never been subjected to that ordeal through which British sailors had to pass for many generations.

The advent of steam has changed the whole character of war, not only in the rapidity with which the different movements can be carried on, but also in the character of the men who perform the manual labor, and this has a tendency to place the sailors of different nations on a more equal footing. The wars of the future, then, may turn out to be as different as possible from those of the past, and although we may educate officers in the higher mathematics to enable them to rise to the occasion, when the time arrives, the results may be exactly opposite to what we anticipated.

There have been no conflicts by which to test thoroughly the new system of naval warfare, or the implements by which war is henceforth to be carried on. In days of yore squadrons would sometimes fight for hours with smooth-bore guns, and do little damage to each other. The guns were comparatively small, the ship's sides very thick and solid, so that only the heaviest shot would pass through. The masts and rigging might be badly cut up, but the ships would haul off to repair damages, and the crippled spars and sails would soon be replaced. In the course of an hour,

perhaps, a ship that had been badly cut up was ready to go into action again, while carpenters were slung over the side to plug up shot holes. Had any of the ships of Nelson's day been struck between wind and water by a twelve-inch rifled shell; exploding on impact, as is generally the case, the ship would have had a hole torn in her side through which a good-sized whale might enter, and would have gone to the bottom in five minutes. Such is the disparity between the guns of the present and those of the past, and the disparity between the old-fashioned line-of-battle ships and the monster armor-clads of to-day is equally great.

What made England mistress of the seas were her wooden walls, and the gallant tars that manned the guns. The sea-girt isle produced a far greater number of thorough seamen than any nation of the European Continent, for the latter placed their chief reliance in huge armies, and it is only within a comparatively recent period that some of the most powerful countries have had any navy at all. In the seventeenth century England, Spain, Holland, and France were the naval powers par excellence, and with the prestige gained by the English against superior forces, it seems to have been thought useless for the smaller powers to waste much money upon naval armaments, which would simply fall a prey to the enterprising islanders.

It is only since the introduction of steam that the nations of the world, great and small, have concluded to incur the expense of a navy, some of those who had previously no navy at all becoming suddenly powerful in their ships, and even the Chinese and Japanese have armor-clads that will compare favorably with those of Europe. As matters now stand, it is difficult to foresee the result of future conflicts. Had the battle of Trafalgar been fought under steam, who can say what might have been the result?

After the French adopted the tactics of L'Hoste the English plan of steering boldly down upon an enemy and closing with him as soon as possible did not prove as effective as before, for the French received the advancing enemy with their entire broadsides, raking the English ships fore and aft, so that by the time the latter got alongside a French ship their sails and rigging would be dreadfully cut up. Every other French ship would then run off hidden by the smoke and form to leeward. As soon as the English formed in line and opened their batteries, the remainder of the French fleet would run off before the wind and

unite with the first division, while the cripped English could but slowly follow. This system of the Frenchmen running off and receiving the English with their entire broadside, while the latter, exposed to a raking fire, could only use their bow guns, changed the whole character of naval warfare. The French were the better tacticians, the English the better seamen. The boldest and most dashing English commanders frequently had the mortification of seeing a French fleet escape them through the tactics of the Jesuit.

These tactical successes were considered by the French as victories, and in many cases their importance justified the claim. The French will probably retain their superiority as tacticians from their peculiarly systematic character, and this may have a very great effect in future wars between them and the English in deciding to whom victory shall belong,

The French have been in the past more a nation of soldiers, while the English owe not only their success in war but their very existence to the fact that they are *par excellence* a maritime people. If the English ever permit any decadence in their navy, either in material or personnel, it will be a step toward the downfall of British greatness. England should not, in the future, omit any of those precautions in perfecting her naval power which have made her so successful in the past. In the famous naval battles of the last three centuries we can trace the progress of scientific warfare and note when the character of naval design has changed so that what may have been considered a perfect organization in the sixteenth century would to-day excite derision.

The engagement of Mathews and La Const (1744), Anson and La Jonquiere (1747), Hawke and L'Etendeau (1747), Knowles and Reggio (1748), Parker's three actions (1758–59), Boscowen and La Clue (1759), Keppel (1778), Lord Howe and D'Estaing (1778), Hyde Parker and De La Motte (1780), Rodney (1780), Cornwallis and La Motte Piquet (1780), Rodney (1782), Howe (1782 and 1794), St. Vincent (1797), The Nile (1798), and Trafalgar, are some of the sea fights that have made England famous and given to France the second place, notwithstanding she often held her own against odds and even gained glory from defeat. The advantages in tactics were on the side of the French, but the indomitable energy and superior seamanship of the British won the day.

There are eras in the history of naval warfare which are

worthy of particular consideration, from the time when ships armed with heavy artillery began to act in concert and formed into divisions under the command of Admirals, sailed on lines of bearing-in forms of pursuit and retreat, and executed such manœuvres as were absolutely necessary to prevent a fleet from falling into confusion.

This era may properly date from the sailing of the "Invincible Armada," in 1588, and I refer to it to show what courage and seamanship will effect against an apparently overwhelming force. What happened three hundred years ago may happen again in the future with similar unfortunate results to the too confident invader. Had Philip of Spain succeeded in his project of conquering the British Islands, the whole future of that country would have been changed, and many events which have illustrated the might and glory of England would never have taken place. As master of England, Philip II. would have commanded the North Sea, forever secured to Spain the possession of the Low Countries, and enabled her to blockade the entrance to the Baltic and coop up the Russian bear in his own waters.

The Armada was the most powerful and perfectly fitted fleet that had ever been sent to sea. It was conceived by the most powerful monarch of Europe, who was animated by the most intense hatred of England, her Queen, and her religion. The fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty-two ships, armed with three thousand one hundred and fifty-five of the heaviest cannon known at the time, a large number of smaller vessels, and a vast assemblage of transports. From all parts of Spain young men of the best families volunteered their services until the ships could hold no more. Many friars accompanied the expedition under the direction of a vicar of the Holy Inquisition, to aid in extirpating heresy after the conquest of England should have been effected. The ships of the Armada were of enormous size and strength, and cased with heavy planks to prevent their being pierced by cannon balls, a year's provisions were provided, and nothing left undone to make the expedition a success. In addition to the maritime forces, the Duke of Parma had collected a choice army of forty thousand infantry and eighteen hundred horse ready in transports, at a moment's notice, to land in England.

Such were the enormous preparations made by the Spaniards that all Europe was in alarm, not knowing, for some time, where

the blow would fall. The situation of England, during the preparation of the Armada, was a very unhappy one, particularly when Elizabeth was informed by the King of France of the probable intentions of Philip. With her accustomed energy the Queen took all necessary steps to repel the invasion and the people of England rushed to arms. A fleet of war ships was prepared, and, although the preparations were begun only on November 1, 1587, four years after Philip had commenced to fit out the Armada, yet the English fleet was ready for sea by December 20th of the same year, a celerity that could not be exceeded at the present day.

In this fleet were the most renowned seamen of the age. Lord Howard, of Effingham, was appointed Admiral; Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral, and Hawkins and Frobisher, Rear Admirals. Lord Henry Seymour, with forty English and Dutch ships, was sent to prevent the army of the Duke of Parma from getting to sea. This piece of English history has a pointed bearing on the subject which we are treating. England was never before, and never will again, if she is true to herself, be in such a perilous condition as she was in 1588, when the chances seemed ten to one that she could not escape destruction—a calamity which would have retarded civilization for centuries.

I wish to emphasize the fact that it was through the navy that the English and their sovereign escaped destruction, for so incensed were the Spaniards against Elizabeth for putting to death the Catholic Queen of Scots, that they would have visited her with condign vengeance, and they had already parceled out the real and personal property of her subjects.

The largest of the Spanish ships were of one thousand five hundred tons, while none of those in the English fleet exceeded eight hundred, and their seventy-five ships averaged only three hundred tons, while the disparity of guns was great enough to have appalled any but the stoutest hearts. In the contemporary accounts of the Armada, we read that eighteen of the largest Spanish ships, carrying eight thousand men, were destroyed in battle, seventeen ships were lost on the Irish coast, forty on the English coast—in short, disaster overtook the whole expedition, and only a fragment returned to Spain. Of the English fleet, but one ship was lost in battle and not more than one hundred men.

This great victory, over the most extensive naval expedition ever fitted out, was gained by a few ships, but they were manned by skillful seamen, full of courage and energy and governed by strict discipline. No such conditions prevailed on board the Spanish ships. The leaders were not skillful Admirals, the seamen were not well drilled at the guns, and most of the time on shipboard was given up to masses and religious ceremonies by the numerous priests, in order to insure victory over the heretics.

When General Anthony Wayne was about to storm the intrenchments at Stony Point, he had to pass a stream to reach the enemy's wooks. "Soldiers," he said, "put your trust in Providence, but keep your powder dry," an exhortation very suitable for the emergency. It would have been well for the Spaniards if they had devoted more time to drill and preparations for the stern realities of battle.

I have given this brief sketch of the Armada because that celebrated expedition has an important bearing on the naval wars of the future. The particular qualities which marked the English seaman of three centuries ago are still paramount. They are as much in advance now, in all that tends to make a navy efficient, as they were in the days of the Armada. The progress of such a nation should have a great deal to do in shaping the conduct of future naval wars.

The danger is that the British navy may fall into the error of supposing that it can dispense with minute excellence in naval tactics, for, where only a few forms of evolutions are brought into play, they must be executed with precision to avoid the possibility of confusion.

The nations of Europe seem alike indifferent at present to naval tactics, which is doubtless owing to the introduction of steam propulsion. They have consequently given to the world no system of naval tactics thoroughly suited to present requirements, such as would assure the thoughtful officer that a meeting of two hostile fleets will not mean the dashing together of the combatants in such a manner as to cripple both parties without giving the victory to either. It would be like the attack of two undisciplined armies, who, after being mixed up in confusion, pair off into groups and end by clubbing each other with the butts of their muskets.

Everything connected with naval warfare is the result of sci-

entific study, from the construction of hull and engine and heavy guns to the little *mitrailleuse,* which deals such destruction when an opportunity offers for its use, and it cannot be supposed, in this progressive age, that these magnificent engines of war that have cost so much time and money are to be placed in the hands of those who are indifferent to the manner of using them and who trust to brute force for success. You might as well put a man on the coach box who did not know how to handle the reins and expect him to drive a four-in-hand successfully.

We have been accustomed to consider the British "Channel Squadron" as a technical school, but an English writer remarks of this fine array of vessels in 1872: "The great tactical revolution caused by the introduction of steam has been either quietly ignored or its extreme significance has been left to be pointed out by a small company of prophets who have not as yet succeeded in gaining more than a partial hearing for the statement of their views. . . . It is somewhat humilating to reflect that as yet, in spite of the immense progress made in every other branch of the naval art, the very stones wherewith to raise our tactical structure are, as has been well said, still unhewn. Some malignant fairy appears to have been slighted at the birthtime of that mighty fleet which has won the admiration and become the model of all the navies of the world. It possesses all the elements of perfection, but lacks one gift, the power to use them with effect. We have as yet found out no proper system of tactics, not because the invention of one is impossible, but because we have neglected to follow the road which leads to it."

This was written some years ago, but applies substantially to the present state of affairs, the slow progress in naval tactics being anything but creditable. Hence, while great fleets of armorclads are found throughout Europe, and many of the ships are wonders in naval science, it would seem difficult, if not impossible, to predict what would be their effect in future wars, unless these mighty structures are taken into battle under such tactical arrangements as will prevent confusion and make each fleet a unit, so far as possible.

Not to possess a good system of naval tactics would put the modern nations behind those of antiquity. The Greeks in particular, taught in public schools the science of naval warfare, and the victories they gained at sea were owing to the fact that their

fleets were directed by men of great ability, according to a system that enabled the vessels to act in concert. The fleets of antiquity were propelled by oars, those of the future will be driven by steam or other power that will insure certainty of movement. It would, therefore, seem that the system of the future would be not unlike that of the Greeks.

The first period of naval warfare extends from the time of the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians and Romans to the time of Henry VIII. of England; the second to the year 1697, when the French, after many defeats, adopted the tactics of l'Hoste; the third to the time when screw propulsion was generally adopted for naval purposes, and the fourth since the armor-clad and its immense guns came into existence.

In all the changes of modern times the English have been generally prompt to adopt what promised to be improvements, and it seems strange that, though so near perfection in everything else connected with her fleets, she has never yet had a proper system of tactics such as would enable her to move her forces into action with that celerity which is demanded by the change in the system of naval warfare, and some of us may live to see the French, Russians or Germans manœuvring their ships with a precision superior to the nation which has most at stake on the ocean and to whom the absence of this perfection in tactics may mean future defeat.

It is this supineness on the part of Great Britain in regard to the art of naval war which makes us doubtful as to the results of future naval wars in which she may have a part; the conditions will be so different from what they have been hitherto.

Since Trafalgar, there have been no great battles between fleets and few engagements of consequence between single vessels. The battle of Lissa, between the Italians and Austrians, where Admiral Tegetoff gained a decisive victory, was destitute of everything tactical, and the day was won by a spasmodic dash, in which the Austrian flagship sunk the best vessel in the Italian fleet and was herself almost disabled.

The battle of Navarino, in which the combined fleets of Great Britain and France destroyed the Turkish fleet, offers no information in regard to naval tactics. The war between Chili and Peru tells us nothing that would determine the value of armor-clads over wooden vessels, and in the only case where an iron-clad

squadron was used against stone forts and earthworks the British fleet did not show itself impregnable to the Egyptian guns while reducing the fortifications of Alexandria to ruins. It yet remains to be seen what will be the result of an encounter between two fleets of armor-clads of equal size at sea, where ships-of-the-line, rams, and torpedo vessels are brought together. Without doubt there will be a different state of affairs to what has generally been expected.

When the battle between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" occurred the powers of Europe were struck with amazement, for it was plain that this action had given the deathblow to all those magnificent ships which had hitherto been the pride of their respective nations, since they would be helpless to contend against vessels of the new American type. Here were two vessels thickly armored with iron, with guns of the heaviest type, joined in battle at close quarters for three hours and a half, without either receiving serious damage. It seemed probable that the action might have continued until both vessels had exhausted their ammunition, while it was plainly evident that the heaviest three-decker could not lie half an hour alongside the improved iron-clads the United States Government was constructing. With the energy which characterizes Great Britain, where her navy is concerned, she lost no time in making preparations to meet the emergency, replacing her ships-of-the-line and three-deckers by a type of armored vessels that could enable her to defy the world.

In 1862, Great Britain constructed the grandest fleet of steam war vessels that had ever been put afloat. It had always been her policy to build her line-of-battle ships as nearly alike as possible, so that when drawn up in line they would present a uniform weight of metal throughout its whole extent, and no one part be weaker than the other. No two powers in Europe combined, could have presented such a line of battle at sea as Great Britain, and it is safe to say she was a match for France, Russia and Spain. Well do I remember those grand old ships of the "Trafalgar" and the "Wellington" class, the latter built to carry one hundred and thirty-one and the former one hundred and twenty guns. The very sight of these ships gave an exalted ideal of naval power. The French and Russians had equally fine ships, but the guns at Hampton Roads sounded the death knell of these grand vessels,

and in a few years they were all laid up in ordinary as mementoes of the past.

It was melancholy to see the mighty structures which had upheld the glory and power of the nations consigned to the scrap heap, but there was no alternative when their services were no longer valuable. But, right here, European powers lost sight of one most important consideration. Up to the time of the American Revolution it had been the aim of all naval powers to maintain fleets composed of ships-of-the-line, which should be their main power of attack and defense, while frigates were not admitted to the line of battle but served as outposts or to take a crippled vessel out of action, or act as dispatch vessels, in fact, be "the eyes of the fleet," for in the opinion of the best authorities the power of a navy lay in its ability to unite in a compact line as many of the largest class of ships as possible. In computing the power of a navy, the number of line-of-battle ships it could send to sea was the test of its strength; for, no matter how many frigates and sloops-of-war a nation might possess, they could not contend against the ships-of-the-line.

In building a new navy Great Britain, and those who followed her, committed grave mistakes. They did not apparently consider that there would be still the same necessity for heavy ships to form in line of battle, while frigates and sloops, or commerce destroyers, should be constructed in accordance with the new order of things for use in time of war. There was a wide difference of opinion in Europe as to the merits of the two types of vessels that had battled in Hampton Roads. Secretary Welles, in his pride at the success of the monitors at the conclusion of our civil war, sent the "Miantonomoh" to Europe. She was a slow vessel, but of formidable dimensions and strength, with heavy guns that would have destroyed any ship in the British navy. Combined in line with others of like destructive power, she might have been called invincible, but her merits were generally ignored, and her defects sharply commented upon.

The great subject of discussion in England at that time was, "What should constitute a modern war-ship?" Many proposals were made by different naval architects and ship builders, and much discussion ensued in the Board of Admiralty. The point was settled by building the "Warrior" and "Black Prince," though both of these vessels together could have been beaten by one of

the "Miantonomoh" class, supplied with proper engines, heavy ordnance and armor, and such other appliances as English mechanical skill could devise.

An English writer observes: "It is a fortunate circumstance for this country that throughout all the excitement and contention of the last fifteen years, those who guide our naval policy have preserved, on the whole, a wise course, and have added to the navy year by year a succession of the most powerful ships that the resources at their command enabled them to produce. They have not waited till it could be proved beyond dispute by *a priori* reasoning what the characteristics of a modern war-ship should be; but have gone on building ships of increased and varied power, so that should an emergency arise, we shall be prepared, if not with a *fleet* of perfect ships, at least with a more formidable fleet than can be possibly brought against us. This is most unmistakably our present position: After a short period of reconstruction, we are in possession of the most magnificent fleet that has ever been seen, and are able to send to any part of the world an amount of fighting power that appears positively overwhelming."

This is substantially true, for the English have kept ahead of all other nations in the number of their armor-clad ships; but whether she has developed the best line-of-battle ship, one that can maintain position, and not be driven from the line owing to some inherent weakness, remains to be seen.

The "Warrior" and "Black Prince" were certainly not good types of line-of-battle ships, and in no way equaled some foreign vessels built shortly after them. They were good frigates, but not ships-of-the-line. The "Hercules," "Monarch," "Minotaur," "Northumberland," "Inconstant," "Bellerophon," "Defense," "Narcissus," "Agincourt," "Volage," "Iron Duke," "Hotspur," "Glatton" and "Devastation" were excellent designs for their time, but they are not all alike or exactly calculated to take their place in line of battle against the guns of to-day, which shows a want of forethought such as we should hardly have expected in the Board of Admiralty. Steady improvement has marked the course of events in the British Navy, and at the present time they have a force which will probably prevent any maritime nation from courting their hostility.

DAVID D. PORTER.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE STAGE AND SOCIETY.

Some thoughts are suggested by the rapidly growing respect and esteem of the world for the art and artists of the stage. Not so many years ago, social laws proscribed the followers of the theatrical calling in most offensive and contemptuous terms. In these present days there is no social eminence to which the serious and earnest artist of the stage may not mount, no circle so exclusive that its gates may not be passed by the player who shall prove personally worthy.

Described in the old English statutes as vagabonds, "such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and hunt customable taverns and ale-houses, and routs about, and no man wot from whence they came, nor whither they go," the dramatic artist of to-day finds every door open and every hand stretched out in welcome.

What are the moving causes of this lifting up of the theatre and its followers? Are they to be discovered in the devotion of players to the development and dignification of their art, or in the supposititious exaltation of the stage by society personages who have persuaded themselves that, in becoming associated with the drama, they are assisting in its "elevation"?

I think that any serious consideration of this advancement of the profession of acting must bring the conclusion that it has been occasioned purely by the care and thought and increasing power of the actors themselves. No barrier can stand forever before the progress of honest endeavor. It is only by the constant toil which produces development that any of the arts has gone forward, and this applies with particular force to the dramatic art, which, being a combination of all the others, is the most difficult and comprehensive.

It would be a destructive blow to the existence of such a thing as dramatic art, if a social leader, equipped with a pleasing personality, a degree of drawing-room grace and ten lessons in eloçu-

tion, were to gain, as an actress, the approval of thoughtful observers. I do not say that a society leader may not become a dramatic artist. But her progress must be accomplished by the same methods and labors and experiences as those which mark the advancement of the humblest beginner in the ranks.

To most of those who move from the private mansion to the stage, acting seems an easy accomplishment, and theatrical triumphs appear the simple rewards of trivial labors. Thus, your society amateur, with her few lessons and her parlor graces—which are by no means stage graces—starts serenely in at the top, expecting to see herself instantly recognized as a dramatic artist. Sometimes she finds in notoriety a balm for the abrasion of her expectations. But, more generally, she feels that the actors, the newspapers and the general community, have entered into a dark conspiracy to thwart her ambitions and rob the drama of one of its most shining lights. There should be no room on the stage for any man or woman who is not willing to study and work unceasingly not only for individual triumph, but also for the growth and honor of the art of acting. Such persons do not ornament the stage any more than they comprehend its mission or measure its worth. Far from elevating the dramatic art, they retard its progress and bring upon it the reproach of purposeless frivolity.

The task of the dramatic artist is not of a trifling nature. It is the purpose of the player to not merely impersonate the creations of poetic genius, but to illuminate them—to make a picture of the dramatist's fancy. Sculpture, painting, music and poetry are all requirements of the dramatic artist who has the highest aspirations. The temperament must be more or less charged with melody, and there must be not only some knowledge of the arts but a direct sympathetic feeling for all of them. The true dramatic artist must be upon a mental and sympathetic level with the maker of the character he or she is to perform, or the characterization ceases to possess importance as a contribution to the art products of the time.

A difficulty of the players' position is that when we have once made our picture it must remain as it is. We cannot draw a pen through a phrase that proves, upon examination, to have been badly chosen, and we cannot paint out a blemish upon our canvas, retouching the spot at our leisure. When our portraiture once takes form, it is instantly judged for what it is, not what it may

become by revision. The dramatic artist is thus placed at a disadvantage as compared with the workers in other lines of art.

It is a great part of our mission to seek out the utmost dramatic possibilities of compositions that have been framed for the stage and bring them to the light. We can hardly expect to accomplish this task with success until we have, by long study and experience, trained our natural qualities to a knowledge of what dramatic effects really are, and a power to bring them out.

Let me choose, for an example, the "Winter's Tale." When I was preparing for its presentation in London many close readers of Shakespeare were considerably more than doubtful of the result. Professor Max Muller said to me one day: "I do not see what can be made of this work. Viewed from the dramatic standpoint I regard it as not only the least valuable of Shakespeare's plays, but as being almost wholly worthless."

"You must go and see it," I replied.

"I shall do so," he continued, "and if you can convince me that the 'Winter's Tale' is worth the labor and expense you are bestowing upon it, I shall admit that I was completely in error."

He did see the production, and he very heartily admitted that he had been completely deceived as to its value for dramatic purposes. Thus, I hold, that the dramatic artist, by the sustained and tireless exercise of his or her art, may prove of great assistance to the student, who, without knowledge of the stage, must frequently lose sight of the best qualities of dramatic poetry.

The "Winter's Tale," contrary to the expectations of all readers, has proved to be, not only interesting in a literary sense, but highly dramatic in its action, and much more than usually rich in episode. It was in this last quality that the play was most generally thought to be utterly deficient, and the insight of stage experience, training and study was required to make it apparent. The discovery of all the purely dramatic effects in any given work is not possible to the student who is not familiar with the art of acting in its best sense. Indeed, the author himself is frequently ignorant of the complete possibilities of his play. It is only the dramatic artist who can fully enlighten him, and by this enlightenment assist him to the creation of still greater effects.

An instance illustrating the power of the dramatic artist to suggest and bring out the meanings of the author where they have not been apparent to the reader or student, was made known in

the Mounet-Sully production of "Hamlet" at the Theatre Française. It was the most wonderful production of Shakespeare ever known, not merely from the standpoint of splendor and outlay, but as viewed from the point of realistic suggestiveness. All Paris went to see it, and a great many people made the journey from London for the express purpose of witnessing the revival. I confess to having followed it, with eager interest, no less than eight times.

Reference to a single event in the representation will confer an idea of the remarkable skill shown in conveying the illusion intended by the author. In the first place, the curtain went up on a scene in which there was an atmospheric effect so skillfully devised as to suggest most vividly the blue-cold of a winter night in Denmark. For some moments there was silence on the stage, which was deserted. Then there was heard in the distance the clanking sound of a man in armor. The sound approached nearer and nearer, and then a guard appeared upon the scene, beating his hands and blowing his warm breath upon his fingers, in an apparent endeavor to restore his circulation. He crossed the stage without a word and disappeared. He could be heard receding in the distance, and finally came in sight again at the back of the stage.

All this was done before a word was spoken, and it was intended to show just what kind of night it was. In this the action was extremely successful. It brought out, pictorially, the poet's briefly-described conditions surrounding the opening of his play. There might be recalled a number of similar effects which were brought out in this same representation, but this single incident will serve to show the value of the dramatic artist's insight as a help to making clear the author's design, no matter how lightly it may have been touched by the writer.

The knowledge that makes possible this detection of meanings, sometimes written between the lines, comes through the training of the dramatic instinct that is the substructure upon which the actor builds his art. But, in the building, there is untold endeavor, and often bitter disappointment. There is nothing about the progress of a dramatic artist that is at all in the line of carelessness and ease. Every step carries one into more difficult paths, and an accidental triumph is robbed of half its pleasure.

These, at first sight trivial elaborations, to which I have alluded, go to show that the merest trifles in dramatic art are worth the labor involved in their acquirement. And it is only through long and earnest effort, careful training, lofty thought and determined purpose, that the player of to-day has been raised from the shadow of the past, and finds himself no longer a vagabond, but a recognized artist, to whom the world is open.

The possibilities of the art are boundless to those who approach it with the proper motives, spurred by a fitting instinct. Such votaries may be of high or low degree. That matters nothing. But the person who steps upon the stage, from palace or hovel, in pursuit of notoriety or unearned gain, has no right to be admitted to the dramatic profession.

MARY ANDERSON.

LETTERS TO PROMINENT PERSONS.

Farewell Words to the Secretary of State.

My Dear Secretary: It is precisely three years since I endeavored, by means of an open letter in The Review, to express my sense of the obligation under which you placed your countrymen when you consented to become the bulwark of the new administration. You must, I think, have recognized my sincerity, though a constitutional bias in favor of plain speaking has sometimes in similar cases defeated a kind intention. In offering yourself as sponsor for an unknown President, you exemplified the spirit in which a great nation loves to be served. You rejected the selfish persuasion that there was only one official station which could add to your fame, and accepted the uncongenial function of allaying popular anxiety. You doubtless anticipated many of the tribulations which commonly adhere to a vicarious sacrifice, and in cheerfully confronting them in behalf of the people you gave a most chivalrous construction to the motto of "noblesse oblige."

But the result has been very different from what you expected. The historian of current events who should assert that he failed to recall another instance where a great reputation was so quickly wasted as yours has been could not safely be accused of having a short memory. If such a declaration should be so altered as to read "recklessly wasted," it would at once become inaccurate and misleading. You have not been reckless in the dissipation of your fame, but cautious, rather, and circumspect. You seem to the dispassionate observer to have arranged your own eclipse with a careful attention to every detail of the obscuration; to have foreseen, and, indeed, to have brought about with elaborate pains, the circumstances of your own extinction. I know that this appearance of things is deceitful. You are not a deliberate suicide. You have ardently longed that your sun might

never set, and it cannot be doubted that you will retire from public life with a bitter consciousness of having been unequal to the task that you assumed. You will not understand it, for you do not understand yourself. It is so many years since you imbibed the idea that you were a statesman of the first rank, and your countrymen so long insisted upon that estimate, that you will never quite realize the truth which is now apparent to every one else.

The country and not alone your own party was under the spell of the Bayard tradition. There may have been individuals in the halcyon past who had conceived the startling suspicion that the sedate and frigid Senator from Delaware was not much larger than his State, but if so they never divulged it. In the eyes of the people, without political distinction, you were a noble and notable figure. The whisper of your name in connection with the Presidency was heard for many successive years with an incredulous smile, but the incredulity testified to an accurate estimate of the blind guides of the party which your membership illustrated and was not in the least degree a reflection upon yourself. Indeed, so partial was the judgment of your fellow men, that the most ardent of your political adversaries were always reminded by your affiliation with Democracy of Shakespeare's jeweled toad. If your party could have been prevailed upon to nominate you, and if so remarkable a selection should have been ratified at the polls, it would have been universally acknowledged that for the second time good had come out of Nazareth, and your compatriots would have felt a pleasurable thrill of pride and satisfaction at the apotheosis of hereditary virtue.

Do not misunderstand me to say, Mr. Secretary, that your countrymen have ever regarded you with affection, or with reverence, which implies affection. That is an emotion which you never evoked. Nor, in truth, was awe precisely the sentiment that you inspired. It has been said that Daniel Webster occasionally appeared to his contemporaries as Moses appeared to the Israelites, "as he emerged from the dark clouds and thick smoke of Sinai, his face all radiant with the breath of divinity." You, sir, never so shone upon mankind. Your admirers, among whom I used to take peculiar pleasure in considering myself enrolled, were, fortunately, never called upon to stand and deliver a reason for the faith that was in them. You are not yet old, and it is only a short time since you were young, but for all practical pur-

SOUTH END.

poses you had been handed down to us from antiquity, and there was not a human being so profane as to invalidate your nimbus.

Four years have now elapsed since you condescended to be monopolized by a portfolio, for it was not later than January, 1885, when you became aware that Grover Cleveland had determined to make you the instrument of his own immortality. Three months later you were seated in the chair of Seward, with the approbation of the American people, and from that coign of vantage you forthwith began to survey the world, and prepare to open your oyster. The nations of the earth had schooled themselves against surprise at the irruption of representative functionaries from the United States, and had generally avoided all manifestations of alarm; but you succeeded in startling more than one of them out of the composure which befits great kings and commonwealths. I shall not arouse painful memories, some of which have been so long asleep that it is better to give them the benefit of the doubt and assume that they are dead, by anything more precise than an allusion to the wonderful diplomatic discoveries that you made when you turned your double convex lens upon the Democratic cohorts in search of patriots who were willing to leave their native land for a term of years. The collection which you made and subsequently dispersed over the face of the earth, bore such witness to the possibilities of our soil and climate as not even the Paris Exposition had been able to furnish. That famous orchid, Keiley Virginiensis, was perhaps your most conspicuous "find," but others were not less skilfully unearthed and were more successfully transplanted.

But the discovering of ministers and consuls and the shipping of them to foreign parts was scarcely more than a diversion of your leisure moments, and so soon as a convenient opportunity offered you took up the serious business of instructing mankind in the science of statesmanship. The climate of Beverly, Mass., could not have agreed with the English diplomat who put his head through a noose last summer and has lately gone home with its impress. So long as he remained in Washington he was entirely equal, not only to his obligations, but also to his opportunities. Before you had been three months in office he had taken a more accurate measure of the Secretary of State than your countrymen had ever been able to obtain. In the game that you cheerfully sat down to play for the rights and dignities of American fisher-

men you held all the best cards; but the British Minister, greatly to his credit and in perfect accordance with what was expected of him by Her Majesty's government, played his hand "to the queen's taste," and before you knew it, you had become disastrously involved. Let me do myself the pleasure and you the justice to say that you afterwards seemed to realize for a brief period the magnitude of the stakes, and made what appeared to be a manly and vigorous effort to extricate yourself. In the spring and summer of 1886 you used such expressions as these in referring to the wanton insolence of Canada: "Such proceedings I conceive to be flagrantly violative of the reciprocal commercial privileges to which citizens of the United States are lawfully entitled." "I earnestly protest against this unwarranted withholding of lawful commercial privileges from an American vessel and her owners, and for the loss and damage consequent thereon the government of Great Britain will be held liable." "Against this treatment I make instant and formal protest." "These are flagrant violations of treaty rights of their citizens, for which the United States expect prompt remedial action by Her Majesty's government." But these spasmodic throes were soon over, and you relapsed into that placid indulgence of the British Minister's propensities with which you had begun a year before the still unfinished game for the fisheries.

The chief trouble with you, my dear secretary, has been, from first to last—excepting only the short lucid interval to which allusion has been made—that you have conceived the whole dispute in the wrong light, and persisted in regarding it from the wrong point of view. You have persevered in the conviction that the American people would make room for one more laurel on your crowded brow, if only you succeeded in coaxing Canada into the gratuitous concession of a few trifling privileges; whereas, what the American people have been demanding all along was the resumption of ancient rights. You have constantly adhered to the position, if not to the belief, that our original title was to nothing at all, and that anything beyond this was an acquisition. It is immaterial to the country, though not to yourself, whether your fault has been perversity of purpose or obliquity of vision, but I for one shall be willing to let you plead guilty to a defect instead of a crime, if you ever betray a disposition to apply for that spiritual solace which is said to go hand in hand with confes-

sion. Let us then suppose that you were unable to see straight when the British Minister came to you in the early summer of 1885, with his bland assurance of a tender solicitude for the poor American fisherman, taken unawares at the opening of the season, and remitted to the untender mercies of the Treaty of 1818 by the cruel abrogation of the Treaty of Washington. This disinterested act of friendship produced such a profound impression upon your mind and made itself so entirely at home among the fibres of your heart that you forthwith shook off the trammels of a bigoted American Congress, kept the fishery clauses in operation during the summer, pledged yourself to an arbitration, declared yourself unfettered by the law of the land, advised the President against employing the retaliatory powers bestowed upon him, retained your serenity while more than four hundred American vessels were outraged and plundered, appointed yourself a plenipotentiary to negotiate a new treaty, placed yourself at the disposal of the astute and obliging Mr. Chamberlain, put your hand and seal to a document which surrendered a whole loaf in exchange for a few crumbs, applauded the President's phenomenal somersault after your work had been rejected, and expressed regret that you had not furnished him with a longer spring-board. The fact that you were never able to grasp the underlying principle of the American contention, namely, that of a tenancy in common, is the more remarkable since you had for so many years stood with Senator Saulsbury in precisely that relation to the State of Delaware. It is strange that the analogy never occurred to you. A few of the molecules whom you have not been in the habit of taking into account except in connection with the census have ranged themselves on your side, but you are almost the only great man who has failed to see the point.

As a rule, treaties of peace are valuable chiefly because the timely violation of them furnishes a convenient pretext for going to war. But we may be allowed to hope that the rule does not hold good as regards England and the United States, and it is an infinite pity that you chose to embark your fame in a fiasco when a becoming manifestation of firmness and sagacity might have been followed by a perpetual treaty of commerce and transportation, which would have made your record even more illustrious than your descent. Would it not have been worth an effort of the

understanding and the will to have succeeded in hastening the day when a vast alliance of English-speaking peoples, standing side by side and watching the insolent aggressions of dynastic pride, calmly and peacefully, but in tones that weigh a thousand million tons, shall say, Hands off! You might so easily have perpetuated the control of your party, and it is not absurd even to imagine that in some happy summer that we now shall never see a Democratic convention might have assured you of its most distinguished consideration and invited you to go up higher. As things have turned out, you and other confiding creatures stood up together before the people only a few weeks ago and asked in unison, like the intruder in the play, "Is our presence agreeable to you?" Whereat, the people shouted: "No! Your absence is very precious to us."

The accidental employment of the term "insolent aggressions;" a moment ago, suggests that this is as good a place as any for an allusion to the most affecting melodrama which an American diplomat has ever put upon the stage. The scene was laid in Samoa, and you cast yourself for the part of first walking gentleman. There has been considerable doubt from the rise of the curtain, whether you ever learned your lines. May I venture to act as prompter and give you the cue?

The Samoan Islands are a lovely oasis in the lonely waste of the South Pacific. Picturesque, fertile, resourceful, they have for a decade allured the eyes of three great nations, and of these the United States was the first to embody in a formal treaty a reciprocal interest and attachment. It was in 1878 that the Administration of President Hayes made a treaty with King Malietoa, which guaranteed to us the privileges which we desired, and to him the recognition which he was sanguine enough to regard as the pledge of his stability. At the beginning of the following year he entered into a commercial convention with Germany, and six months later bound himself by a similar instrument to England. The new zeal for colonizing with which Prince Bismarck had inspired the German people, found one of its earliest outlets in Samoa, and subsequent events lead inevitably to the conclusion that he designed his compact with Malietoa to bear such fruitage as that blameless king had never dreamed of. A German trading-house had already acquired such a foothold in the islands as to serve the purposes of diplomacy when-

ever the time seemed ripe, through the secret channels of intrigue and the public pretence of vested rights. In 1884 Prince Bismarck conceived that the moment had arrived for the application of a firm, but gentle pressure, and the Samoan King put his name to a treaty which he almost immediately repudiated as having been signed under duress, and which England and the United States refused to consider binding. Two years later the South Pacific delimitation treaty between England and Germany declared Samoa neutral territory, but in the interval Prince Bismarck had prompted his consular and mercantile agents to a line of conduct which aroused the fears and the susceptibilities of the Samoans, and grossly outraged the dignity of their king ; so that when in the spring of 1886 a German squadron steamed into the harbor of Apia, no one, except perhaps yourself, was surprised, and least of all the creature Tamasese, who had been incited to rebellion by Dr. Stuebel, the German consul, and Mr. Weber, the German tradesman. This parade of power was not the first overt act, but it was the most imposing demonstration in the long series of wanton outrages which have resulted in the capture and deportation of King Malietoa by Germany, in a devastating civil war, and in an exhibition of exasperating and perfidious imbecility on the part of the United States to which I am proud to say there are few parallels in our history. In abandoning King Malietoa to the vengeance of the German Government, and American interests in Samoa to the well-defended cupidity of German tradesmen, you have laid yourself open to the charge of every weakness save only that of vacillation. Your worst enemy cannot pretend that your descent to Avernus has not been swift, easy and uninterrupted. You have now and then exercised your powers of fluent composition by dictating dispatches to the American minister at Berlin, and further cultivated the amenities of diplomatic intercourse by suave and dulcet deprecations and assurances addressed to a conference of the three powers assembled in Washington at your instance. But so far from tying the hands of Prince Bismarck you did not even perplex him, nor succeed in delaying for an hour the accomplishment of his designs. The country may never know just how far he permitted you to understand the situation, and it is certainly impossible at this moment to say whether he was relying upon your ignorance or

your good nature. He had much to say about the "status quo," but the status quo to which he referred existed in his own mind, and not in Samoa. Nor is it now material to him or to us whether or not he showed you his own hand after a careful inspection of yours. The world is aware that he won the game without losing a single trick.

Samoa is far away, and it is even remoter in the mind than on the map, but the story of Malietoa's martyrdom is pathetic enough to find its way into every uncorrupted heart the world over. The melancholy record of monarchs sold and snared into captivity during all the ages presents no more affecting picture. We have no need to rely upon second-hand descriptions, nor even upon the vivid narrative of Mr. W. L. Rees, the legal adviser of the Samoan government, in a recent number of *The Nineteenth Century*, for the king has told the tale himself. On the day before he went aboard the German man-of-war he addressed one proclamation "To all Samoa" and another to the American consul. In the first he bade his kindred and his people farewell. "On account of my great love to my country and my great affection to all Samoa," he said, "this is the reason that I deliver up my body to the German Government," and "because I do not desire that again the blood of Samoa shall be spilt for me," though he knew not what his offence was. To Mr. Sewall, the consul who executed your wishes in Samoa, the king repeated, in language so simple that not even an American diplomatist could misunderstand it, some very bitter truths. He told how, when it would have been easy to crush the rebels, he refrained because the English and American consuls so advised him. He reminded him of promises solemnly made and lightly broken; nor in his extremity did he forget to pray that they might yet be kept for the sake of his people. A brave man surrendering to force to save others from a death which would have been welcome to himself, is a spectacle which is not often seen in these degenerate days. Malietoa was a heroic figure, and possibly it is not too late for a Christian gentleman to learn a lesson of fortitude and devotion from a savage monarch.

Thus far I have presumed to remind you of the guise in which you have appeared upon the stage of action when the rest of the dramatis personæ were the representatives of one or both of two great powers, and I believe that I have already completed the cate-

gory of your performances under those conditions. It is scarcely worth while to allude to the extradition treaty which Mr. Phelps skillfully negotiated with Her Majesty's Government in London, for the American Minister was considerate enough to close that transaction without making an inconvenient draft upon your resources. Moreover, the country has lately been in considerable doubt as to the precise attitude of the Administration towards that instrument, and it might perhaps annoy you needlessly if I were to assume that you had ever staked your reputation upon it. Nor would it be important to do more than allude, in passing, to several minor examples of the way in which it is possible for an American Secretary of State to discharge the functions of his office, were it not for the fact that they help to verify an interesting theory to which I may presently invite your attention.

Somewhat to the surprise of your countrymen, you took a lively interest in the fortunes of Mr. Cutting, of Mexico and the United States, and in your attempts to befriend that contumacious journalist you suffered numerous mishaps, which if they had befallen any one who was employed in some department of human activity less venerable and majestic that that of statecraft would certainly have produced Homeric laughter. As it was certain lewd fellows of the baser sort found it hard to confine themselves within the limits of decorum, and would have found it still harder had not the extraordinary rapidity with which your representatives succumbed to the climate of Mexico suggested the possibility that in the swift process of rotation your choice might at any moment fall upon them. Your singular passion for Mr. Cutting seems to have been inflamed by the ingenuity with which he manipulated the border. To print a libel on our side of the line and peddle it on their's appeared to you nothing less than genius. You have always pinned your faith to the doctrine of heredity, but in this case you magnanimously acknowledged that those unfortunates who have nothing more than intellect to fall back on are entitled to the benefits of diplomatic intervention.

Under somewhat similar circumstances you embraced the slender chance of delivering a couple of gallant Mohammedans of ancient lineage from the clutches of that misguided potentate, the Sultan of Morocco, by sending a couple of slow but ambitious cruisers—one apiece for the Mohammedans—to the coast of

Africa. A cold and calculating world has forgotten what became of this enterprise, but I entertain such a cheering hope that it may not have faded from your own recollection that I cannot prevail upon myself to refrain from alluding to the chivalrous spirit in which you conceived your duty on that occasion. Earthly distinction is a poor thing, but when, once perhaps in a lifetime, "that happy day on which the gods have smiled" has fairly dawned, it must be glorious to feel that a beautiful emotion need not expend itself in heart-beats, but may instantly enjoy the blessed privilege of wreaking itself in immortal deeds.

And now we come to Hayti, whither a large part of our navy has preceded us. Perchance your anxiety for the Black Republic was warmed into a glow by the presence of its aged ruler, the incomparable Salomon, within our borders en route for Paris, with the traces of long care upon his visage, and the rewards of toil about his person. It was a sight well fitted to arouse your benignant sympathy with the unhappy people whom his departure had bereft, and when in due course a pair of Haytian patriots began their disinterested struggle for the archives and whatsoever else remained in sight, you prepared to concentrate upon their varying fortunes that restless gaze which you had hitherto suffered to wander up and down the earth. It so happened that at this very moment a campaign which was to set the seal of immortality upon your achievements was in progress here at home. An unbridled and ungodly press had stooped to insinuate that there was a subtle relation between the course of events in the Island of Hayti and the hum of activity which pervaded the navy yards of the United States during the weeks which immediately preceded the election. The visible relation was merely such as might be expected to exist between a great, strong, enlightened and prosperous nation, whose honor and dignity had been committed to your care and keeping, and a small, weak, ignorant and bankrupt spot of earth, for whose assets two rabbles were conducting one of their periodical contentions. A Secretary of State, who was capable of construing his duty less rigidly than yourself, might have been satisfied to exalt his office and his country by a display of that "proud repose which is the well-knit vestment of authority," and so indeed might you, is the asseveration of your enemies, had it not been for the kind coincidence that the election was close at hand, and that thousands of

your fellow-citizens were out of a job. Experience had taught you that, however the case may be with a Scotchman and his joke, it does not require a surgical operation to get a political revelation into the head of an impartial American citizen, nor the right sort of a ballot into his hand. A dollar and a half a day will accomplish the desired result every time, if only good judgment be shown in the selection of the beneficiaries. The necessity was pressing, and you could not wait for that reasonable solution of the difficulties involved in the seizure of an American steamer, which was freely offered when the aggressors submitted to the arbitration of the aggrieved. With a rare and beautiful enthusiasm which will long embellish the records of his office the Secretary of the Navy responded to your imperial aspiration, and it was neither your fault nor his that the country was not saved in the way you had appointed.

And this, my dear secretary, comes sufficiently near to exhausting the list of your diplomatic masterpieces. If, as I dare to hope, you should confer upon me the distinction of beguiling a fragment of the prolonged leisure which is about to overtake you, by a casual glance at these pages, the thought may possibly occur to your mind which has occurred to others, and to which I have already made allusion. When you have laid off the cares of state and retired to the commonwealth which is soon to make the rash experiment of attempting to exist without your assistance, I cannot doubt that you will gradually come to survey the events of the last four years with the clear and impartial vision of posterity. You will then discover, perhaps to your amazement, I trust to your mortification, that your thunderbolts have been hurled against only weak and helpless members of the family of nations, and that your comity has been reserved exclusively for the great and powerful. This reflection, whether it disturb your tranquillity or not, will humiliate your countrymen. They will remember with shame that you helped England to all she wanted in the North Atlantic, and Germany to more than she had asked for in the South Pacific; and that these acts of pure benevolence were diversified by ignoble demonstrations of national pride and prowess so often as your contemplation turned upon the the struggling sovereignties of Mexico and Samoa, of Hayti and Morocco.

The country beheld your rise to greatness with approbation,

but not with sympathy, and it will follow your retreat into oblivion with glad but not vindictive eyes. You were never blessed with friendships, and you are doomed to make the rest of your pilgrimage without admirers. You have been tried by many public reverses, and, as I seek for some expression fitly to discriminate the emotion with which you are remembered, my thoughts recur to one of the final touches which the great painter of men and manners put upon the most pathetic picture in modern literature. Comparing George the Third to King Lear, Thackeray borrowed these lines from Shakespeare :

> "Vex not his ghost, oh let him pass, he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer."

ARTHUR RICHMOND.

WIT AND HUMOR---OLD AND NEW.

MAN has been termed the "laughing animal" to distinguish him from the quadruped creation. No other animal has the facial and other muscles which are essential to the expression of laughter, and the fact that the only being fully sensible of the miseries of life should also be the only one capable of laughing at them, has been adduced by an eminent divine as convincing proof of the benevolence of the Creator. Placed here, "between two eternities," we are apt, if we take too sombre a view of things, to become, like Mr. Carlyle, unpleasantly conscious that we have a stomach, or, if we are sheared a little closely by misfortune, to grow over-sensitive to the "chill airs of adversity." The "shorn lamb" needs to have the wintry wind tempered by gentle breezes of laughter. Therefore, it is wise to laugh, and Joe Miller is right when he says that the gravest beast is an ass, and the gravest man a fool.

This opinion of the famous jester is in accord with Plato, who is reported to have remarked to his friends, when their social enjoyment was occasionally intruded upon by the approach of some sedate wiseacre, "Silence, my friends, let us be wise now, for a fool is coming." Other notable characters, if not themselves witty, have sought relief from the strain of serious employment by a laugh, and innocent merriment. Philip of Macedon, Sylla, the Roman Dictator, Queen Elizabeth and our own Abraham Lincoln, keenly enjoyed a good joke, while Julius Cæsar, Tacitus, Erasmus and Lord Bacon compiled jest books. Even St. Paul could invent and enjoy a humorous pun; in proof of which see Galatians v. 12, in the original. So, there is high authority for jesting, and a jest is merely petrified laughter—a laugh congealed into words, so as to be passed from mouth to mouth and handed down to future generations.

When man began to jest is uncertain, but he probably began to laugh soon after he was created. His first utterance, now, is a cry, then, he tries his untrained risibilities with a smile, and then, when he has gotten the muscles of his glottis well under control, he breaks into a laugh; and he keeps on alternately laughing and crying from his cradle to his grave, and for this reason Byron has styled him "a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear." This must have been the order from the beginning—first the smile, then the laugh, and then the jest, though Charles Lamb maintains that "jokes came in with candles." "What savage, unsocial nights," he exclaims, "must our ancestors have passed, wintering in caves and unillumined fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark! What repartees could have passed when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek to be sure he understood you!"

This ought to settle the great antiquity of jokes, for Lamb is good authority on the subject, having been himself an inveterate joker. But all history bears witness to the fact that they are as old as Diogenes, whose life was one long jest, barbed with a sneer and a snarl. Many jokes are alive among us to-day that must have come into being before the De Levis family, one of whose ancestors is represented, in a famous picture, as going into Noah's ark with the archives of that famous house under his arm. Wendell Phillips declared that there were never more than twenty-five original "good stories," and that all now in existence could be traced back to them. This, if true of stories, is probably not equally true of jokes, though many of them that are arrayed in modern garb, and speaking a modern language, do display, when looked at closely, the features of the ancient joker who flourished long before type was invented.

To Hierocles, who lived in the sixth century, is attributed a book called "Asteia," which contains twenty-one jests, the most of which are now alive, and passing themselves off as "real, original Jacobs." Among them is the man who would not venture into the water until he had learned to swim; the one whose horse died just as he had taught it how to live without eating; the other who stood before a mirror with his eyes shut, to see how he looked when asleep; the other who apologized for a negligence by saying "I never received the letter you wrote me;" the other who kept a crow ex-

pressly to satisfy himself if the creature did live to the age of two hundred years; and the old philosopher who carried a brick about as a specimen of the house he desired to sell. But, older than Hierocles—old as Horace—is the stupid fellow, who, wanting to cross a stream, sat down upon the bank to wait for all the water to run by. Says Horace:

> "The clown awaits until the flood be gone:
> It glides and whirls for ages ever on."

Diogenes, when questioned as to what kind of wine he preferred, replied, "The wine of other people;" and a modern Englishman, when asked the same question, answered, "The O. P. brand." The French king who said "After me, the deluge," was thought to be original, but the phrase is found in the Greek of two thousand years ago; as is also the proverb, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," which was the appropriate inscription upon the drinking cup of a rich Greek. Every one knows the lady who insists that her age is but thirty, and whose friend asserts that he believes her, because he has heard her say so "any time these ten years." Bacon, in his "Apophthegms," asserts that the same anecdote is told of Cicero. One of the best things related of Sheridan is that, being at a public dinner, where no clergyman was present, he was asked to say grace, and that, rising, he exclaimed, "What! no clergyman present? Thank God for all things." This was thought to be impromptu, but it is as old as the hills, and not half so good as a grace said a few years ago by a small boy who was confined in the New York Tombs. To train the little prisoners in godly ways, the matron required some one of them to ask a blessing upon each of their meals, which were served up in deep wooden bowls. It coming this little fellow's turn, he bowed his head and demurely said:

> "Lord, bless this grub,
> Served up in a tub."

Demosthenes, being accused of cowardice because he had fled from an Athenian mob, answered, "He that runs may fight again," and Goldsmith merely paraphrased this remark in the couplet:

> "He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day."

The same had been previously reproduced by Erasmus, in his

"Latin Apophthegms," and by Butler in "Hudibras." In like manner, many of Coleridge's finest epigrams are merely translations from the Greek. The germ of Douglas Jerrold's witty remark, "It is better to be witty and wise than witty and otherwise," is to be found in a jest book entitled "Conceits," published in 1639. In the same book, is the oft-repeated joke of a man named Gun, who, being brought before a magistrate for slanderous speaking, was admonished by him to give a good report in the future. It is said that Edmund Kean, having played at a Scotch theatre, was offered by the manager a dram of whisky in a very small goblet. Said the manager, "It's the real mountain dew—it will never hurt you." "I'll be sworn it wouldn't," replied Kean, "if it were vitriol." Athenæus, who wrote in the second century, had the same idea: "Small glasses have always been obnoxious to large drinkers." Porson was once told of a gentleman who had left a large fortune to a certain clergyman, whom he had never seen but once. "It would not have happened if he had seen him twice," remarked Porson. The idea was borrowed from a very old epigram.

A circus clown, only the other day, advertised to take the State of Rhode Island in a flying leap. Scaliger tells of a courtier who, being ordered by the Queen of Navarre to quit her dominions, replied, "Madam, I will be out of them within the hour." Peter Pindar only gave a new point to a very old joke when he said of George III., whom he had mercilessly satirized, "If I have not been a good subject to the King, his Majesty has been a good subject to me." Lord Stowell, being once asked if he had attended church, replied: "No, for the bishop tells me there is no room—the old house is full." It is reported of Judge Austin, of Ohio, a leading member in a Methodist society, that, on a wretched wreck of a man applying to him for admission to his church, he replied: "We can't possibly take you in—we are full, but I guess you'll find room over there with the Baptists." Horace Walpole remarks that the best bull he ever heard was that of a man who, speaking of a certain nurse, said: "I hate that woman, for she changed me when I was a child." Walpole had probably read "Don Quixote," whose Sancho Panza makes the same remark. It is related of the Rev. Dr. Hawks that, hinting on a certain occasion to his vestry that his salary was inadequate to the support of his family, he was reminded that the Lord promises to feed the

young ravens. "True, answered the reverend Doctor; "but he says nothing about the young hawks." If the eloquent Doctor ever said this, he had probably read of the pious Samuel Hearn, who, when dying, comforted his wife by saying: "Peace, sweetheart; that God who feedeth the ravens will not starve the young herons."

Resemblance does not always indicate direct paternity, though, when a time-honored joke reappears in the pages of a scholar, we are forced to conclude that he has borrowed it from its old author. But the case is different when the joke is reproduced by some illiterate person who is unacquainted with classical and black-letter literature. Then comes in the universal principle that "like causes produce like results." The sense of the ludicrous, existing in all men, is excited, and finds similar expression when acted on by similar circumstances. I was forcibly struck with the truth of this on seeing, recently, for the first time, an old anecdote in the pages of an American magazine. The anecdote relates that a country fellow (that had not walked much in streets that were paved,) came to London, where a dog came suddenly out of a house and furiously ran at him. The fellow stooped to take up a stone to cast at the dog, and finding them all fast rammed, or paved in the ground, quoth he: "What strange country am I in? where the people tie up the stones and let the dogs loose."

This story is probably more than two hundred years old; but what it relates occurred, almost literally, to a Confederate prisoner whom I met at Camp Douglas, in 1864. He was the poorest sort of a "poor white man," and could neither read nor write, but had a reputation among his comrades of being a "humorous fellow." On one occasion he escaped from the prison, and after wandering about the streets of Chicago till he was nearly famished, he came upon a baker's wagon, standing in front of a provision store. There being no one in sight, and deeming it better to steal than to starve, he thrust his hand into the wagon to confiscate a loaf of bread; but, before he had secured one, a dog sprang out from the wagon and seized him by the slack of his trousers. In the struggle that followed both he and the dog rolled over in the gutter together, and then he tried to pull up a paving stone to brain the animal. The stone refused to come up, but he managed, finally, to get away with badly damaged trousers. He took

then a bee-line back to Camp Douglas, and applied to the commandant for readmission to his former quarters, saying to him that it was not safe to go at large "in a kentry whar they let loose the dogs and tie up the paving stones."

But original wit and humor can generally be easily distinguished from the borrowed article. The "original Jacobs" has a fresh, free, spontaneous air about it, while the counterfeit fellow, and indeed nearly all of what may be termed "literary wit," is labored and smells of the "midnight oil." Sheridan, who was considered the finest wit of his century, is said to have worked over his witticisms as if they had been parliamentary speeches or state papers. It is known that his famous description of Dundas, as one who "generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts," was cast into half a dozen different forms before it assumed the one in which it is now stereotyped. The saying may have been true of Dundas; it was unquestionably true of Sheridan.

Genuine, spontaneous, unstudied wit and humor probably do not anywhere exist to so great an extent, or in such abounding variety, as in this country. As evidence of this, I need only refer to the humorous columns of our country newspapers. The fact is accounted for by the intense activity of the American mind, and by our population being composed of people of every race and nationality. They retain, here, their race characteristics, and so we have among us the wit and humor of nearly every other nation. The Irish-American is undoubtedly the most witty; the native Yankee and backwoodsman, the most humorous; but these two qualities pervade the whole of our literature, and it is probable that some of our novelists, who have created none but characterless men, and silly, insipid women, have had their productions saved from dying at birth, by the mere possession of a thin vein of humor. Humor flavors a book as Worcester sauce flavors a dinner; and, though the dinner be poor, it is sometimes rendered palatable by the condiments.

The most noted wits of recent times have been Irishmen, and I believe it to be true that the Irish are the most witty of all people. This excess of wit may be given them on the same principle that the ability to laugh is bestowed on mankind in general—as compensation for the misgovernment and misery their country has endured throughout its history. We seldom meet an Irish-

man who is not witty ; even the unlettered and ignorant have a quickness at repartee, and a sharpness of intellect, which are at their command on the most sudden emergencies. A field officer once ordered an Irish private to go to his captain and tell him that he—the private—was the laziest rascal in the regiment. "Plase, yer Honor," responded Pat, "wud ye hev me go to the captain wid a lie in my mouth ?"

When the late James Harper was Mayor of New York, the police force was under the direct control of that official, and it was the custom of Mr. Harper to consider personally all applications for service in that department. In addition to other requisite qualifications, he required that the applicant should be able to read and write; and, to test his ability to do this, he kept a book in which he required the candidate to write his name when applying for the position. An Irishman—which, his name it was Patrick Murphy—who could neither read nor write, aspired to a position on the "perlisse," and hearing of this requirement he set himself hard to work to learn how to write his own name. By dint of constant labor he was soon able to scrawl it in the style of chirography known as "coarse-hand," and then he presented himself before the Mayor. Some of Pat's friends were present on the occasion, who considered his pretentions ridiculous. He quietly made his application, and then, the book being placed before him, he proceeded very deliberately, and much to the astonishment of his friends, to indite his cognomen. "Howly Paul," exclaimed one of them, "Mike, d'ye mind that—Pat's a-writing ! He's got a pen in his fist." "So he has, be Jabers," responded Mike, "but much good will it do him ; he can't write wid it, man." But Pat did write—recorded his name in characters almost as tall as himself. "That will do," said the Mayor, in his blandest manner. "I'll make inquiry about you. Come again in a fortnight, and I'll see what can be done for you." Pat's foiled friends looked at one another in unmingled amazement, but then a happy thought struck one of them. "Plase, yer Honor," he said to the Mayor, "ask him to write somebody else's name." "That is well thought of," responded Mr. Harper; "Patrick, write *my* name." Misther Murphy was now in a box, but his quick wit was equal to the emergency. "*Me* write yer Honor's name !" he exclaimed, in a sort of holy horror ; "me commit forgery, and I a-goin' on the

perlisse! I can't do it, yer Honor." And he couldn't and he wouldn't, but his ready wit served him instead of literary accomplishment. Of course the Mayor saw through the ruse, but he dearly loved a joke, and he eventually made Mr. Murphy a star of the first magnitude. Up to the last of his life, Mr. Harper greatly enjoyed the telling of this story.

A dilapidated son of Erin was recently brought before a magistrate, charged with being a common vagrant, having no visible means of support. He listened to the charge placidly, and when the justice asked what he had to say for himself, coolly drew from the pockets of his tattered coat a loaf of bread, the half of a dried cod-fish, and several cold potatoes. Spreading them upon the stand before him, he said to the justice, with an air of great complacency, "What do you think of thim, yer honor—shoor, an' isn't thim visible means of support?"

The spontaneity of Irish wit was illustrated by the pauper woman, who, having lost all her teeth, and being commiserated with on the affliction, replied, "Shoor, an' isn't it time to lose thim, when I've nothing for thim to do?" Another aged Irishwoman made a remark worth noting. On the occurrence of a death in a family it is a custom of the Irish to invite all the neighbors to a wake over the corpse, but on a certain occasion this old lady was slighted. As the people went by to the ceremony she stood in her doorway for a while in silence, but then, no longer able to restrain her indignation, she cried out, "Well! Well! I'll have a corpse of my own, in my own house, some day! and thin you'll see who'll be invited." Something like this, was a joke attributed to the eminent Dr. Garth, who attended the great Duke of Marlborough in his last illness. He was not an Irishman, but his ready wit entitled him to that distinction. He had prescribed for the Duke a very unpalatable potion, and the termagant Duchess, who sincerely loved her husband, joined her entreaties to his that the Duke should take it. "Take it," she exclaimed, with much vehemence, "I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "You'd better take it, my Lord," added the Doctor, "for you see you'll be the gainer, whether it kills or cures you."

The most characteristic expression of Irish wit is the bull, which may be defined as a laughable blunder, deriving its ludicrous effect from the sense working its way through a confused

phraseology. Sydney Smith calls it the counterpart of a witticism; for, "while wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, the bull admits apparent relations that are not real." Many bulls conceal a good deal of truth in words whose literal rendering is the veriest nonsense. Thus, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient ones," is only a blundering way of saying that old things are often better than new, because the principle of "natural selection" has destroyed the bad and left only the good.

Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish House of Commons, when Ireland had a Parliament, was a personification of this kind of Irish wit. He never opened his mouth without making a laughable blunder, and, consequently, he was listened to with attention, when often the eloquence of Curran and Grattan fell on the ears of the House unheeded. In a letter to a friend he once said: "At this very moment, my dear ——, I am writing with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other." Denouncing his opponents in Parliament on one occasion, he told them: "You are trying to raise a tempest, but I will nip it in the bud," and "Mr. Speaker, I would give the half of the constitution—nay, the whole of it—to preserve the remainder." He once spoke in severe terms of "a certain anonymous writer, named Junius," and again he said: "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all misfortunes is usually followed by a greater."

The Western judge was an Irishman, who, when about to sentence a criminal, said to him, "Prisoner at the bar, God has given you health and a good constitution, instead of which you go about stealing horses." And the Irish coroner was perhaps a relative of his, who, while holding an inquest over a dead body, remarked to the jury, "A great many people are dying this year who never died before." Of the same kindred was the man who, while playing at cards, observed that a dollar was short in the pile. "Here is a dollar short," he said. "Who put it in?" Sir Richard Steele, the Irish friend of Addison, once inviting a friend to visit him in the country, said: "Sir, if you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there." A peasant countryman of his, being indicted for stealing a goose, brought up a friend who testified that he had known that identical goose to be in the prisoner's possession ever since it was a gosling; and another Irishman, charged with confiscating a gun, got a friend to

swear that he remembered his having that gun ever since it was a pistol; and another, describing a very lean man, remarked: "He's so thin I'd hardly know him. You are thin, and I'm thin, but he's thinner than both of us put together."

But the most striking bulls are those of a practical kind—when the unruly animal leaps the garden fence, and makes havoc among actual things. I have space for only one or two examples. One is related by Walter Scott in his "Tour in Ireland." Some workmen were blasting rock, near a road on which he was passing, and he halted his carriage at a safe distance, but was warned to go on, just in time to catch the full force of the explosion. His party escaped injury, but only as by a miracle. More disastrous consequences resulted from the practical bull of an Americanized Irishman, for it cost the City of New York some millions of dollars. When the Supreme Court of New York was held in the building which some years ago occupied the site of the present "New Court House," in the Park, the judges often suffered from the insufficient heating of the edifice. The furnace did not work properly, or was not fully supplied with fuel. At the close of a severe winter's day, when the judges had felt the cold more than usual, the presiding justice, Hon. John W. Edmonds, said to the janitor: "Mike, be sure to have the building warmer to-morrow." In the morning, the Judge found it burned to the ground, and many of the valuable papers it contained destroyed. "How did this happen, Mike?" he asked the janitor. "Shoor, an' I can't tell yer Honor," was the answer, "for everything was shut up snug and tight. I was bound you shouldn't be wanting heat to-day, so I built a rousing fire, and closed every register, that not a bit of warmth would get away in the night. But, when I came down airly this morning, faith, and wasn't it all ablaze! How could it have been, yer Honor, whin I left never a hole for the heat to get away?"

The latest practical bull I have heard of occurred at a fashionable hotel near which I pass my summers. During the last season, the porter, having been told over night to awaken a couple of gentlemen at four o'clock the next morning, did that service to the wrong travelers. After anathematizing him rather vehemently, the gentlemen turned over in their beds, and fell into a second slumber. In about half an hour, they were again awak-

ened by the same porter, who had come to apologize for having "woke up the wrong passengers."

A good trait in the Irish is that they are good-natured, and neither deny, nor are ashamed of the blunders they commit. The quarter-master of a British regiment of Light Horse, of heavy frame and giant proportions, was once jeering an Irishman upon the bull-making propensity of his countrymen, when he received for answer: "You gigantic fool! My country never made so much of a bull as England did when she made you a *light* horseman."

But, if the Irish are the most witty, it must be conceded that Americans are the most humorous of people. The freedom of our institutions gives full play to every man's faculties, and the magnitude of our country—bounded, as it is, "on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the horizon, and on the south by as far as you have a mind to go"—seems to expand the native intellect, and awake in it that spirit of exaggeration which is so essential an element in broad humor. The highest wit is said to be "wisdom at play," and it is gentle and genial, exciting only pleasure by its curious conceits and ludicrous surprises. That is a lower kind which Alphonse Karr defines as "reason armed," raising a laugh, but leaving a sting behind. It is different with humor. It never wounds. It is ever kind and loving, as well as laughable. Carlyle says of it, "The essence of humor is sensibility—warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence." Wit requires a strong, clear head, and results often from laborious effort, while humor flows from a good, sound heart, and comes only by nature. Hence, I suppose, it is that we soon tire of "Hudibras," while we read over and over again Hosea Bigelow, and Knickerbocker's "History of New York."

Nearly all good American literature is flavored with humor, but it does not appear, like wit, in terse sentences and detached paragraphs, that may be readily quoted; it generally pervades the whole of a composition, and, therefore, cannot be shown, like the specimen brick of the old philosopher. And it is not confined to literature; it mingles with the daily life of the people, and is to be found in the cabin of the laborer as well as in the palace of the man who counts his wealth by millions. However, it is, I think, more generally racy and unborrowed when

found in the cabin than in the palace, for the uneducated man is of necessity more original than the man who has had all his idiosyncrasies toned down by intercourse with cultivated society. I once met a "small planter" in Western Tennessee, who I thought was as largely endowed with genuine humor as any of our professional humorists. He could not write, nor read manuscript; but he had an inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdote with which he regaled me till after midnight. Much of it, I was satisfied, was manufactured on the spot, for his wife and children enjoyed it as much as I did, and that they would not have done if they had heard it before.

I had asked shelter of him from a severe storm, and, after supper, when we had gathered about a huge wood fire I asked him to tell me something about himself and his way of living, addressing him, as I had heard his family do, by the name of "Bible." It was many years ago, but I can repeat his remarks with tolerable accuracy, having taken notes of them soon after the interview. "Well, stranger," he said; "that haint my name, though its what I goes by. Ye see, my name are Smith, and dad chrisund me Jehosophat, ter 'stinguish me from the tother Smiths, but somehow it got shortened to Bible, an' it's been unter this day. Well, I wucked 'long uv of dad till I was twenty-one, for the old 'un he said he'd fotched me up when I was a young 'un, and he war to git his pay out of me agin I war growed an'—he done it.

"Well, the day I war uv age, dad axed me out ter the barn, and toteing out a mule-brute as had been in the fambly ever sense Adam warn't no higher'n little Sally, he sez ter me, sez he: 'Thar, Bible, thar's my last will and testament—tuck it, and go and seek yer fortun'.' I hadn't nary chise, so I tuck the mule-brute and moseyed out to seek my fortun'. I squatted down right squar onter this dead run, hired my nig Jake, and me an' Jake an' the mule brute went to wuck like blazes—all but the mule-brute—he war too tarnal lazy ter wuck; he war so lazy I had to git another mule ter help him draw his last breath.

"Well, Jake and me added acre to acre, and mule-brute to mule-brute, as the Scriptur says, till finarly I got to be right well forehanded. Then, one day, I says ter Jake: 'Jake,' says I, 'ye's got a wife, an' ye knows whot durmestic furlicity is—ter be sure, ye has ter keep it seven mile away, an' it b'longs tur a durned 'ristocrat, but whot's that when I guvs ye Saturday arternoons an'

Sundays all ter yerself—now, I haint nary furlicity at all: whot shill I do?'

"'Git a wife, massa,' sez Jake; 'git a wife, massa. But dars mighty fine fish in de sea, massa; so doan't ye kotch no dolphins what shows dar colors in de sun, but neber comes ter de sufface when it rains. Saddle de mar', massa, and gwo out on a 'splorin' expedition; Jake'll luck after de fixin's while you'm away.' Now that nig ar' allers right—he's got a head longer 'n the moral law—so I saddled the mar' an' sallied out arter Sally. I had to scour nigh 'bout all o' creation, but—I found her. Soon as I sot eyes on her I know'd it was she, and I telled her so; but she say, 'Ye must ax Par.' (Sally has book-breedin', ye see, an' she says *Par* instead of *Dad*, which ar' the natural way. Well, I axed 'par.' He's one on yer quality folks—been ter Congress, an' only missed bein' Guv'ner by not gettin' the nomurnation. I axed him, an' he schuck his head, but I guv him just a week ter think on it, an' moseyed out ter git ready fur the weddin'. I know'd he'd come round, an' he done it. So I sez ter Sally: 'Sally,' sez I, 'we'll be marrid ter-morrer.'

"Sally consented, and I piked out for a parson. Now, thar warn't none nigher'n over a branch, an it so happened it rained loike blazes that night and toted off all the bridges; so, when the parson and me got down ter the run, jist arter noon the next day—we was ter be married at eleven—thar warn't no way uv crossin'; but, thar wus Sally on tother side uv the run in her sun-bunnet and a big umbrell', onpatiently waitin' fur us. There warn't no other way, so I sez to the parson, 'Parson,' says I, 'say over the prayer book—Sally's got the hull uv it by heart agin' this time—we'll be married ter onct right yeare.' So the parson he said over the prayer book, Sally she made the 'sponses—all about the 'beyin' and so on—an' we's been man and wife uver sense."

"And do you believe that story, stranger?" asked Sally, when her husband had ended his story.

"I can't say that I do," I replied. "Its a trifle too romantic to be entirely true."

"I am glad on it," she said, "for we was married in a house like Christian people—we was."

This story illustrates the building of most Western humor. Some natural event, or thing, is exaggerated to the verge of the impossible, and made ludicrous by the very exaggeration. But I

have arrived at the end of my space, with only "room and verge enough" to say that laughter is a healthy exercise, and wit and humor universal blessings, given us to lighten the burdens of life. He is a wise man who cultivates them "within the limit of becoming mirth."

EDMUND KIRKE.

IS YELLOW FEVER CONTAGIOUS?

You ask, "Is yellow fever contagious?"

Let us first understand what is meant by the term *contagious;* and this preliminary proceeding involves an examination of the literature of the subject. Some years ago a broad distinction was made between the words *contagious* and *infectious,* as applied to diseases. Thus Dr. Ackerly, in 1832, wrote:

"The very evident distinction between contagious and infectious diseases has long since been made and employed in this country. Contagion is applied to those diseases which are propagated from one to another by contact or close approach, and which produce a like disease, as small-pox, measles, etc. Diseases produced by infection are those contracted from a vitiated atmosphere, as intermittent, remittent, bilious, and yellow fever. In 1819 and 1822 we had the yellow fever in New York, and the Board of Health shut up that part of the city where the disease prevailed by running fences across the streets leading to it. This was called the *infected district,* from the local causes contaminating the atmosphere and producing the infection. Beyond this district the city was not unhealthy, and those who were taken sick in the infected district, when removed to other parts not infected, recovered, and did not communicate the disease to others." (Hooper's Medical Dictionary, Fourth Am. Edition; edited by Samuel Ackerly. New York: 1832.)

La Roche wrote:

"I shall apply the word contagion to signify a poison, effluvium, or emanation, generated by morbid secretion in the course of a distemper, and possessing the power of inducing a like morbid action in healthy bodies whereby it is reproduced and indefinitely multiplied, whether by contact, near approach, or the medium of external bodies impregnated with it. All diseases that are so communicated are contagious. By infection, on the other hand, the reader will understand that power or poison which results from the decomposition of dead animal and vegetable substances, or other putrescent materials, if such exist, and through means of which a morbid state is induced in the system of individuals exposed to its action. In conformity with this restriction in the signification of the word infection, individuals laboring under the effects of exposure to the morbific cause in question are said to be *infected;* while the diseases resulting from that cause are denominated diseases by infection, or infections. The agent of infection usually exists in the state of gas or miasm, and as such occurs in filthy localities, houses, ships, jails, hospitals and cities as well as in marshes and fenny and low districts of country."

There is much confusion in the definitions. Dunglison says:

"Contagion and infection are generally esteemed synonomous. Frequently, however, the former is applied to diseases not produced by contact, while infection

is used for those that require positive contact. Diseases which cannot be produced in any other way than by contagion are said to have their origin in specific contagion."

The word *contagious* he defines as meaning "capable of being transmitted by immediate or mediate contact, communicable * * * * Commonly the epithet infection is applied to those that are communicated by immediate contact."

Webster quotes the definition of Dunglison as to the meaning of the word contagion, but, in speaking of *contagious* and *infectious*, says:

"*Contagious, Infectious.*—These words have been used in very diverse senses; but, in general, a *contagious* disease has been considered as one which is caught from another by contact, by the breath, by bodily effluvia, etc., while an *infectious* disease supposes some entirely different cause acting by a hidden influence, like the miasma of prison ships, of marshes, etc., *infecting* the system with disease. This distinction, though not universally admitted by medical men, as to the literal meaning of the words, certainly applies to them in their figurative use. Thus we speak of the *contagious* influence of evil associates; the *contagion* of bad example, the *contagion* of fear, etc., when we refer to transmission by proximity or contact. On the other hand, we speak of *infection* by bad principles, etc., when we consider any thing as diffused abroad by some hidden influence."

Beale, on disease germs, says:

"The minute contagious bioplast is less than the 1-100,000 of an inch in diameter, and often so very clear and structureless as to be scarcely distinguishable from the fluid in which it is suspended. Such a minute particle may readily be transferred from the affected organism to an apparently sound organism. It may be carried a considerable distance from its source without losing its marvelous power of causing, in the organism invaded, a series of changes resembling, and often in every minute particular, the phenomena which have occurred in the organism from which it was derived. And it is established that there exist different kinds of contagious living bioplasm, each capable of occasioning specific phenomena which distinguish it. The poison of small-pox will produce small-pox, not typhus fever, or measles, etc.; nor will any of these produce small-pox. Without, therefore, pretending to identify the actual particles of the living bioplasm of any contagious disease, or to be able to distinguish it positively from other forms of bioplasm, healthy and morbid, present in the fluids on the different free surfaces, and in the tissues in such vast numbers, I think the facts and arguments I have advanced prove: (1) That the contagious virus is living and growing matter; (2) That the particles are not directly descended from any form of germinal matter, or bioplasm of the organism of the infected animal, but they have resulted from the multiplication of particles introduced from without; (3) That it is capable of growing and multiplying in the blood; (4) That the particles are so minute that they readily pass through the walls of the capillaries, and multiply freely in the interstices between the tissue elements or epithelial cells; and *Lastly*, That these particles are capable of living under many different conditions; that they live and grow at the expense of various tissue elements, and retain their vitality, although the germinal matter of the normal textures, after growing and multiplying to a great extent, has ceased to exist."

The "American Cyclopedia" says, on Contagion:

"(Lat. *contagio*, from *con*, together, and *tangere*, to touch), primarily, the propagation of disease by contact. It is scarcely distinguished in usage, even by medical

writers, from infection, which designates the communication of disease by effluvia through the air. The contagious matter is the subtle, poisonous particles which diffuse themselves through the atmosphere, or attach themselves to various substances, as clothing and furniture. Concentrated in wool or fur, they retain their power of originating disease after being carried to a great distance. Among diseases propagated by immediate contagion, or direct application of the contagious matter, are syphilis, cow-pox, purulent ophthalma, and several others; among those communicated by remote contagion, or infection, are small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, mumps, and whooping cough."

Liebermeister groups together under the name *infectious diseases:*

"Those affections which we know, or at least believe, must originate through the infection of the system with certain peculiar poisonous matters, and which are mainly distinguished from the ordinary poisons by the fact that they can reproduce themselves under favoring conditions to an endless degree. The classification of this group of diseases will, of course, be modified from time to time, according to whatever theory of their etiology is maintained; and yet it is easy to foresee that, when investigations have been prosecuted further in this direction, infectious diseases will be found to occupy a far wider field than now is commonly given them.

"If the poisons which produce infectious diseases can reproduce themselves and multiply, we can understand why these diseases do not occur in a sporadic form, limited to single cases, but that they are, for the most part, *diseases of the country—pandemic diseases or epidemics*—for when they appear in a place, they usually attack numerous individuals simultaneously or successively. They are *endemic* when, as is the case with malarious diseases, they are limited to a certain territorial district, and are domiciled there continuously, or, at any rate, for an indefinitely long time. They are *epidemic* when they appear at intervals, and then again disappear, as is the case with the plague and the cholera."

Liebermeister again divides infectious diseases into miasmatic and contagious, speaking of contagion as a specific excitant of disease which originates in the organism suffering from the specific disease; while *miasm*, on the other hand, is used of a specific excitant of disease, which propagates itself outside of, and disconnected from a previously diseased organism. Contagion can be conveyed, by contact, from a diseased person to a sound one, produce the disease in him, and then again reproduce itself. Miasm originates from without; taken up into the body, it can call a specific disease into action, but it cannot spread the disease any further by conveying it from a diseased to a sound person.

Dujardin-Beaumetz * makes this distinction between infection proper and poisoning. He reserves the name poison to every chemical substance of mineral, vegetal or animal origin, which being introduced into the body, produces there disturbances more or less grave, more or less persistent, to the aggregate of which we

* *Therapeutic Gazette*, December 15, 1888.

apply the term *poisoning*. The name *infection* is reserved to designate the penetration of the body by a living principle, capable of multiplying itself in the organism, *i. e.*, of microbiotic origin.

Dr. J. S. Billings says:

"By 'contagion' we mean the communication of disease from one person to another, either by direct contact or through some medium, such as air, water, etc. It therefore includes 'infection,' which is now generally used as a synonym for it. The so-called infective diseases of modern German writers (Infectious—Krankheiten) include, besides what are commonly termed in English contagious diseases, the so-called miasmatic diseases."

Concerning the almost inextricable confusion into which this subject has been brought, Professor Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, says:

"It is gratifying, after so much strife, to be able to record this agreement of opinion as to the definition of infection and of infectious diseases in general. It is customary to classify infectious diseases etiologically into contagious, miasmatic, and miasmatic-contagious diseases. As to the significance of these terms, and particularly as to the real nature of the so-called miasmatic contagious diseases, there exists great confusion." * * * * * * * * * * * *

"There is now tolerable unanimity of opinion as to the meaning attached to the terms infection and infectious diseases. Most recent authorities understand by infection the condition produced by the entrance and multiplication of pathogenic micro-organisms within the body. An infectious disease is one which is caused by the invasion and reproduction within the body of pathogenic micro-organism. To define an infectious agent as a specific poison capable of indefinite multiplication is only to express obscurely the idea just conveyed, for we know and can conceive of no poison capable of indefinite multiplication except a living organism. The analogies formerly drawn from the fermentation and the putrefaction of organic substances, and still preserved in the designation zymotic diseases, have lost all force as an opposing argument since it has been shown that these processes are produced by living organisms. In the absence of any other probable, I may say even conceivable, hypothesis, to refuse to accept the doctrine of a *contagium vivum* as applicable to all infectious diseases because it has been demonstrated only for certain of these diseases, is about as reasonable as to reject the law *omnis cellula e cellula* because this has not been proven for every cell or every species of cell."

For a long time the common itch was cited as an instance of contagious disease, and it was not until the parasite was discovered and brought into view that the true nature of the disease was understood, and it is quite probable that, as the knowledge progresses, the life history of the germ of most of the infective diseases will be understood, and it is clear from the citations above given that we must hold the infective diseases to include those we now term as a sub-division, namely, the contagious diseases. But in the progress of scientific knowledge that term has become more and more restricted. In the sense that infective

diseases are communicable, so far, yellow fever—itself an infectious disease—is contagious, for if we study its mode of progress, we shall see that yellow fever is transportable from place to place. Our every day experience teaches us this, when we see cases of the fever in the naval steamship "Boston," in New York, or in other northern ports where the disease is never known, except it is brought there by a patient.

We see the disease breaking out afresh after a long period of hibernation, as at Jackson, Mississippi. We have seen at Decatur, Alabama, during the past season an instance where the baggage of a person from an infected city left in the house of Mr. Spencer, must have been the means of starting the yellow fever in his case, because he had not been out of Decatur. There was no yellow fever prevailing in Decatur. There had been none for many years. We see, too, that persons subjected to its influence fall victims to the disease; as there are innumerable instances of healthy individuals going into the place where yellow fever prevails becoming stricken with the disease. Thus Doctor Posey, a previously healthy man, visited Maclenny, Florida, spent the night in going from house to house where the yellow fever is prevalent in a highly malignant form. He left the place, went to Camp Perry, and on the fifth day from the date of his exposure at Maclenny was attacked with a fever which proved to be yellow fever. The disease, therefore, is capable of being transported, and it is communicable to the healthy person.

The exact methods of its transmission are not at the present time definitely known, but we cannot shut our eyes to the plain facts. Consider the mode in which cholera is propagated. We find that all observers at present agree that cholera owes its effects to the operations of a germ known as the cholera or coma-bacillus; that this germ is abundantly found in the alimentary canal during the progress of the disease; is found in great numbers in the dejecta from the body; and whether we follow the lead of Pettenkofer in rejecting *in toto* the drinking water theory, *i. e.*, the theory that the germs are transmitted by the means of the drinking water, or whether by means of air, or by soil, or by X, we must admit that it is transmitted in some way, for a person previously healthy can acquire it. In this sense then cholera is contagious. Now, it does not follow that this sub-division of infectious diseases (those called contagious) are contagious in

an equal degree, for the degree simply depends upon the accessibility of the channel by which they gain access to the body, and in certain conditions of the system, as yet imperfectly understood, many of these germs become destroyed by the chemical action of the living body, and thus arises what is termed the individual susceptibility, or insusceptibility, to the operations of the infected germ. Now, although the germ of yellow fever has not been found in the blood by many observers, Freiré and a few others claim to have found it, but the weight of the testimony of competent observers at the present time is to the effect that the germ is in the alimentary canal, having the mucous lining of the stomach as its principal habitat and seat of operations; that the fever attending it is symptomatic; that in the hemorrhagic forms of yellow fever death takes place in almost the same manner as in acute poisoning. The doctrine of a quarter of a century ago that these germs (then hypothetical) when thrown off from the body must outside of it undergo a secondary change before becoming infectious seems absolutely without support in the light of the recently ascertained facts. I was once informed by a very intelligent shipmaster that having the yellow fever break out among the crew of his ship he was unable to arrest its progress from man to man until he caused all the cooking utensils on the ship to be thoroughly boiled, required the drinking water also to be boiled—in a word, adopted the precise precautions that would have been adopted in the case of infection by cholera. This was practiced in addition to the ordinary disinfection of the clothing and disinfection of the ship by the fumes of burning sulphur.

Let us summarize, then, the existing facts: Yellow fever is portable from place to place, is communicable to healthy persons, probably not by direct contact from the sick, but by the imbibition of specific germs.

We might construct a reasonable hypothesis that it is possible that the germs in sufficient number may be brought into the nasal air passages of a person, thence to the fauces, thence washed into the stomach by the first drink of water, or swallowed with the saliva—the saliva itself furnishing a culture-medium for the growth of the germ.

We may conclude, then, having consideration solely to the fact that yellow fever is a highly infectious disease of the mildly

contagious variety, and is to be prevented by the adoption of such measures as will destroy the germ and thus prevent its propagagation, and, at the same time, rendering sterile the soil or place whereon the germ shall fall.

JOHN B. HAMILTON.

THE GREATER HALF OF THE CONTINENT.

It is not a little singular that, in this country, and in this period of the easy acquirement of general information, so little is known of the greater half of the continent of North America, included within the British possessions. It shows, for instance, how little is known even of the broadest generalities, when the statement is received with surprise, if not incredulity, that, excluding Alaska, Canada is a larger country than the United States. Yet such is the case ; for the United States, prior to the purchase of Alaska, was included within 3,036,000 square miles, while Canada stretches out to fill 3,470,392 square miles. It would perhaps help to convey some conception of the magnitude of Canada when the statement is made that, in area, it comprises very nearly forty per cent. of the entire British Empire, the extent of which is recalled by the boast that the sun shines always on British possessions. A still further rather startling statement in relation to Canada is, that, including the great lakes which encircle it and which penetrate it, and the rivers of enormous size and length which permeate it, is found more than one-half of the fresh water of the entire globe. Such broad generalities as these may well excite the attention of the people of the United States, who, in view of the magnificent proportions of their own country, have been unconsciously led to believe that it comprises all that is worth having on the continent.

The impression of magnitude, so far as Canada is concerned, is, however, always accompanied by a conviction, born of ignorance, that the Dominion is a region of frost and snow ; that it is a sterile and inhospitable waste—simply a section of the North Pole. There is a further conviction that it is of little or no use to this country, so rich in resource, so varied in climate, and so self-contained and independent of the outside world. The vast

number who thus look upon the northern half of the continent, fail to remember that, by the purchase of Alaska, and its subsequent development, testimony was afforded as to the exceeding value of regions very many degrees farther north than the average of Canada, and that to-day, so full of promise is the prospect for this latest acquirement of the United States, that no money payment, however large, would have the faintest hope of acceptance for its cession to another power. It is doubtful if, in any part of the United States, a greater return has been realized in proportion to the capital invested or the effort put forth, than that which has rewarded the enterprises in this most northern section of the United States.

So far as the climate of Canada is concerned, it should never be forgotten that, within the parallels of latitude which include the greater portions of the Dominion, the development in the United States has been the most marked. Indeed, no development in the history of the world is more rapid than the growth of the commerce of the Great Lakes, which to-day act as a barrier, dividing the two countries, but which, under happier conditions, should be the bond that united them. Reference to the extent of this lake commerce brings out another startling comparison, which, creating surprise, shows after all how little the average man knows even of his own country, much less of the regions alongside of his own land. This statement is, that the tonnage and value of products which passed through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, compressed within seven months of the season of navigation of 1888, equaled that which passed through the Suez Canal in the entire year. Here, in the northern part of North America, between two inland lakes, with only one shore of these developed, a commerce has been created which equals that between two oceans, whose traffic is almost as old as the universe, and contributions to which are made from every clime and country of the globe. Recall, also, the fact that the water communication of the lakes is competed with by the most perfectly equipped railway systems of the age, while the commerce of Suez is practically without a competitor. This development of the States and cities bordering upon the great lakes, and the growth and productive forces which have been set in motion, not only on the shores of these inland seas, but on the wide stretches of country tributary to them, is a testimony to the advantages of a northern climate that it is impossible to ignore.

So magnificent is this growth, so significant is the lesson that it teaches, that, so far as Canada and its climate is concerned, a true appreciation of her vast value is, from the advantage of her location, at length beginning to dawn upon the minds of observant men. The place that she should occupy, as the greater and northern half of the continent, can be no longer denied to her. A proper estimate will show Canada to be a country having few equals in extent, none in riches of resource, in accessibility, ease of interior communication, and, notwithstanding the smile that lightens up the face of the reader, none superior to her in the advantages of climate.

Perhaps the best test of climatic advantage is found in the ability to produce, in the largest quantities, and of the best quality, the most valuable and the most universally used article of commerce. Certainly, in this respect, there is nothing surpassing the article of wheat, which may be said to be the basis of civilized existence. The steady movement toward the north of the wheat-producing regions of this continent is remarkable. Wheat is a plant so delicate, and so easily affected by frost and adverse conditions, that it might be supposed to be cultured safely only in the most temperate zones. Yet the movement of the wheat-producing areas toward the North Pole has been as steady as the movement of the needle in the compass in that direction. Within the memory of many readers of this publication, the Genessee Valley, in the State of New York, was the great wheat-producing region. So much so was this the case that Rochester was named the "Flour City," from the number of its flouring mills, and the activity of its commerce in this direction. Since then it has changed the manner of spelling the word which designates it, and though it is still called the "Flower City," it is because of the development of the nursery and seed interests, which so adorn and benefit it, and the rest of the country. No longer is Rochester the centre of the wheat-producing areas. Westward these took their way, first to the valleys of the Ohio, then to the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, until now, in the most northern tier of States and territories, is found the great sources of national wealth in the production of this great cereal. The milling activities of Minnesota, the marvelous railroad development in the Northwest, both toward the west and north, and more recently toward the east, for the special accommodation of

this flour and wheat trade, tell the story, that so far as climatic advantage is concerned, wheat has found its greatest success in States to the extreme north. Is it to be supposed that there is something magical in the 49th parallel that bounds Minnesota on the north, that will check the progress of wheat production toward the north? Its steady trend in this direction for so many hundreds of miles makes it highly probable that, beyond it, wheat should be produced, largely and profitably. Indeed, this is certainly so; for it so happens that, north of the Minnesota line, and within the Canadian territories, are wheat areas possessing all the advantages of the regions to the south, but, in richness, fertility and extent infinitely greater. It would be a startling statement to make, as showing the advantages of the much derided Canadian climate, that even in its extreme northern latitudes, the Dominion possesses a greater wheat producing area than does the entire United States; that the soil of this wheat area is richer, will last longer, and will produce a higher average of better wheat than can be produced anywhere else on the continent, if not in the world. Wheat is known to have been grown in the vicinity of numerous Hudson's Bay Company's stations for twenty consecutive years, without rotation, without fertilization, and annually producing crops averaging thirty bushels to the acre!

If, therefore, the production of this most valuable of cereals is the truest test of climatic advantage; if the tenderness of the wheat plant in its cultivation is a delicate standard of conditions, as it really is, it is submitted that the prejudice as against the Canadian climate should, in the first place, prevail no longer than it prevails against the climate in similar latitudes in the United States, where the greatest success has been achieved; and, second, that the advantages which the northernmost portions of Canada possess over even parallels far to the South, should be recognized. These advantages are found in the often forgotten circumstance that climate is much more the result of altitude than it is of latitude. According to Humboldt, Europe has a mean elevation of six hundred and seventy-one feet, and North America a mean elevation of seven hundred and forty-eight feet. It is a significant circumstance that the Canadian portion of North America has an altitude of only three hundred feet. In the extreme northwest of Canada, the falling off from the height of land toward the vast body of water known as Hudson's Bay is shown

in the fact, that from even within the Minnesota line the rivers all begin to run towards the north. This low altitude, in its influence upon the climate, is second only to the effect of the marine currents, which are singularly favorable to Canada. These influences are shown in the startling fact that the mean temperature of Hudson's Bay is three degrees warmer during the winter than that of Lake Superior; and that it is on the southern and western shores of Lake Superior where the most important development of American enterprises has taken place,—developments that have yielded in lumber, in iron and copper, riches of greater magnitude than produced elsewhere in the country; and within parallels of latitude included in this lake, an agricultural development more remarkable than that elsewhere in the world. The moderating influences of vast bodies of fresh water that never freeze over are well known. In the great chain of lakes that surround Canada, and the vast number of lakes and rivers that diversify her surface, there is a fresh water area of one hundred and thirty thousand square miles, and as above stated, comprising nearly one-half the fresh water of the globe. The effect upon the climate of this vast aggregation is most beneficial, so that in altitude, and in other influences that mitigate the extreme northern location of the land, there are found considerations of the greatest weight. These influences are shown in the warmer climate of the great territory of Alberta, which lies directly north of Wyoming; from the latter of which and into the former, stock is being regularly driven at the beginning of each winter, because of the presence within the Canadian border, the year round, of an abundance of grass. The experience of last winter showed conclusively that while throughout Manitoba and the Canadian northwest territories the winter of 1888 was not excessively severe, as far south as Iowa and Nebraska the severest cold was felt, and as far east as even New York in the famous blizzard, which never found its equal even in Winnipeg, the most northern of Canadian cities. It is true that in the northwestern portions of Canada the winters are long; that the frost is severe and continuous; but it is equally true that the climate is dry and invigorating.

But aside from this continued severity of the climate in the winter, there are compensations and advantages in the summer months in this extreme northern region of Canada which must not be ignored. For instance, what would be thought of a de-

vice that should provide, underneath the whole surface of a vast and fertile wheat-producing area, of a well-spring of moisture, that should continuously exude and feed the delicate tendrils of roots that the wheat plant sends down into the earth for sustenance? Yet this is precisely what nature has provided in the thousands of square miles of wheat areas of the Canadian northwest. Ages of long winters, continuous and often severe cold, have produced a frost line in the earth far down below the surface, which being thawed out during the summer months is full of force. What seems, at first glance, a barrier to the productive power of nature, is, in this case, found to be contributory in the highest degree to man's advantage. For this vast area of ice, far enough below the surface to permit the growth of plants, holds in suspense and readiness for the land above, the needed element of moisture, constant and assured, which in other regions comes only in the rains and dews that fall from the sky —a supply uncertain and uncontrollable. But there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fields of Canada, incident to the climate; and that is, that while these latitudes imply long winter days, they equally imply the longest days in summer. Thus, there is an average of two hours per day more of sunshine during the period of the growth of wheat in the Canadian northwest, than is vouchsafed in any other locality where wheat can be produced. Not only is two hours of sunshine in each day an inestimable advantage, but the sun is stronger and more forceful at this period, and in this region, not only helping rapidly forward the ripening process, but the heat is continuously sufficient to cause an exudation of the moisture from the ice in the ground beneath. So that, in this far north land, despised in the minds of many for its cold and sterility, conditions unite to make it the most productive, and the most valuable of all the wheat lands upon the continent. It would seem as if a conjunction had been formed by the heavens above and the earth beneath to illustrate, in the highest degree, the productive forces of nature, in regions where man least expected this development. It so happens, also, that the soil which enjoys these advantages of moisture beneath, and long, forceful rays from above, is particularly rich and inexhaustible. Lord Dufferin, an observant and reliable authority, said that throughout his whole journey of weeks through the Canadian Northwest, he was con-

stantly reminded of the English kitchen gardens in the vicinity of London. Cauliflowers grow large enough to serve for three meals for an ordinary family, while potatoes four or five pounds in weight are nothing extraordinary. The average crop of wheat in 1887, in Manitoba, was thirty bushels to the acre, while nowhere else on the continent did it exceed twenty bushels to the acre, and in Minnesota and Dakota did not average more than fifteen bushels. A mere handful of settlers in Manitoba produced in that year, a surplus of twelve millions of bushels of wheat, seven millions of barley, and two millions of bushels of potatoes—the latter crop being a failure so great in the States as to command throughout the greater portions of the year a rate as high as $1 per bushel, while at points of production within Manitoba they could be had for one-eighth of that price. It is true that early frosts in August of the present year have partially injured the crop of 1888, and that there is this contingency always present in the northern regions; but early frosts are equally dangerous in Minnesota and Dakota, while this year, as far east as Massachusetts, there was serious damage done. There is no locality but has its disadvantages with its advantages; but taking all the circumstances in view, it may be very well claimed for these northern wheat producing regions that they are full of the greatest promise, as being in the line of the steady movement north of this most valuable product, and that they cannot fail to have a most important influence in the world's future supply of the staff of life.

But it must not be inferred that the climate of Canada is represented by the regions to the extreme north which have just been referred to. The Dominion, from its vast extent, as has been truly said, "possesses all the climates of Europe, from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Ocean, as might be expected, seeing that it extends from the latitude of Rome, in Italy, to that of the North Cape, in Norway, and is of almost equal area." The gulf stream, in the Atlantic coast, and the Japanese current in the Pacific, are both singularly favorable to Canada. In the Province of British Columbia the thermometer in the summer months ranges from eighty degrees to ninety degrees, while in winter the cold rarely goes below twenty-two degrees. On the Atlantic the climate of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is in no respect less desirable in winter than that of Massachusetts and Maine. St.

John, the chief city of New Brunswick, is in the latitude of Milan, Lyons, and Venice, and the whole province is within parallels which include Belgium, Holland and the German Empire, where populations are most dense. Indeed, for more than half of the summer the maritime provinces are most delightful resorts, as shown in the steady stream of summer tourists that are setting in even north of Mount Desert in Maine. In Ontario the climatic conditions created by the practical encirclement of the great lakes are especially favorable, and such stretches as are included in the Niagara Peninsula, and those bordering upon Lake Erie, force themselves upon the attention of the student of North America as among the most favored spots on the whole continent. So far as climate, then, is concerned, there is no one thing in all the catalogue of advantages which Canada possesses that is of greater value; for, in its variety, it favors the production of numerous cereals and crops, and, in its forcefulness and vigor, it stimulates the best efforts of its population. Malte Brum said of these regions: "Everything is in proper keeping for the development of the combined physical and mental energies of man. There are to be found at once the hardihood of character which conquers difficulties, the climate which stimulates exertion, and the natural advantages which reward enterprise. Nature has marked out this country for exalted destinies!"

The immeasurable content with which the average citizen of the United States contemplates the fact that, as between the Atlantic and Pacific, there are no stretches of territory that do not contribute to his greatness, can equally be shared by the Canadian. But the American has limitations on the north by a line drawn at the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, and along the forty-ninth parallel, against which his commerce beats as against an impenetrable wall, and like a wave rolls back upon itself. A night's journey from Boston or New York, and the limit of his boasted areas towards the north are reached; two nights and a day, even from Chicago, in the centre of his territory, and the ground to the north covered by the trade of that great city is exhausted. Not so with the Canadian. Not only does his territory stretch two hundred miles further out into the Atlantic, on the Nova Scotia coast, than the average of the United States—not only does it then stretch across a vast continent of untold wealth to the Pacific, on the coast of British Columbia, but it extends as

far north as the Arctic Ocean. Take in the stupendous figures included in these measurements. Adopting the eighty-fifth degree of longitude as a centre, Canada stretches west to the one hundred and thirtieth degree, and east to the forty-second degree—forty-five degrees on one side and forty-three degrees on the other. North and south the dominion stretches from the fifty-first degree of latitude, south to the forty-second degree, and north to the frozen sea. George Johnson, the accomplished head of the statistical department of the Dominion government at Ottawa, whose disposition and ability to furnish the fullest information regarding Canada are unequaled, makes some comparisons regarding the size of the Dominion that are very instructive. He says:

"It is difficult to afford an adequate conception of the vastness of this country. England, Wales and Scotland form together an area of 88,000 square miles; you could cut forty such areas out of Canada. New South Wales contains 309,175 square miles, and is larger by 162 square miles than France, continental Italy and Sicily. Canada would make eleven countries the size of New South Wales. There are (in extent), three British Indias in Canada, and still enough left over to make a Queensland and a Victoria. The German Empire could be carved out of Canada and fifteen more countries of the same size."

In the light of such comparisons, the statement made in a previous page, that Canada comprises forty per cent. of the area of the entire British Empire, is not so incredible as at first sight appears. Judged by standards of American areas, the comparison is quite as interesting. Thus, the province of Ontario, the fairest land of all the North American continent, is larger than the six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, by twenty-five thousand square miles. Ontario, extending over ten degrees of latitude, and twenty degrees of longitude, the single province, covers an area larger by ten square miles than Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan combined; larger than Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin by eleven thousand square miles. The basin of the Hudson's Bay comprises two million square miles, in which are the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan Valley, measuring five hundred thousand square miles, and which, according to Lord Selkirk, are capable alone of supporting thirty millions of people. That he was right in this contention is proved by the indications of the enormous productive forces of this region since developed; and that a European area, similarly situated east of the tenth degree of longitude, comprehends very nearly the whole of England and Ire-

land, the northeast corner of France, the whole of Belgium and Holland, and the greater part of the valley of the Rhine.

The vast expanse of Canada may be judged by the extent of her rivers and bays. The St. John, in New Brunswick, the largest river on the Atlantic coast south of the St. Lawrence, is five hundred miles in length, and is navigable for two hundred and thirty miles. The St. Lawrence, one of the noblest of the great rivers in the world, has a length of seven hundred and fifty miles, entirely navigable. The Ottawa, which is a mere affluent of the St. Lawrence, joining it six hundred miles from its mouth, is in itself five hundred and fifty miles long. The chain of great lakes is familiar to all who look at the map, but not so, to the north, in an almost unknown land, are the lakes Shebandowam, and Rainy lake and river, a magnificent body of water, three hundred miles broad and two hundred miles long. The Lake of the Woods, too, is almost unknown outside of Canada, yet is a vast stretch of water of marvelous beauty, especially its westernmost portion, of 80 miles, consisting of land-locked channels,—a lacustrine paradise. Then comes the Winnipeg River, of which Lord Dufferin said: "Whose existence in the heart and centre of the continent is itself one of nature's most delightful miracles, so beautiful and varied are its rocky banks, its tufted islands; so broad, so deep, so fervid is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansion, and the tremendous power of its rapids." Here empties the great Red River of the North, starting from the northern portions of Minnesota, and the equally great Assiniboine, one five hundred miles and the other four hundred and eighty miles in length. Far beyond these is the Lake Winnipeg, a fresh water sea 300 miles long, from the northwest angle of which starts the Saskatchewan. The entrance to this noble river has been called "the Gateway of the Northwest," for here is a navigable stream 1,500 miles in length, flowing nearly due west and east, between alluvial banks of the richest soil. Reaching the Rocky Mountains by this stream, beyond this range are the Athabasca and the Mackenzie rivers, the navigation of the latter alone exceeding 2,500 miles, while the Frazer River and the Thompson River to Vancouver are streams of great magnitude. This enumeration of principal streams will give some faint idea of the vast areas of land through which they flow. But no better

idea of magnitude can be formed of the extent of Canada than by the contemplation of the Hudson's Bay. This bay would seem like a projection of Providence for the good of mankind, by which is introduced into the heart of the continent an ocean in itself, midway between the great Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Fancy a bay so long as to extend from New York to Chicago, so wide as to extend from Washington to the lakes, projected like a huge tongue of sea into the land. What would remain of the fairest part of the United States? Yet this is the proportion of the Hudson's Bay, say 1,000 miles long and 600 miles wide, running from the north into the heart of Canada, carrying with it enormous riches in sea wealth for the supply of fish food so greatly benefiting, if permitted, the prairie States to the south.

Having almost exhausted the space allotted, by a description of the climate and of extent of Canada, the reader must be carried rapidly forward to a consideration of the marvelous resources which this northern half of the continent contains. Incidentally, in describing the climate of the northwestern portions of Canada, allusion has been made to the agricultural possibilities of that region. There are comparatively few portions of Canada, however, but possess great possibilities in this direction. The Province of Ontario, which will be recalled as covering so vast an area, is peculiarly rich in this respect. The excellent statistician of the Ontario Government, Mr. Archibald Blue, at Toronto, says of his native province:

"But Ontario has something more to boast of than broad expanse. It has a fertile soil, an invigorating climate, vast forests of merchantable timber, treasures of mineral wealth, and water power of limitless capacity. It has extensive areas which grow a better sample and a larger yield of the staple cereals than any other portion of the continent; and it has more extensive areas not yet brought under cultivation which may be converted into grazing fields of unsurpassed richness, suitable for the production of the best qualities of butter and cheese."

In a report on the trade between the United States and the British Possessions in North America, made by J. R. Larned, of the United States Treasury Department, in 1871, it was observed that

"Ontario possesses a fertility with which no part of New England can at all compare, and that particular section of it around which the circle of the Great Lakes is swept forces itself upon the notice of any student of the American map as one of the most favored spots of the whole Continent, where population ought to breed with almost Belgian fecundity."

Another American, whose worthy eminence none will dispute, has also described Ontario. The Hon. David A. Wells, in the stately pages of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of many years ago, wrote as follows :

"North of Lakes Erie and Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, east of Lake Huron, south of the forty-fifth parallel, and included mainly within the Dominion Province of Ontario, there is as fair a country as exists on the North American continent, nearly as large in area as New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio combined, and equal if not superior to those States as a whole in its agricultural capacity. It is the natural *habitat* on this continent of the combing-wool sheep, without a full, cheap, and reliable supply of the wool of which species the great worsted manufacturing industries of the country cannot prosper, or, we should rather say, exist. It is the land where grows the finest barley, which the brewing interests of the United States must have if ever expects to rival Great Britain in its present annual export of over eleven million dollars worth of malt products. It raises and grazes the finest of cattle, with qualities especially desirable to make good the deterioration of stock in other sections; and its climatic conditions, created by an almost encirclement of the great lakes, especially fit it to grow *men*. Such a country is one of the greatest gifts of Providence to the human race, better than bonanzas of silver, or rivers whose sands contain gold.

It is unnecessary to go into detail as to the advantages which the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island claim, because space will not permit, except to say that no country in the world possesses a more favorable variety of climate, better soil, a more thrifty or a more industrious people than these provinces, many of them possessing great geographical advantages. This is especially the case with Nova Scotia. This province projects out from the mainland into the Atlantic Ocean like an immense wharf, being almost surrounded by tidal waters, no portion of the interior being at a greater distance than thirty miles from the coast. All of her coasts are indented and provided with fine harbors, accessible at all seasons of the year. Its extreme southerly extension is about one hundred miles further south than any other part of British America. Its position in this respect causes a variation of the climate of the country of great advantage, and as a source of supply in fruit, oats, potatoes, and numerous other agricultural products, should be of the greatest value to the densely populated manufacturing centres of New England.

But, great as may be the agricultural possibilities of the Dominion of Canada, and the wealth in her vast wheat-producing areas that these may produce at the bidding of man, it is in the natural resources of the country that a still greater promise is found. In the matter of the fisheries alone, Canada stands un-

rivaled. Very few realize the vast stretches of coast line along which Canada controls the greatest fisheries in the world. Bounded as the Dominion is by three oceans, it has beside its numerous inland seas over five thousand five hundred miles of seacoast, washed by waters abounding in the most valuable fishes of all kinds. The older provinces of the confederation have two thousand five hundred miles of seacoast and inland seas, while the seacoast of British Columbia alone is over three thousand miles in extent! It is impossible to take these figures in and all that they imply without realizing at once the enormous magnitude of this interest. But it is not alone in the matter of extent of seacoast line that Canada has a surplus in fish wealth; but, in the extreme northern location which she occupies she possesses an advantage which is of immense value, and this is that the fish are not only better and firmer in northern climates than in southern climates, but that the supply of fish food, owing to the extreme northern location, is inexhaustible. As has been truly said by Mr. Harvey, "the Arctic currents which wash the coast of Labrador, Newfoundland, and Canada, chilling the atmosphere and bearing on its bosom huge ice argosies, is the source of the vast fish wealth which has been drawn on for ages, and which promises to continue for ages to come." Wanting this cold river of the ocean, the fish which now crowd the northern seas would be entirely absent. Professor Hind says: "The Arctic seas and the great rivers which they send forth swarm with minute forms of life, constituting in many places a living mass, a vast ocean of living slime. The all-pervading life which exists here affords the true solution of the problem, which has so often presented itself to those investigating deep-sea fisheries, the source of food which gives sustenance to the countless millions of fish." The harvest of the sea has not yet been gleaned to the same extent as the harvest of the land; but this fact may be taken for granted, that of all the countries in the world, and of all the riches of these countries, nothing can be made more useful in a higher form toward sustaining life, or to a greater extent, than the vast wealth of the fisheries of Canada. They are practically inexhaustible, because the cold current of the north brings with it the food on which these fish thrive, and the supply is one that can never fail. The seacoasts of the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence on the east, the long stretches of the Hudson's Bay coast in

the centre, and the three thousand miles of coast line of British Columbia on the west, are in themselves a great possession, while the fresh water fish of the great lakes of the northwest, especially in the supply of the prairie States, should be relatively as great a contribution to the sustentation of human life as are the supplies of cattle upon the plains.

In timber, Canada possesses a wealth of very great importance to the United States. When the wide stretches of treeless prairies which this country contains are recalled, and the rapidly disappearing forests within the United States, it is with a sense of satisfaction that one turns to the northern half of the continent, containing as it does the finest forests and the greatest supply of this most essential element of human protection and comfort. Within the catalogue of the woods of Canada, there are ninety-five species of forest trees, including nineteen of the pine family, while the space covered by timber within the Dominion is something enormous. Excepting the great triangular prairie east of the Rocky Mountains, lying between the United States boundary and a line drawn from the Red River to the upper Peace River, the whole of Canada, up to the northern limit of the growth of trees, presents one vast forest area, except where it has been cleared by the hand of man. It is needless to further dilate upon the enormous value which this area is to the county to the south. It is sufficient to say that the source of supply for the next hundred years for the progress of the United States lies largely within the Dominion; and that no estimate of wealth, on the one hand, or of advantage and possible convenience on the other, is possible, so far as the United States is concerned. Fully one-half of the lumber consumed in the West is now derived from the Canadian forests, climbing as it does over a wall in the shape of a duty of twenty per cent. The protection thus afforded practically operates as a stimulant for the destruction of American forests. The white woods in Ontario, almost within sight of the border, are of inestimable value in the manufacture of furniture; and there are enormous supplies of bird's-eye maple, black birch, oak, basswood, black ash, and other highly ornamental woods, which, in this country, are of great value for the highest grade of furniture and interior decoration.

Perhaps of all the surprises which the average American encounters in discussing the wealth of Canada, nothing will startle

him to a greater degree than this statement:—That no country in the world possesses so much iron as Canada, in no land is it so easily mined, and nowhere is it quite so accessible to manufacturing centres. This is a statement which no doubt will challenge contradiction, and it is to be regretted that the space is too small to describe at length the location and precise advantage which the iron supply of this Greater Half of the Continent would afford to the United States. Take the instance at New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia; where, within a radius of six miles, there are found deposits of iron ore of the highest quality, equal to that of any other portion of the world, side by side with limestone, chemically pure, in the immediate presence of coke in abundant quanities, from seams thirty feet thick, lying directly on a railway within six miles of the Atlantic Ocean! Could there by any possibility be a combination more fortuitous than this? Throughout Nova Scotia there are deposits of ore of the greatest possible value; but, in Quebec, and especially in Ontario, the value of the iron deposits is something enormous. Near the city of Ottawa there is a hill of iron called the Haycock mine, which would yield an output of one hundred tons per day of ore for one hundred and fifty years without being exhausted. On the line of the Ottawa, on the St. Lawrence, in the Eastern townships, on the Kingston & Pembroke Railway, on the Central Ontario Railway, through Lake Nipissing, in Lake Winnipeg on Big Island, and on Vancouver's Island, there are enormous deposits of ore, all possessing this singular advantage, of almost a freedom from phosphorus. It has been truly said that "what the devil is to religion, that phosphorus is to iron." The peculiar advantage of the Canadian ore in this respect is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that, in the face of a duty of seventy-five cents per ton, this iron is being steadily paid for its introduction, for the purpose of mixing with other ores, at Joliet, Ill., at Pittsburgh, Pa., and at other points. A market such as the United States would afford, if it were free, and the introduction of enterprise and capital, would create for these deposits the same development and the same value that have followed the activity in the Vermillion, Menominee and Gogebic regions. These latter deposits are almost within sight of Canada, and are but the edge of the great Laurentian range or belt of minerals, which, starting on the Labrador coast, covers the vast area of Canada,

paralleling the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, till they find an ending in the Algoma district—a locality that has been aptly described as a great treasure house of minerals, waiting only the touch of American enterprise, and stimulated by an American, to yield results far exceeding those of any mineral development on the continent.

Coincident with the presence of these great deposits of iron ore, are discoveries of even greater importance in copper and nickel, and in other metals hitherto absolutely nameless but of surpassing value. The copper development at Bruce mines, and especially and recently at Sudbury Junction, on the north shore of Lake Superior, is likely to be even more profitable than that of the famous Calumet and Hecla mines on the south shore of the same lake, whose payment of thirty millions of dividends on a capitalization of two and a half millions of dollars, is a realization beyond the dreams of avarice. Already Ohio capitalists have invested over a million of dollars on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in these deposits. The development of nickel, of which there are only two or three known deposits in the world, is of great significance; while in gold and in silver, especially the latter, very excellent success has rewarded the efforts of the prospectors. Perhaps the most marvelous yield of silver that the world has ever seen was at Silver Islet, within the Canadian border, on the Lake Superior shore, where, for a space of two or three years, an output was realized that enriched the owners with a rapidity equaled only by dreams in the "Arabian Nights." In British Columbia immense quantities of gold are known to exist, and the fact that over fifty million dollars worth has been mined from only a dozen localities, hardly yet developed, is full of the deepest significance, as indicating what yet remains in that distant region to reward the adventurous effort of the denizens of this continent.

But it is not alone in these prominent metals that Canada is rich in natural resources. In phosphates, she possesses enormous quantites of the purest character. No country in the world needs fertilizers more than large portions of the United States, and no country is better able to supply them than Canada. Analysis shows that Canadian phosphates contain phosphoric acid up to forty-seven and forty-nine per cent., equivalent to eighty to eighty-eight per cent. of phosphate of lime. No contribution to

the wealth of the continent is of greater value than the development of the Canadian phosphates. In asbestos, in mica, antimony, arsenic, pirites, oxides of iron, marble, graphites, plumbago, gypsum, white quartz for potter's use, siliceous sand-stones for glass, emery and numerous other products, Canada possesses enormous quantities awaiting the touch of man. In the matter of lead, it is found in almost every province, especially in British Columbia, the lead ore there containing as much as fifteen and half ounces of silver to the ton. The deposits of salt are the largest and the purest on the continent. In the matter of coal it is another startling fact that Canada possesses the only sources of supply on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and that between these two there are stretches of coal deposits amounting to ninety-seven thousand square miles. The magnitude of the interests involved in this question of the supply of coal, its contiguity and economy of handling, are of vast importance to the United States. It is significant testimony to the important position which Canada holds on the question of coal supply, when it is recalled that away down on the Atlantic the manufacturing coal of Nova Scotia should without doubt supply the manufacturing centres of New England, at a minimum of cost; while midway across the continent, in wide stretches of territory of the lowest temperature, supplies should be drawn from the sources which Providence has placed within the Canadian border, and, still further, that, on the distant shores of the Pacific, San Francisco and contiguous cities should at this time be drawing their supply of artificial heat from the mines of British Columbia, and paying a tax to the overburdened treasury of the United States of seventy-five cents a ton.

And now, having most inadequately set forth some of the plainly marked features of the greater half of the North American Continent, it remains to be asked—What destiny awaits it all? It is true that the statements made herein are nearly all in the nature of surprises, but they take on this form mostly because of the hitherto good-natured indifference of the people of the United States in all that relates to Canada. But a change in this respect impends. The Canadian question forces itself upon the public mind for adjustment; and, aside from serious complications, involving the relations with a European power, whose navy is the only menace this country may fear, the circumstances

of the hour make it imperative that at last a policy must be decided upon, continental in its character, and continental in its consequences. The strange sense of limitation that thus early in the history of the United States is felt, when there is no more new territory to occupy; the necessity that exists for the widest field for supply of wants that brook no refusal, as in lumber, non-phosphorus iron ores, coal, fresh water fish in the North-west, phosphates, barley, and other products, either peculiar to Canada or geographically essential to local progress and local convenience; the serious unsettled railway transportation problem, involving the possible discontinuance of the Inter-state Commerce laws, or the destruction of profit to American railway systems running east and west; the future destination of immigration, so as not to completely politically extinguish the American; the wornout fishery dispute; the canal discrimination; a free St. Lawrence to supplement a free Mississippi,—all these are questions too important to remain in chaos. But, in addition to all these, is the necessity that arises out of the recent triumph of the Republican party, that a policy should actuate its leaders, commensurate with its greatness; that its return to power should be signalized by achievements that will make its claim to continued confidence less insecure than it has hitherto been. The bitter lesson of defeat four years ago, and of narrowed majorities in significant localities since, will not be unheeded, especially if, in manufacturing centres, it can be made to appear that by opening up a market, continental in extent, an outlet is afforded for the over-production which the stimulant of protection has created. If this market can be secured at the expense of that hated rival, the British manufacturer, so much the better for the purpose in view; for the frantic bid for the anti-British vote will unfortunately still be necessary to political party existence. Still another motive may be found for vast expenditures, justified by the acquirement of territory, in order to beget a reduction of the surplus without the disturbance of the equilibrium of taxation. All this catalogue of essentials in the present political situation revolve around a policy which may have a Continental Unity for its aim, and which, narrowed down to practical politics, involves an attempt to shape the future destiny of Canada. The considerations that surround this whole question are of a character most comprehensive,

and they will, doubtless, be discussed in this country with frankness and liberality. It is submitted, however, that the almost universal conclusion reached in the public mind, that Canada should form a part of the Union, should be revised. Usually there are two parties to a bargain ; in this case the parties number three,—the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. Whether the latter is quite ready for an extension over the entire continent, comprising 40 per cent. of her empire, of the principles of the Declaration of Independence which in former years she struggled so vainly to defeat, may well be doubted. Whether the people of Canada themselves, treated by the mother country with all the affectionate consideration born of experience with her elder wayward daughter, are ready to sever the slender ties that bind them to British connection, even for material advantages, is by no means certain. Indeed, to many it would appear that no revolution in sentiment could possibly be greater than the change which would be necessary to bring about a willingness on the part of the Canadians to forfeit their loyalty and the many advantages which in their form of government they possess. A political union, to those best informed, seems most difficult and distant. To these, however, a commercial union which, so far as trade and commerce is concerned, would be just as advantageous, is among the early attainable possibilities.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

THE CAPTAIN'S WORK ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

DURING the many voyages that I have made across the Atlantic, between Liverpool and New York, I have met a number of people who appear to have a very vague idea of the duties and responsibilities that rest upon the Captain of a transatlantic steamer of the present day. When in conversation with them, I have often heard the remark made that the position of Captain was a very easy and enjoyable one.

A lady, the wife of a prominent New York merchant, once said to me that she thought it a grand thing to be the commander of a large passenger steamer. "Why, Captain," she continued, "you seem to have nothing to do but to enjoy yourself; you have officers to look after the ship; you have servants to attend to your every want; you come in contact with the best of society, and you live like a prince. 'You are monarch of all you survey,' and what better or grander position could you desire?"

I attempted to enlighten her a little regarding the responsibility and care resting upon me; but, as she could only see one side of the picture, I gave up the task as hopeless. Upon our arrival in New York, she left the ship in the full conviction that my position was one ardently to be desired. Even among old travelers this same idea seems to prevail, as I have frequently been told by them, after the pilot had been taken on board, that my care and responsibility here now ended.

I have often felt inclined to enlighten the traveling public on this subject, but my time has been too fully occupied to do so. Now that the opportunity offers, I avail myself of it.

From the moment that the captain puts his foot on board his ship at Liverpool, until he returns and reports her safe arrival at the office of the company to which she belongs, he, and he alone, is held responsible for anything and everything that may

occur during the round voyage. No matter how slight an accident may happen, he must give written details regarding it.

I will briefly describe one of my winter voyages on board the White Star steamer "Germanic," and the public can then decide if the life of a commander is as princely and luxurious as many seem to imagine.

The hour of sailing was at four P. M. At 1:30 I took the tender and went out to my ship, anchored in the river, where I had left her, after taking her out of dock. It was a part of my duty to be there and receive the Board of Trade officials, who go on board every steamer, and see that all is right before she is allowed to proceed on her voyage. Shortly after four o'clock the passengers came out with the tender, and, after the mails and baggage were taken on, we were ready to start. The weather looked threatening, and it bid fair to be, in sailor language, a "dirty" night.

We were hardly out of the river, when a dense fog settled down on us. I decided not to anchor, but kept on at a reduced speed, with the lead going, and extra lookouts placed on the forecastle. In this way we reached the bar, and I then remained solely in charge, as the pilot had finished his work, and left the bridge. As all vessels bound to Liverpool from the different ports of Ireland and Wales make for the bar lightship, we were continually meeting them; and it was necessary to exercise the greatest care to avoid collisions. I passed so closely to one, that I could distinctly hear the voices of the men on deck, but could see nothing. The sounds died away as they proceeded on their course up channel.

The fog increased in density, and I was compelled to go dead slow. In the event of a collision becoming inevitable I could bring my ship to a stand-still by reversing the engines. After passing Holyhead in safety, I shaped my course for Tuskar, on the Irish coast. At this point the fog cleared, and leaving the officer of the watch in charge with orders to call me if it came on again, I went to my chart-room and lay down on my sofa.

I had rested about two hours when I heard the electric bell above my head. I had not removed any of my clothing, and in a moment was on the bridge. It had come on as thick as before, and nothing could be seen. The compass and the lead were my only guides to our position, and the nature of the bottom and

depth of water told me whether I was on the Welsh or Irish coast.

Sailing vessels and steamers were constantly passing, but we did not see them, and could only hear the sound of their horns and steam whistles, which indicated to me their position, but gave me no information as to the course they were steering. Tuskar is another turning point in the Irish channel, and one is liable to meet vessels steering in all directions. As each attempts to get within sound of the fog signal placed on the rock on which the lighthouse stands, the danger of collision at such a time is very great, and the ship requires the strictest care, judgment, and watchfulness of the captain.

After passing Tuskar, I shaped my course for the Saltee's lightship—another danger on the Irish coast—using the lead continually to bring us within hearing of the syrene trumpet placed on the lightship. We passed this in safety; the course then is straight to the entrance of Queenstown. As we approached the land on the west side of the harbor, I kept the lead constantly going; for, if the distance is overrun, there is danger of getting on shore on a rough rocky coast, which would entail certain destruction to the ship, with a terrible loss of life. To find the anchorage near Queenstown lighthouse the lead was kept going, as fast as possible, until we got twelve fathoms of water, when I let go my anchor, and my ship was riding with forty-five fathoms of cable out.

As the steamer was expected, the pilot stationed at the lighthouse was on the watch; upon hearing the signal made by the steam-whistle, he came off in his boat and was heartily received by all on board; especially, when he pronounced the ship anchored in a safe place.

Making such a passage as this, which takes much longer time than in fair weather, there is but little opportunity for the captain to have any rest or sleep. The officers are relieved every four hours, which gives them ample time to recover from their fatigue. The captain must continue at his post, as no officer can relieve him of one iota of the responsibility resting upon him; no matter how long the fog may continue, he must remain on the bridge until it clears, or his ship is in safety.

I made one passage, from Liverpool to Queenstown, which lasted thirty-two hours; and during that time the fog never lifted

nor cleared away. I remained on the bridge the entire thirty-two hours, having my food brought to me by my servant. When I went to my room, after the ship was anchored, I was only too glad to take the rest I so much needed.

We arrived at Queenstown at 2 P. M. After taking on mails and passengers, the anchor was hove up, and we proceeded on our way to New York. As the fog had not cleared, and as nothing could be seen of the land, I again took my station on the bridge. When approaching Fastnet, the wind, that had been from the southeast, veered to the southwest, and the fog showed signs of clearing. After passing that point, it steadily increased, and we had fine weather. When well clear of the land, I left the bridge, with the usual instructions to the officer of the watch, and retired to my room.

I was very soon asleep, and slept soundly until near midnight, when I was aroused by hearing a vessel reported. Going on the bridge I saw a steamer passing south of us and bound for the Irish channel. All signs of fog had disappeared; the stars were out and there was every prospect of a fine night.

For the first time since leaving Liverpool, I felt that I could go to bed. I had good and efficient officers to leave in charge of the watches, and I knew that I could rely upon their vigilance. I slept until eight o'clock the following morning, and when I awoke found myself refreshed; but, upon getting up to dress, my limbs and body ached terribly, and it was several days before I had recovered from the fatigue that I had undergone.

During the night the wind had freshened, and it was then blowing hard from the westward. At noon it had increased to a strong gale from the northwest, with a heavy sea covering the deck fore and aft with spray, so that few of the passengers were able to appear.

The gale continued without intermission until we reached the Banks of Newfoundland, when it moderated, and the wind went back to the south. By the time we struck soundings on the east edge of the banks, we were enveloped in another dense fog, which compelled us to reduce the speed of the ship.

The fog lasted all the way across the Banks, which kept me constantly on the bridge, and did not clear away until after we had passed the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The wind then shifted to the northwest and increased to a heavy gale, which

lasted for twenty-four hours. After passing Sable Island, it backed from northwest to northeast, and, when night came on, the barometer fell and it began to snow heavily.

Snow at sea is quite as bad as fog ; and, as I was in the track of vessels bound to the eastward, I had to remain on the bridge as long as the snow lasted. As day broke the next morning it cleared away, and left us with fine weather and a strong breeze from the northeast. All sail was soon set, and the ship went flying along toward New York. In such weather as this, I had to take a nap with all my clothes on when I could get it, and my meals in the chart-room, or on the bridge, as the case might be.

As we neared Nantucket the wind died away and got round to the southeast, which brought us another fog. This lasted until we got off Block Island, at the entrance to Long Island Sound. In a shower of heavy rain the wind shifted to northwest, which brought clear weather, although it blew a heavy gale. This continued until we arrived at Sandy Hook, where we took on board a pilot. As the tide was favorable, we crossed the bar and proceeded to Staten Island. After a short delay at quarantine we reached our dock, and landed passengers and mails, thus ending a stormy passage of ten days and a half from Liverpool.

During that time I had taken off my clothes three nights, and when I got to New York I was completely worn out with fatigue and anxiety.

The duties of a captain in port are light compared with those at sea. As soon as possible after arriving he must go to the Custom House and enter his ship. He is then at liberty to rest, and is very glad to do so. During some portion of each day he is expected to report at the office of the agent, and also to be on board the steamer, so that he has but little time at his own disposal.

As the ship is advertised to sail on a certain day and hour, her stay in port depends mainly upon the length of the passage out from Liverpool. In winter the time is usually much shorter than in summer, owing to the bad weather encountered on the Atlantic at that season of the year. On the voyage that I am now describing we were but four days in New York. During that period the cargo was discharged, the ship was again loaded, and we were ready to sail at the hour appointed.

The captain's last duty before leaving port is to clear his ship,

and he is then ready for his return passage. A few hours later he is again on his way to sea.

Although a pilot is on the bridge with the captain, the company hold the latter responsible for any accident that may happen. In thick weather—which is often the case when leaving New York—the sail down the harbor to Sandy Hook is anything but pleasant. After passing the forts, the channel is narrow and crooked. As there are so many coasting schooners moving about, some going to sea, others bound up to the city, the navigation is, in thick weather, very intricate, and requires great care and caution on the part of both captain and pilot.

On the return passage to which I refer, I left New York in a fog, with the wind blowing a strong gale from the southeast, but I could see a sufficient distance to find my way down the harbor to Sandy Hook. After passing the Hook it came on very thick. As the channel was too narrow in which to turn my ship round for the purpose of returning to the anchorage inside the Hook, I was compelled to continue on my course.

During the winter, the channel is marked with spar buoys, which cannot be seen until one is very near them, so that I experienced great difficulty in getting over the bar. Fortunately I had a good pilot, and with the aid of the lead I found the station boat and put him on board. I was soon in deep water. The sea was very heavy, and had the ship got out of the channel and taken the ground, the consequences would have been very serious.

With brief intervals of clear weather, the fog continued to the Banks of Newfoundland, when, after a heavy downfall of rain, the wind shifted to the westward, and I was thankful indeed for the change. From the time I left New York until we reached the Banks, I had not been in my bed; and the only sleep that I had was lying on the chart-room sofa during the short time that the fog lifted. I have felt so exhausted, while standing, that I have been compelled to send for a camp stool, and, seated on the fore part of the bridge, with the screen lowered on a level with my eyes, I have kept my lookout.

When the wind shifts from southeast to the westward it is followed by a heavy blow from that quarter; and it was so in the case I refer to. We soon had all sail set and were running before a heavy westerly gale, which lasted until we approached the Irish coast; the wind then moderated and got round to the southward

and brought thick weather again. A southeast wind is a source of dread to all commanders when nearing this point, as it is always accompanied by a dense fog, which makes the sighting of land and getting into the channel, a very dangerous and difficult undertaking; this is proved by the number of wrecks that occur every year.

To perform this duty successfully, one must be well up in the science of navigation, and well informed regarding the sets of the currents along the coast, besides having a thorough knowledge of the soundings. In fact, the lead, with dead reckoning, which I consider the true science of navigation, is what a captain has mainly to depend upon at such a time.

On this passage, I encountered the fog one hundred miles west of the Fastnet. Fortunately, I had obtained good observations in in the morning for longitude, and at noon for latitude, which gave me my correct position. Knowing that my compasses were accurate and could be relied upon, I ran with confidence for the channel. Nothing was seen of the land, and I was obliged to depend entirely on the soundings, the compasses, and the patent log. The wind was light, so that there was no sea to interfere with the steering.

At six o'clock on Monday morning I was near Queenstown. As I wanted to relieve the owners of all anxiety about the ship, and knowing that I could find my way there with the lead, I determined to do so. I altered my course for the entrance of the harbor, and, at eight o'clock, I had anchored my ship in twelve fathoms of water in the same spot that I had anchored her on my outward passage.

The anxiety of the passengers was great, and many an inquiring look was directed to me as I stood on the bridge, or went into my chart-room to consult my chart. When the anchor was let go, and, in response to my signal, the pilot came on board, the expressions of doubt and dismay, plainly visible on their faces, were changed to those of relief and joy. As I came from the bridge after anchoring, I was greeted with loud cheers, and many congratulated me on my success in bringing my ship safely into port in such a dense fog.

After the tender had left with mail and a few passengers, the anchor was hove up and I started for Liverpool, with the fog as thick as ever, and no sign of clearing, so that I had to take my departure from Caunt's Rock lightship. I made every fog signal

along the coast without having to alter my course, and when I reached Tuskar I was surrounded with vessels of all descriptions. I could hear the horns of sailing vessels and the whistles of steamers in every direction. Several times, I was compelled to stop in order to avoid a collision; but fortunately I escaped, and, hearing the fog signal on Tuskar Rock, I turned that point and set my course for Holyhead. The fog signal (a gun every fifteen minutes) was distinctly heard, and also the steam trumpet on the Skerries.

Just as I was shaping the course from that point to Liverpool bar the fog cleared away, and I made the Skerries on our starboard beam. Giving the ship full speed and leaving orders with the officer of the watch to call me if I should be wanted, I went to my room to rest. I was ill with fatigue, and could not endure the sight of food. My eyes were bloodshot, and appeared like coals of fire in my head. I found it impossible to sleep, although I had not lain down since the previous Saturday morning at seven o'clock.

I arrived safely in Liverpool, landed the passengers, baggage, and mails, docked my ship, went to the office and reported her safe arrival. I then entered her at the Custom House, and my duty was done for that voyage.

I do not intend to convey the idea to the public that all voyages are like this one that I have described. Were such the case, more ships than do at the present time, would enter port with the dead body of the Captain on board. But such voyages are of frequent occurrence during eight months of the year; and the duty of a commander of an ocean steamer requires him to be constantly on the watch, and keenly alive to every sound. None but those who are experienced know the terrible strain to which the mind and nerves of the captain is subjected when passing through an impenetrable fog. He cannot tell what blunder may be committed by men in command of ships that he may meet; and he must be prepared for any and all emergencies that may arise from such blunders.

Passengers traveling to and from Europe see only the bright side of the captain's life; they are not on deck during a heavy gale; and at night, when he is keeping watch on the bridge, they are sleeping in their berths unconscious of the perils to which they are exposed. It is not surprising that many should form the opinion that they do.

What, then, is a captain's work? In a few words the question can be answered. To stand by his ship, taking care of her, and of the many precious lives on board; and, with the help of God, bringing her through every danger, in whatsoever form it may present itself, in safety into port.

CHAS. WM. KENNEDY,
Late Commander of White Star Steamer "Germanic."

THE NEXT NATIONAL REFORM.

As soon and as often as a result of a closely contested election is announced the cry of bribery and corruption is raised throughout the country by the defeated party or candidates. Less often, either in defiance or despair, is heard the question made famous by a "practical politician" of New York in answer to fierce denunciations of his own knavery, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Yet this should be the paramount issue of the hour.

Men of both parties and all parties without doubt have perverted the spirit of the law even when they have not offended against its letter, and the honest historian will be obliged to record that the machinery of the purest parties, at certain times and places, has been alienated to unlawful and unworthy purposes, at variance with the "true intent and meaning" of the Constitution. How shall political corruption be prevented? I repeat there is but one efficient remedy for the evil—a radical reorganization of our machinery of election—a reconstruction having as its chief purpose to render fraud impossible. For without a strong and non-partisan movement that shall initiate a system of honest voting, making bribery unprofitable and knavery impotent, popular elections in America will become a farce, and Democratic institutions a prey to the same disintegrating forces that encompassed the ruin of earlier free governments.

It is a waste of time to discuss whether this or that party is the greater offender in any given election. What we need is not a victim or a verdict or a paliative, but a preventive. No temporary remedies will suffice. It should be an uncompromising crusade against political knavery—a war to the death—as it was a war to the death against American slavery.

No legislative remedy for the prevention of fraud at elections will prove effective unless it provides for two essential features:

an absolutely secret ballot and the assumption by the national, state, or municipal governments of the essential lawful expenses of candidates. But an act that secured these factors would deal an immediate death-blow to political corruption at the polls.

In first taking up this vital question, in lonely earnestness, some few years ago, and in drafting the first bill for the new Electoral Reform in New York, it seemed to me that a remedy so radical would demand years of agitation. Yet to-day it is the battle cry of the Empire State. To-morrow it bids fair to become a practical issue of reform throughout the Union. Honest men, without distinction of class, creed, or previous condition of servitude to political bosses, unite in demanding this reform, and I cannot refrain from again presenting the more salient features of the great issue.

Under the existing system of balloting in New York State, which is a sad and striking example of some of the worst methods prevailing in the United States, there is and there can be no adequate protection against the most shameless perversion of the popular will. No official verdict can be trustfully accepted as the true popular verdict. Any one who doubts this fact can assure himself of it on any election day in New York City, by an early visit to the polls in the populous districts, especially in the lodging-house centres. There will present itself to the astonished gaze of the uninitiated the strange sight of voters marched to the polls in squads of two, three and four under the direction of a trained party "worker." In order to secure the proper casting of their ballots, those "independent" voters are there required to hold up their right hand exposing the ballot in that position until cast. The "consideration" is generally five dollars, sometimes lower, but often as high as ten dollars. Mr. Henry A. Gumbleton, who has given considerable attention to this matter, estimated the lodging-house population of New York City, on October 1, 1886, at eight per cent. of the entire city electorate. Let it be borne in mind that a really secret ballot would provide for and enforce the secret marking of ballots furnished by the State. No one but the voter would be allowed to enter the compartment provided for marking his ballots, and the arrangement would preclude supervision by the present class of vote buyers or their representatives. In these circumstances no candidate could be induced to pay for votes the casting of

which must be accepted on faith; for, being unable to see the "goods delivered," the machinations of unscrupulous candidates would be relegated to the past. Our political Othello's occupation would be gone.

Having disposed of the question of secrecy, which involves mainly the questions of bribery and of the undue influence of the employer over the employed, the next best safeguard lies in the printing and distribution of ballots at public expense. It is clear that such a provision will at once dispose of many expenses that cannot be claimed as really necessary. The present system furnishes the excuse for innumerable "assessments" under cover of "necessary expenses" demanded for "workers" and ticket peddlers. Under this method the actually necessary expenses are so excessive in metropolitan districts that poor men are practically debarred from election to any high office within the gift of the people without mortgaging their official acts in advance to the persons or organizations that defray their campaign disbursements.

Nothing but a new law, honest in its provisions, and honestly enforced, can guard the people against the inroad on popular government which unscrupulous organization menaces to-day.

It is not too much, I think, to hope that the popular feeling in favor of ballot reform in the great State of New York, and the promise of its early enactment is seconded throughout the Union by a marked tendency to correct the abuses of the ballot, North and South, East and West.

The Southern question can find no better solution than in the rigid enforcement of the law at the ballot-box, and while such rigid enforcement of the laws in the election of all public officers may call for time and be beset with serious difficulties at the outset, there can be no question of the constitutional right of Congress to enact laws for the fair election of Congressmen from every State in the Union. It will be for the Fifty-first Congress to determine whether or not it will assume this grave responsibility.

No one could entertain kindlier feelings toward the South than the present writer, but it seems time to cast aside the fear of encountering the hackneyed reproach of "waving the bloody shirt" that is made whenever the question of Southern election methods is raised. The issue to face is not a sectional one. It is the issue

squarely and honestly made in debate by Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, on the floor of the Senate Chamber. Practically, his words amounted to this declaration: Gentlemen of the North, we admit what you say about Southern elections, and we think well enough of you to believe that you would act as we act under similar circumstances.

Would we act likewise under similar circumstances? If we cannot accept this imputation we cannot continue to tacitly endorse it by failing to protect the rights of every lawful voter.

Let us hope that the time is near at hand when the South will lay aside its prejudices and cease to pervert the powers restored to it by a generous nation. There is no more auspicious omen in American politics to-day than the growing resistance in all parties, North and South, to the theories and practices of Bourbon domination.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

TWO NEW YORK STATES.

THE question is here submitted, rather than discussed, whether the respective interests of New York City, New York State, and the country at large do not imperatively demand that the State of New York be divided into two States ?

If the proposition be first considered in its political aspects, few of those who take an active part in public affairs will dismiss it hastily. Certain facts, that seem to have been the more widely ignored as their meaning was plainer, must, in the light of this special inquiry, become sufficiently glaring to attract general attention. It will then be found that they are peculiarly suggestive, and that further indifference to their teachings may be pregnant with consequences that the City, the State and the Nation would have good cause to deplore.

The first of these facts is the regular oscillation of the Empire State, every four years, from one political pole to the other. In the last twenty years six Presidential elections have been held, and not once did New York cast its vote in favor of the candidate of the party which it had sustained in the previous contest. Republican in 1864 and Democratic in 1868, Republican in 1872 and Democratic in 1876, Republican in 1880 and Democratic in 1884, this State, with the mechanical precision of a pendulum, swung back to the Republican side in 1888.

In all instances but two the majority, or plurality, was an insignificant fraction of the total vote cast in the State. It was less than one per cent. in 1864, a trifle over one per cent. in 1868, 1.90 per cent. in 1880, less than one-tenth of one per cent. in 1884, and about one per cent. in 1888. The first exception was in 1872, when the State of New York, that had given Seymour a majority of ten thousand over Grant in 1868, gave Grant, then far less popular than at the time of his first election, a majority of fifty-two thousand over Greeley.

But this result, as everybody knows, was chiefly brought about by the abstention of many democrats ; for the total vote

cast in the State was twenty thousand less than in 1868, although the population had increased at its usual rate; and, while the Republican vote showed a gain of only twenty-one thousand, the Democratic vote showed a loss of forty-three thousand. The second exception, and the only one of any importance, was in 1876, when Tilden's plurality in this State amounted to thirty-two thousand seven hundred, or 3.21 per cent. of the vote cast within its borders.

In 1876, New York became the pivotal State *par excellence*, and has remained so ever since. Its small pluralities have settled three Presidential contests in succession, and we might say four, were it not for the work of the Electoral Commission. A few thousand, and, in one instance, a few hundred political "converts" have actually decided who should govern this mighty republic. At any time during that period it would have been in the power of a small but compact organization of political "strikers" to change the result. For aught we know there may be such an organization in existence; and if there is none as yet we need not despair of its advent, for in these days of trusts and syndicates the principle that there is strength in union cannot fail to impress itself some day upon the minds of impecunious politicians.

Nor is the political uncertainty of the State of New York, taken as a whole, the result of a healthy equipoise of opinion in all its parts. That portion of it which, small in area but densely populated, lies to the south of the Westchester County boundary line is persistently and overwhelmingly Democratic. The other portion is not less persistently and not less overwhelmingly Republican. The Democratic pluralities of the former section were 78,000 in 1876, 54,000 in 1880, 64,476 in 1884, and about 73,000 in 1888; the Republican pluralities of the latter were 46,000 in 1876; 75,000 in 1880; 63,429 in 1884; and about 86,000 in 1888. No other State is so completely divided in political sentiment by a geographical line, and no two States, however distant geographically, are wider apart politically than the two sections which we are now considering.

These two sections do not progress at the same rate. The smallest in area is still the smallest in population, but it is gaining fast upon the other. And here, for convenience of language and brevity of expression, let the section south of the Westchester

line, embracing the six counties of New York, King's, Queen's, Suffolk, Richmond, and Westchester, be known as the "Metropolitan counties," while the term "Northern counties" will be understood to mean all the other portion of the State. In the thirty years—1850–1880—the population of the Metropolitan counties increased from 801,000 to 2,098,000, or 161 per cent.; whereas that of the Northern counties increased from 2,295,000 to 2,984,000, or 30 per cent. only. From what is known of their respective growth in late years it is safe to say that in 1892, when the next Presidential election is to take place, the population of the State will be about equally divided between the two sections, and that in 1900, if not before, the Metropolitan counties will have a preponderance of numbers.

In ordinary times, there is at work a law of political gravitation, according to which the party prevailing within a certain area preserves and even increases its percentage of majority as the population in that area increases. The task of tracing this law to its origin might best devolve upon the psychologist, while any consideration of its effects on the body politic would properly belong to the social philosopher. The first of those intellectual speculators might find a parallel to it in the natural impulse of the *moutons de Panurge* to jump where one of them was seen jumping; while the second might lose his temper in viewing the corporate evils that necessarily flow from the readiness of each stupid individual to think like his nearest and, perchance, more stupid neighbor. But no attempt can be made here to philosophize so deeply and, perhaps, so needlessly. It is enough, for the practical purpose in view, to state that in the present condition of public intelligence, social ethics and political relations, there is such a law; and that, while it may not be eternal—or even so absolute as to effectively resist that higher law of progress through which, from time to time, the political sentiment of great masses of people undergoes a spontaneous and radical modification—yet its operation is sufficiently constant, under ordinary circumstances, to afford a correct basis of calculation as to the relative strength of political parties for a period of years more or less limited.

If this be admitted, the conclusion is obvious that the twenty years' deadlock in the Empire State cannot last much longer; and that, barring out the possibility of a great independent political

movement of the working classes, productive of much confusion, the time must soon come when the crushing Democratic majorities cast by the Metropolitan counties will carry the State at every election. Observe, that it would long have been in their power to do it but for the tariff question. They have, in fact, done it uninterruptedly for many years in State contests. With the exception of Cornell, whose election, in 1879, was the direct result of Tammany's rebellion, under the lead of John Kelly, against the Tilden wing of the Democracy, every governor of the State of New York for the past thirteen years was a Democrat. The outcome of the last campaign is more suggestive, perhaps, than any previous one. Cleveland was defeated, but Hill was elected. The tariff issue cannot live forever. It may not survive the terrible blow which it has received in the person of Cleveland; or, by one of those sudden reversals of public judgment in economic matters which a crisis or a change of economic conditions frequently produces, what has thus far proved to be the popular side of the question may become the unpopular. At any rate, let it be withdrawn from politics, or for some reason lose its terrors, and from that moment a Republican constituency of more than 500,000 voters and 3,000,000 people will have lost all chances of ever being represented in the Electoral College, and probably also, a little later, in the United States Senate. Outside of the Metropolitan counties it will be a perfunctory duty to vote for a President. Concerning the settlement of those important issues which a national contest usually involves, the vast community in question, greater in population than any of the States but three, will have practically nothing to say and might as well be disfranchised.

In the matter of State legislation and State government, that great community would soon fare hardly better. The field of its political influence and action would be mostly confined to the administration of its cities and towns, and this even might be curtailed by the interference of the legislature. To all appeals for justice and home rule, it would, perhaps, be answered that the metropolis had likewise suffered, long and grievously, at the hands of corrupt partisans when the Republican counties had it in their power to make the laws.

Much has been said of the tyranny of majorities, and nothing is truer than that they may prove the worst of despots. To guard

against such a possible evil was the constant pre-occupation of our people a century ago, and the Constitution itself was not adopted without a struggle between the advocates of a strong government and those who esteemed individual freedom of even more value than national independence. In the course of time, however, the most ardent champions of liberty came to believe that the political institutions of this Republic, rooted in the principle of equal rights, pervaded throughout with the spirit of self-government, and resting on the fundamental independence of the smallest unit, although far from perfect, but readily perfectible, afforded ample security for the spontaneous and constant evolution of freedom. Surely they had not contemplated the possibility, under those institutions, of a stupendous despotism, a tyranny of the majority, such as we see growing in the State of New York. And, after all, it is not owing to any defect in our political institutions that this condition of affairs has developed. While they cannot, of themselves, prevent it if we choose to submit to it, they afford an easy remedy if we desire to put an end to it. By a simple division of the Empire State into two States, each section would immediately secure its autonomy and take its proper place in national politics, enjoying neither more nor less influence than its relative importance justly entitles it to.

But what is simple and just is not what necessarily commends itself to the "practical politicians." And insomuch as this class of people have it largely in their power to promote or defeat any public measure, the question, "How will it work?" must be be considered from their own partisan standpoint.

Of the thirty-eight States * that now compose the Union, six-

(*) *Democratic States.*

	Votes.		Votes.
Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	New Jersey	9
Delaware	3	North Carolina	11
Florida	4	South Carolina	9
Georgia	12	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	13
Louisiana	8	Virginia	12
Maryland	8		
Mississippi	9	Total	156

Republican States.

	Votes.		Votes.
Colorado	3	Nevada	3
Illinois	22	New Hampshire	4
Iowa	13	Ohio	23
Kansas	9	Oregon	3
Maine	6	Pennsylvania	30
Massachusetts	14	Rhode Island	4
Minnesota	7	Vermont	4
Nebraska	5	Wisconsin	11
		Total	161

Doubtful States.

	Votes.		Votes.
California	8	New York	36
Connecticut	6	Michigan	13
Indiana	15	West Virginia	6
		Total	84

teen (including New Jersey) may be set down as Democratic beyond question, and an equal number as indisputably Republican. Under the present apportionment, the first group of States casts one hundred and fifty-six and the second one hundred and sixty-one votes in the Electoral College. Of late, the States somewhat uncertain on account of their small pluralties were: On the Democratic side, Connecticut with six votes and West Virginia with six; on the Republican side, California with eight votes, and Michigan with thirteen. The absolutely unreliable States were New York with thirty-six votes and Indiana with fifteen.

But, in view of recent events, it is now sufficiently obvious to the impartial observer that if the Republicans found it impossible to carry the manufacturing State of Connecticut in two successive presidential campaigns conducted upon the tariff issue exclusively, they cannot, under circumstances either similar or even less favorable to them, carry it in the future. Connecticut, like New Jersey,—and for the same reasons—must be written down a Democratic State, subject, of course, to such changes as may there and elsewhere be produced by national issues entirely new and profoundly stirring. On the other hand, West Virginia is showing plainly, by the steady decrease of her Democratic pluralities, by the culminating closeness of the last presidential contest within her borders, and by the rapid increase of Republican majorities in those of her counties which, owing to the development of her industries, are growing fast in population, that the same economic forces that bind Pennsylvania to the Republican party have actually detached her from the galaxy of Democratic States. Of California little can be said, notwithtanding her almost unbroken record of microscopic Republican pluralities. But of Michigan it may be observed that the disintegrating influences of Greenback, Labor and Prohibition politics are evidently tending to make that State the most uncertain of all. By fusion and confusion the Democrats have repeatedly carried it upon State issues, securing a large majority in the Legislature, and even in the Congressional delegation. Indiana, under the same influences as those which can be seen at work in Michigan, became a doubtful State in 1876. By a singular coincidence, it has in each Presidential contest since that time given a small plurality to the same party that New York happened to sustain. That local pride and expectations had something to do with the

hard-won success of the President-elect in his own State is a reasonable supposition; but that Indiana, in ordinary circumstances, belongs to the Democrats, appears to the disinterested observer of political currents a foregone conclusion.

Now, it must be borne in mind that, taking the States as represented in the Electoral College at this time, if Connecticut, for the reasons given, be granted to the Democrats, the party that does not carry New York can succeed only by carrying all the other doubtful States, viz., California, Indiana, Michigan and West Virginia. This possibility, as we have just seen, is reduced to a minimum by the evident tendency of West Virginia to become irrevocably Republican, and of Indiana to become steadfastly Democratic. On the other hand, the party that carries New York needs only one of those four States to elect its candidate.

True, the positive and relative standing of the States in the Electoral College will be somewhat altered by the next decennial reapportionment of votes in accordance with the population returns of the census of 1890. But from what is known of the growth of the country in its various sections, it does not appear that any change from this source may be such as to substantially alter the relative strength of the two parties. The Republicans, however, may and doubtless will improve the opportunity they have of strengthening themselves by the admission of one State at least, and probably two States, cut out of the Territories, thereby gaining from six to ten votes in the Electoral College. But even then, with Indiana on the Democratic side, the vote of New York will settle the contest. In any way that we may figure, if the least regard is paid to actual conditions and known data, the conclusion is inevitable that, unless New York be divided into two States, the comparatively small preponderance of one of its sections over the other will absolutely determine our national policy, in so far as that policy is involved in the election of a President. And, as this preponderance is increasingly Democratic, the obvious prospect is a period of Democratic administration, beginning in 1892, and the end of which can only come through the operation of forces now unknown and unforeseen.

It is, therefore, superfluous to observe that any proposition to divide the State of New York into two States must, *à priori*, be regarded with abhorrence by the partisan Democrat and viewed

with extreme favor by the partisan Republican. Upon further investigation, it will be found, however, that the division would by no means have the effect of transferring from one party to the other an indefinite and indisputable lease of power. It would simply keep the Presidency in doubt, and the two parties on their best behavior. Let us take, as a basis of calculation, the present number of electoral votes cast by each State, amounting in all to four hundred and one. To this should be added the ten votes of the two new States cut out of the territories, and the two additional votes to which New York would be entitled by its division into two States, equal in population and having each nineteen votes. The total number of electoral votes would thus be increased to four hundred and thirteen, of which two hundred and seven would be required to elect a president. Upon this basis, and granting—for the reasons above given—Connecticut and Indiana to the Democrats, and West Virginia to the Republicans, the two parties would be exactly equal in *known* strength, each being sure of one hundred and ninety-six votes, as follows:

DEMOCRATIC STATES.

The 16 States unquestionably Democratic (see foot-note, page 90)	156 votes
Connecticut (6) and Indiana (15)	21 "
One-half of New York	19 "
Total	196 "

REPUBLICAN STATES.

The 16 States unquestionably Republican (see foot-note page 90)	161 votes
West Virginia	6 "
The two new States cut out of the territories	10 "
One-half of New York	19 "
Total	196 "

DOUBTFUL STATES.

California	8 votes
Michigan	13 "
Total	21 "

California and Michigan would cast the deciding votes. It has already been remarked that, although their respective record in national politics is Republican, both are now uncertain, especially the latter. Both are also far better qualified than New York to act the part of arbiters in a close presidential contest, because in both the political sentiment is fairly divided throughout, whereas in the Empire State it is intensely sectional. Moreover—and this is of radical import—any change, great or small,

that might occur in other parts of the country would readily, according to its direction, either dwarf the influence of those two States, by rendering it more or less superfluous, or absolutely destroy it by turning the scales against them ; whereas we have seen that so long as New York can cast thirty-six votes on one side, great changes might occur elsewhere without affecting the general result.

This proposition cannot be made too plain. Michigan and California would vote either on the same side or on opposite sides. In the first case, they would cast twenty-one votes for the same candidate. Obviously, then, any change by which twenty-two votes were added to theirs would show that the successful candidate could have been elected without their support ; whereas any change by which twenty-two votes were cast in the opposite direction would defeat the party favored by those two States. In the second case, Michigan would cast thirteen votes on one side, and California eight votes on the other. Obviously, any change of six votes would then produce the same results as a change of twenty-two in the first case.

It has been deemed necessary to enter at some length into considerations of this character, tedious as they are, and of more interest to the student of politics than to the average citizen, because, if the issue presented by the title of this paper is to become a public topic, none of the data essential to an honest and intelligent discussion of it should be purposely or ignorantly neglected. But there are other considerations, not less fundamental and of a higher order, some of which will suggest themselves, while a few may properly be suggested here in conclusion.

First, as to the relations of the metropolis with the country at large. Should it be claimed by some that political separation might prove injurious to the city of New York by placing in the hands of another State the control of canals and railroads which have played an important part in her development, the reply is obvious that no serious inconvenience has ever been felt from the control held by the State of New Jersey over many avenues of equal importance. Likewise, the city of Providence has never been injuriously affected by the narrow boundaries of the State of Rhode Island. The power of regulating inter-State commerce, which is vested in the federal government, will undoubtedly assert

itself with increasing energy. To extensive and far-reaching interests it affords a vastly better and broader security than does State dominion over a large area. In fact, we have already seen that redress could be obtained through it, which would have been denied if State legislatures had been sovereign in such matters.

Secondly, as to the probable fate of the proposition if it were submitted to the people of New York. For obvious reasons, the Republicans might be expected to support it in a body. Many sensible Democrats, who rightly believe that the public interests are not best promoted when the party in power feels impregnable, might agree to it. A number of extreme partisans on the Democratic side, chiefly in the Northern section, would undoubtedly oppose it; but in the Metropolitan counties many of the same class, allured by the vistas of emolument and position which a new State, apparently to be placed under their immediate and exclusive control, would open to them, might reconcile themselves to the idea of sacrificing their rural fellows for the good of the country. And here let it be observed that these selfish expectations might not be realized, to the extent at least of proving more detrimental to the metropolis than its government has been under State interference and manipulation; for home rule would unquestionably awaken a sense of power among the citizens, and of responsibility among the officials, which is now profoundly dormant.

Lastly, as to the new forces that the proposed change might set in motion. Among those who might be expected to warmly sustain the proposition, should be mentioned those shifting bodies of voters, unknown political quantities, which, now united and formidable, then pulverized into factions, have for the last few years puzzled the country. That their erratic motions are the manifestations of a new and as yet wild force, seeking in an awkward way a legitimate channel through the body politic, will not be denied by any man of sense. If we must have a Labor party—and it were folly to believe that the men who but lately cast 68,000 votes for Henry George will not again come together some day, followed by many others and with a clearer notion of their actual purpose—if we must have a Labor party, let the political conditions be such as to correspond with the necessities that call it into existence. In great cities like New York and Brooklyn, where immense num-

bers of artisans, operatives, laborers, clerks, and wage-earners generally are not only congregated, but to a great extent organized, for mutual protection, certain problems must sooner or later be solved that a legislature largely composed of the representatives of small towns and rural districts is unfit to deal with. And they cannot be solved too early if they are to be solved peacefully.

LUCIEN SANIAL.

ROBERT ELSMERE'S MENTAL STRUGGLES.

I.

THE hundreds of thousands of people who read "Robert Elsmere" in England and America, approach the book from two wholly different points of view.

By far the larger set of them has been taught from the pulpit, and has believed, that some particular church, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, or Catholic has distinct title deeds running back to the moment when Jesus Christ parted from his apostles.

The other set has known that there are no such title deeds for any of the great ecclesiastical organizations. The Roman Catholic Church, which Bunsen called "The First of Schismatics," has none. The Episcopal Church has none. The Presbyterian Church has none. Cardinal Newman put the truth forcibly, but not too forcibly, when he said of the Catholic doctrine of Trinity, "The creeds of that early day make no mention in their letter of the Catholic doctrine at all. They make mention, indeed, of a three. But that there is any mystery in the doctrine—that the three are one; that they are co-equal, co-eternal, all increate, all omnipotent, all incomprehensible, is not stated, and never could be gathered from them. Of course, we believe that they imply it, or rather intend it; God forbid we should do otherwise. But nothing in the mere letter of those documents leads to that belief. To give a deeper meaning to their letter we must interpret them by the times which come after;" that is, by the fourth and later centuries.

He goes on to say the same of the one great Christian Council of the third century, of the six great bishops and saints of the first three centuries, of the three great doctrinal writers;—and he quotes Bull, an English bishop, as saying that nearly all the Catholic authors who preceded Arius "*have the appearance*

of being ignorant of the invisible and incomprehensible nature of the Son."

In the same way, he says of the doctrine of original sin, "There are two doctrines which are generally associated with the name of a Father of the fourth and fifth centuries, and which can allege little definite testimony in their behalf before his time, purgatory and original sin."

All well-read clergymen, interested in history, have always known that these statements of Cardinal Newman are true, that is, that there is an historical gap between modern scientific theology and the New Testament. Since the publication, a few years ago, of an English translation of all the Ante-Nicene fathers, all intelligent English students of history, whether clergymen or Greek scholars or not, have had a chance to see this with their own eyes.

To all these people, therefore, the feeling about "Robert Elsmere" has been that, which it is said the reader of a great publishing house had, when he determined that that house should not reprint it for circulation in America: "It is straw which has been thrashed over for fifteen years," he said. It had been thrashed over for him and people like him. But the great run of Christian people had been permitted or led to believe, in what I think an uncandid way,* each that his own church was sustained in its organization and its dogma by the consent and custom of the earliest centuries of Christianity. People always alluded fondly to the "Early Christians," and every one liked to think that the "Early Christians" and he were exactly in accord.

Now "Robert Elsmere" steps in. With artistic skill, Mrs. Ward refuses to tell one word of what he read in these mysterious "studies" which were so fatal to his peace and to Katharine's. All the reader knows is that he came out from his reading sure that there was no apostolic succession; sure, as Cardinal Newman says, in the passage I have cited, that there was no scientific doctrine of the Trinity; sure that there was no doctrine of the vicarious atonement in these early books, and shocked to find, for instance, that an author like Clement, a friend of Paul, speaks of the resur-

* I said so in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW some years ago. THE REVIEW and I were much abused in consequence. The "Religious" press answered, almost unanimously, "If Mr. Hale is uncandid, let him reform, but do not let him attack others." But the secular press, with nearly equal unanimity, said that Mr. Hale had touched a sore point.

rection of the Phœnix once in five hundred years, apparently with the same confidence with which he speaks of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Also, Robert Elsmere was one of these people who really believe that a man has a right to be a minister only because he has been ordained by a bishop, who has been ordained by another, who is the last in a long series which began with St. Peter. When he came to read the history of the first three centuries, he found that there was no such succession. He found that those whom modern language chooses to call "bishops," were the business officers of the little Christian communities, who did the work entrusted to them as well as they could, and were quite indifferent about the manner of their appointment. This for a single instance. He found, also, that in the very queer and fragmentary scraps of Christian literature which testify to the existence of the church between the time of St. Paul and the time of Constantine, there is not the least uniformity of doctrine. There is not the slightest critical habit of investigation. There is often preposterous wildness of fancy, amounting to tedious rigmarole. There are confident assertions of many things much harder to believe than the miracles recorded in the gospels. And no pretence is made anywhere to critical investigation of authority or authenticity.

If the plan of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW permitted, the whole of this number could be filled with very entertaining extracts from these books of two centuries and a half, which Robert Elsmere read. Most of them are not very long books. It is fair, perhaps, to say that none of them were written by men of genius; almost all of them are written by very ignorant men, and some by very foolish men, so that this word "rigmarole" applies very fairly to much more than half of their contents. For all this, they are vastly entertaining, sometimes amusing, though often ridiculous. Almost the whole of these collections is contained in a series known as the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," which has been published, quite conveniently, within the last twenty years. The fact that these things exist in English now, while formerly they were buried in Greek and Latin, is one of the reasons why the young theologians of the "established" church now read them a great deal more easily than they did. Indeed, if anybody asks why the revulsion of feeling which now shows itself in the Eng-

lish Church Congress, never showed itself fifty years ago, it is probable that a good working answer would be found in the fact that Englishmen now read the literature of the first three centuries a great deal more easily than they could read it before. Frankly, let it be said, the average clergyman in a country cure in England did not read Greek at sight very easily, and would rather read "The Guardian" in English than such a book as Tatian's "Orator," or "The Constitutions of the Apostles," in rather crabbed Greek. Now he has the whole thing at hand, as any of our readers have, who choose to send to the next good public library to ask for any of this literature, so lately forbidden.*

It also ought to be said, however, that the grand church writers of every school, excepting the liberal schools, have turned up their noses at the literature before the time of Constantine. As Dr. Newman says, theology was not at all "developed" at that time, and it is only a "developed theology" that the church at large has cared to present to Christians at large, whether of the Protestant or of the Roman schisms. Original Christianity, simple Christianity, is quite a different affair from the "developed" or manufactured article. And the reading of these Fathers before Constantine, was by no means encouraging for neophytes, or for anybody else who undertook it, unless he came to it, as Cardinal Newman came to it, with a determination in advance to believe the religion of the Middle Ages, and to make the religion of the first, second, and third centuries match that, by reading between the lines. It has been the fashion, therefore, in most theological schools, in most books of criticism, and, one might say fairly enough, in most well-bred theological circles, to set out of sight the "ignorant and unlearned men," who are, as it happens, the only persons through whom we know what Christianity was, or was doing in the first three hundred years of its existence. I do not myself remember any such curious instance of the suppression by indirection of a sort of literature which came inconveniently in the way of a regnant school. But, if one may be pardoned an allusion to the customs of our own time, it was a little as a modern Democratic president of the United States, holding and using the enormous centralized power of the

* Ask for any volume you choose of "The Ante-Nicene Fathers," or ask for "The Catechism of the Twelve Apostles," which is not in that series.

federal administration, always speaks very respectfully of Thomas Jefferson, but still takes very good care that none of his earlier maxims, about the danger of a central government, shall ever be alluded to. Cardinal Newman would say that this was a perfectly fair illustration. He would say that the United States has found out that it cannot get along without a very strong central government, that the doctrine of a central government has been "developed" in the last hundred years; and he would say that, in exactly the same way, the church has found out that it cannot get along without an infallible chief, and without a great many other things which cannot be found in the letter of the early records. But, just as a strong central government has been "developed" in the United States, he would say that these convenient enlargements have been "developed" in the history of the church.

So much for the reason why Robert Elsmere and all other intelligent people who care to preserve a historical foundation for Christianity, find that the study of the first three centuries makes Christianity to be a very different thing from what it is called in the creeds of the Dark Ages.

But, on the other hand, those people who have always taken their Christianity simply from the four gospels, have always known that the Saviour of mankind said that love of God and love of man is the whole of it. People who have read Paul's epistles with care know that he said that faith, hope and love are eternal. And they are not surprised if they find that nothing else is eternal. Here, as such people have found long ago, is the working religion, which is the absolute religion which Jesus Christ proclaimed for the world: FAITH, or a steady belief in God and in His absolute presence; HOPE, a steady sense of immortality, working in a life which immortals lead; LOVE, which is now called "altruism," or a feeling on the part of every man that he does not live for himself, but that he lives for the whole race. These three constitute the Way of Life as Jesus Christ understood it and as He tried to make the world understand it.

Now, when people who have been trained to this simple religion read the literature which upset poor Robert Elsmere, they are not upset at all. On the other hand, they find that these simple, foolish, ignorant writers, who have left us the fragments of the Christian literature of the first centuries, are all alive with Faith

and Hope and Love. They went and came with an absolute belief in the presence of God. Every man, woman or child of them was sure of immortality; they went to martyrdom with perfect delight, because they were sure that they were entering on the larger life. And so much love they had about them, they bore each other's burdens so completely, that the world is not quite sure but that they were socialists and had common property. I do not think they had; but this impression has gone abroad quite widely.

A fair review, then, of the very authorities which upset Robert Elsmere's mediæval Christianity only confirms the religion of people who have been willing to take the four gospels as the text-book, and have rejected all the subsequent creeds and confessions. For one, I am very glad to have the attention of religious people brought back to the interesting and curious early literature which, while it destroys the man-made theology of the last fifteen centuries, sets in new light the simple, absolute religion which was proclaimed by Jesus Christ: "with God, for man, in heaven."

It is interesting to see that Mr. Gladstone, in his review of the book, virtually repeats Cardinal Newman's statement. Thus he says that the baptismal formula "was speedily developed into the substance of the Apostle's Creed." None the less does he claim that that creed must be received, if we are to have a good working religion. And he seems to rely for the authority of the organized Christianity of to-day on "the concord of Christians, ever since the adjudication of the fifth century." And he says that "an established church, priesthood or ministry, sacraments and the whole established machinery which trains the Christian—are the wings of the soul."

Still, he knows that many people do not find this machinery to fly very well, and that for many people it does not help them to fly. Many people believe that a church can exist without so much machinery—and that, if the Saviour of men had thought the machinery absolutely necessary, He would not have left it to the chances of development.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

II.

MR. GLADSTONE thus epitomizes the *motif* of "Robert Elsmere":

"It certainly offers us a substitute for revealed religion; and

possibly the thought of the book might be indicated in these words: 'The Christianity accepted in England is a good thing; but come with me and I will show you a better.'"

To a thoughtful, devout woman the most significant page of the remarkable novel is that which describes the "white-letter days" in the Murewell Rectory, while husband and wife were still one in religious belief. It is a pure, passionate idyl of domestic loves and heavenly aspiration which we find in the story of the evenings when the wedded lovers arose, by solemn stages, from Dante and Milton to the study of the well-worn Greek Testament:

"Which he would make her read . . . . mostly that he might get from her some of that garnered wealth of spiritual experience which he adored in her. They would go from verse to verse, from thought to thought, till suddenly, perhaps, the tide of feeling would rise, and while the wind swept around the house, and the owls hooted in the elms, they would sit, hand in hand, lost in love and faith,—Christ near them,—Eternity, warm with GOD, enwrapping them."

This is not monastic mysticism. We are told that Elsmere enjoyed, meanwhile, "with all his heart," his work among the suffering poor, and his influence in a long-neglected parish that called forth every energy of a robust body and eager mind. At no other period of his life do we find more abundant evidence of physical, mental, and spiritual sanity than during the divine calm preceding a dawnless night of tempest.

Let the "white-letter day" stand as a type of the result wrought by the Christianity accepted in England and in all places where the Christ is worshiped as very GOD, and beloved as very Man.

What "better thing" is offered us in the almost four hundred pages that follow?

Mr. Gladstone, and abler masters in polemics than the Christian premier, have demonstrated the singular weakness of a work which, professing to weigh testimony, ignores the cumulative evidence representing the wisdom and research of centuries. Robert Elsmere's faith is founded upon emotion; his unfaith has root in reason. If any one thing is clearly proven in the story, it is this. The candid reader smiles at the authorly partisanship which overlooks the fact that the magnificent intellect of the Squire is as manifestly warped in this regard as the facile mind of the neophyte. Were it otherwise, the injunction to "read Christian documents in the light of a trained scientific criticism" would have a converse recommendation.

The writer of this paper does not presume to deal with this and weightier sections of the subject in hand, but would confine herself to the consideration of the simple "thought of the book." The quest for the "better thing" becomes agony as we follow the victim—whom we cease to call the hero—through by-way and slough.

"Doubt," "agony," "remorse," "depression," "irritability," "sheer worry," "sleeplessness," "religious dread;" we catch the words in turning the leaves until the crisis of anguish is reached in recantation.

"All these years of happy spiritual certainty, of rejoicing oneness with Christ, to end in this wreck and loss! Was not this, indeed, *'il gran rifuto?'* the greatest of which human daring is capable?"

Henceforward, until death ends the tragedy, he is out of his depth and swimming for his life. To his wife's adjuration, "Perhaps even you think it ends here—our life, our love?" he replies, "his eyes hidden in his hands" (an unconscious symbolism), "I know nothing, I know nothing!"

His labors among the New Brotherhood are more like the tossings of one burning with fever than the sustained purposeful work of a rational philanthropist. His fierce displeasure at the coarse blasphemies flaunting in the windows of the Free Thinkers' Club during Passion Week; "the two-fold aim—the rousing of moral sympathy and the awakening of the imaginative power"—"the first steps," which, we are told, "had nothing to do with religion" of his mission in the room where "he reads and expounds some passage from the life of Christ as a lecturer might expound a passage of Tacitus;" the fight with visions of the River of Death; of his early home, love and faith; the bitter cry,

"My God! my God! No time, no future!"

the wail that, as he sinks on his knees in the certainty of nearing death, "rings through him, deafening every other cry"—

"Quittez—quittez—le long espoir et les vastes pensées!"

the weeks of depression and misery subsiding in blind submission to the will of Him "who cannot lead us to the end and disappoint the craving He Himself set in us,"—the slow death-scene, in which critical problems of the Greek Testament take their turn with Wordsworth and Tennyson—most frequently with Virgil,—the murmured mention, with his failing voice, of the dead man

who had led him into "the new world which is the old" of Doubt and Unfaith,—"where—what is he *now?* Ah! if somewhere, somehow, one could,—" are we to accept *these* as the tokens, tests and triumphs of the Better Thing?

Do we not rather recognize in all the echo, in more piteous strain, of the Magdalen's lament—

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him!"

In the whole sad volume there are no more mournful, yet arrogant, lines than the declaration: "The ashes of Jesus of Nazareth mingled with the earth of Palestine."

Where did Robert Elsmere get his "historical Christ"?

Concerning the "Galilæan peasant who was born, and grew to manhood, and preached, and loved, and died," the "tremendous fact which cannot be scoffed away," the pagan oracles, whose testimony Wendover and his pupil admit without cavil, are dumb. If He be not the Immanuel, the God with-us of the New Testament, Who was dead, and is alive and liveth forevermore, the Christ is *not,* and never was. "The magic, the permanence, the expansiveness of the young Nazarene's central conception—the spiritualized, universalized Kingdom of God," is the fairest and most chimerical of the "beautiful fairy tales" which Langham, Gray, Elsmere, Wendover, and the "genuine British artisan" unite in refusing to believe.

"We must *re-conceive the Christ!*" Elsmere preaches to his motley audience, with italicized vehemence.

Outside of the Scriptures, which he sandwiches between the Idyls of the King and the Eneid, the centuries he invites his followers to explore return not a whisper of "the Christ of Galilee and the Christ of Jerusalem." The lecturer must create for himself "the tremendous fact."

"The Master" who "moves toward him in the guise of common manhood, laden like His fellows with the pathetic weight of human weakness and human ignorance," is less an historic entity than Prometheus, as truly a myth as Sintram, if the History of Testimony exclude that of the Gospels, and human reason assumes to winnow the probable from the impossible in the utterances recorded as His, and to make selection of the fittest from the incidents of His biography.

The Resurrection is no more a miracle than the Birth in

Bethlehem. Tried by the line of Common Sense and proved by the plummet of Precedent, the sublime life of the unlettered peasant, His system of morals, His spiritual intuitions and His influence upon the world and the ages, are the wildest improbability of all, unless we include in the category the "Present Christ beside him," on the heath which was the wretched man's Gethsemane.

"Take it to your heart again,"—thus the "sacred presence," —"that life, that pain of mine! Use it to new ends, apprehend in it new ways."

To no dead mortal are given omniscience and omnipresence. "*Miracles do not happen.*"

Declining, then, to accept this Elsmere—poor, driven bit of stubble!—as exponent and monument of the Better Thing, we find them instead, in Wendover. Here the disciple is not greater than or equal to his lord. The Squire's sarcastic dictum, "Everything can be got out of in this world," has one exception,—the power, fatal or glorious, of opinion and belief to stamp themselves upon the life, and the sure correspondence of tree and fruit.

MARION HARLAND.

III.

"ROBERT ELSMERE" is the echo of an echo. In its central anti-supernaturalistic contentions, it is largely a rehash of the anonymous work, "Supernatural Religion," which some years ago made considerable noise in England. That work was substantially an echo of a now decadent continental school of rationalistic criticism, led chiefly by Strauss and Renan. Matthew Arnold's own positions in relation to historic Christianity were largely such an echo. It is or ought to be well known that, after full and prolonged hearing, they have produced small effect upon real experts in the field of discussion to which they refer. Mrs. Ward's book echoes on this subject her uncle's now really belated and outgrown opinions. Roger Wendover is a disciple of a school of anti-supernaturalism that has been discredited in the highest circles of scholarship in Germany for nearly a quarter of a century. He is the echo of an echo after the original voice has ceased to be authoritative.

Strauss himself abandoned the famous Mythical Hypothesis

before he died. It was buried before its author, as every scholar knows. Professor Christlieb and Professor Luthardt, foremost among thoroughly evangelical experts of Germany in the department of the Christian evidences, assure the world that Strauss' theory no longer needs to be answered in the theological departments of the German universities. "It has been swept out at the back-doors of German intellectual workshops," said Professor Christlieb once to the present writer, "and it ill becomes Englishmen or Americans to feed on food that Germans have thrown out of doors as intellectual refuse."

In the chief anti-supernaturalistic positions of "Robert Elsmere" there is nothing new to theological scholars. The gospels themselves are proof that, in the age in which they originated, miracles were by no means attributed to every prominent religious teacher. "John did no miracle," is the cool record, "and yet all things that he spoke of Christ were true." No miracle is attributed to Christ himself, before his baptism.

The character of Christ is an historical and unassailable reality. It is itself the supreme miracle. His sinlessness forbids his possible classification with men. In connection with this supreme miracle other miracles are to be expected. On his death-bed, Professor de Wette, the Coryphæus of German rationalism in his time, made this concession, over which Neander, the church historian, shed tears when he read it: "Although a mystery which cannot be dissipated rests on the way and manner of the resurrection of Christ, the fact of the resurrection can no more be brought into doubt by honest historic evidence than can the assassination of Cæsar."

In Germany itself, the school of thought which Roger Wendover represents has met with most disastrous defeats in the highest places of learning. Although the opposite was the case fifty years ago, the young men in the German universities, who are all free to choose for themselves, are now patronizing evangelical in preference to rationalistic theological professors in the proportion of ten to one. "The unforced opinions of young men," Lord Bacon said, "are the best materials for prophecy."

There should have been introduced into "Robert Elsmere" some character like Professor Luthardt, or Professor Christlieb, to balance the Squire and Professor Gray. The defense of sound views is left to Catherine chiefly, and her intellectual equipment

is insufficient for the exigency. Her character triumphs, however, and cannot but command reverence, although she is by no means such an antagonist as a Mrs. Browning or a Mrs. Stowe would have been. One of her central positions has often been taken in the course of centuries of debate as to the Christian evidences, and has never been successfully controverted: *Either Jesus was what he claimed to be, or he was not a good man, nor even sane.*

That Christ was either an impostor or self-deceived, or else that he bore intelligent and trustworthy testimony concerning himself, is not often seriously denied. But to assume, as Robert Elsmere does, that miracles do not occur, and to admit that Christ, therefore, was self-deceived, or an impostor, and yet to establish something like a worship of him, is a self-contradiction that has never shown itself capable of producing important movements in church history. The self-contradiction is too glaring to be kept hidden long from the eyes of its votaries. The attempt to eliminate the supernatural from Christianity and yet retain its spiritual power is like an effort to cut down a tree and yet retain its fruit season after season and its daily grateful shade.

Prof. T. H. Green, of Oxford, whose character and philosophy are supposed to be represented by Tutor Gray in "Robert Elsmere," endeavors in a lay sermon on *Faith* to show how disbelievers in historic Christianity may yet retain its spiritual passion for holiness. His positions contain nothing novel to theological scholars. But he is more logical than Elsmere, for he sees that the work of such disbelievers must be more or less crippled by their negations and doubts. "It will be," he says, "rather on the fringe of the Church that such work will lie. *For some of the deeper charities of the Christian Society, such as ministering to the spiritual wants of the sick, speculative differences may for the present necessarily disqualify us.*" (Works of T. H. Green, Vol. III., p. 278.) Professor Green himself would have expected only a dubious future for Robert Elsmere's new religious organization. When the Oxford teacher, whose work in philosophy and ethics is to be spoken of with far more reverence than his work in theology, lay dying, March 25th, 1882, his belief in God and immortality was clear, and one of his last requests was to have read to him the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

Robert Elsmere makes no adequate provision for the con-

tinuance of the eccentric ethical society which he founds. Many such organizations have been tried at various periods of church history and have failed. The author of "Robert Elsmere" should have described the history of Elsmere's new brotherhood through three or four generations. New religions are to be judged not so much by the men who make them, as by the men they make.

On the whole, therefore, brilliant and noble as much that "Robert Elsmere" contains must be admitted to be, the book cannot be defended as a really fair or strong argument, nor even as a new one, against scholarly evangelical views. The probability is, therefore, that while it may produce a considerable temporary effect in misleading half-equipped minds, its influence will not be permanent in circles at once alert, candid and well-informed, and spiritually devout, practical and aggressive.

Not to quote Luthardt, Dorner, Christlieb, or other German writers on the Christian evidences, it may be worth while to mention a single American authority quite abreast of the freshest discussions. The well-known works of Prof. G. P. Fisher, of Yale College, on "The Supernatural Origin of Christianity," and on "Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief," contain, with thier references, a sufficient reply to the whole list of recent anti-supernaturalistic critics, and should be read by any one whose convictions are disturbed by Mrs. Ward's novel.

Robert Elsmere's best and noblest work was done in Surrey, when he and his wife labored hand-in-hand for the poor, and when he had not yet fallen under the influence of the Squire. No one in his senses can seriously wish to live the life and die the death of Roger Wendover.

Some one should write a work of fiction entitled "Robert Elsmere's Successor," showing the history of Elsmere's new brotherhood for several generations, and the general result of what Mr. Gladstone so justly calls an attempt to fly without wings.

JOSEPH COOK.

IV.

THE educative power of fiction is shown in nothing more than in the great interest which a novel of high class arouses in the community. In the light of its imaginative presentation, not only the æsthetic proprieties of life, but also its deep moral prob-

lems, are brought freshly into the mind of the community, and the greatest are not too great to sit in judgment over the lesson which the book is held to teach. Surely, it is an instructive spectacle to see Mr. Gladstone, the foremost man in the political movement of the time, taking, from his arduous duties and absorbing pursuits, the hours required for a careful perusal of "Robert Elsmere," and an equally careful consideration of its merits and demerits. A novel, and a woman's novel at that, has called the great statesman and scholar from his manifold work to deliver to the world his opinion of the outcome of the book. This is a fact significant in itself. It is true, indeed, that a novel of equal value treating of another class of subjects would not have been likely to interrupt so seriously Mr. Gladstone's labors and studies. This one deals with religious opinions in whose advocacy the great Premier is deeply interested, and disposes of them in a sense adverse to his own. Right or wrong, he considers religious doctrine a matter of sufficient importance to take precedence of the cares of state, of the delights of scholarship. In this concern, we shall surely justify him, even if our own conclusions differ widely from those which he has been at some pains to make public.

Mr. Gladstone is by no means alone in his recognition of the importance of a work like "Robert Elsmere." Sermons have been preached about it in various places. Religionists of various opinions have spoken for and against it. I know of no story, since "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whose appearance had excited so much comment, intellectual interest of so high a character. Mrs. Ward has drawn for us the portrait of two white souls, white not only from native purity, but from the white heart fervor of religious conscience. The terrible "categorical imperative" does not lead these two worthies into the same paths of thought. It prompts one of them to depart widely from received traditions and precepts, and impels the other to cling to them with an ever increasing tenacity. To the one, intellectual question becomes the first of duties, to the other it remains the most fatal of errors, but to each the inward monitor says: "Do what you must think your best, and abide the consequences." And each, in obedience to this command, sacrifices to the approval of conscience the joys and comforts which, after it, are dearest to each. The state of moral tension in which Robert Elsmere and his wife live and move, will seem almost inconceivable to those of the present day

who are unacquainted with the religious discipline of the olden time. To this belonged strained and exaggerated views of the moral turpitude and impotence of human nature, and such a theory of the criminality of man's natural life as made the damnation of infants a proper prelude to that of the greater part of the human race. Insensibly, these views, though still held to by some religious bodies, have lost their hold upon the minds of men. But, while many of us have rejoiced even in the partial deliverance of Christendom from these undivine conceptions of God, these inhuman notions of man, Mr. Gladstone's criticism of Robert Elsmere seems to ignore this deliverance, and to insist upon the maintenance of the doctrines of divine wrath and miraculous redemption as conditions of true religious belief.

It is hardly to be expected that those who undertake, in this symposium, to say their word about Robert Elsmere, will consider themselves bound to enter here a personal confession of faith, or to supply a formula which shall be sufficient to settle the religious differences of the world at the present time. To some, no doubt, his religious change of base will appear uncalled for, and even profane. To others, it will seem justifiable, and his conduct in connection with it praiseworthy. The novel suggests much which may have been new to its author, but which has long been familiar to the religious world in both hemispheres. The controversy between the miraculous and the ethical bases of religious belief resulted, many years ago, in the formation of the Unitarian denomination, whose influence has made itself strongly felt in Christendom. Priestly and Channing were its early apostles. Theodore Parker, in his day, gave great extension to its practical application. Emerson came out of it, and a host of men, remarkable in literature and philosophy, together with a ministry which has shown itself Catholic, sincere, and effective. Those who may feel moved by the present discussion to inquire more closely into its work and character will find these set forth in volumes and periodicals which have now attained a considerable circulation. For the explanation and elucidation of Elsmere's difficulties, such readers, then, may be referred to the Unitarian body of doctrine. It is Mrs. Ward's handling of these difficulties, her portrayal of a mind in which they become first the occasion of despairing doubt, then that of an almost bleeding sacrifice, leading to redoubled effort and renewed comfort—this it is which

appeals to the critical sense of the community, and asks a verdict, in her favor or against her.

For a novel, Mrs. Ward's picture of Robert Elsmere's sufferings is too long drawn out. Not a shiver, not a cold or hot fit of his, does she spare us. It is true that he takes our sympathy along with him in all that he undergoes, but the demand upon this is too prolonged, and the strain too painful. Mrs. Ward's graphic power, which is considerable, is weighted and weakened with too much detail. She seems to have but little confidence in the imagination or memory of her readers, and reminds us of Rose's red gold hair and Catharine's beautiful mouth until we tire of hearing of them. Her conversations, too, want point, and, though she enumerates to us the books which change Robert Elsmere from a simple believer into a rationalist, her writing throws little light upon the process of thought by which the change is wrought. Here is a genuine, pious Anglican pastor—here is a skeptical neighbor with a library full of controversial writings. Presto, change—the pastor is no longer a simple Anglican. The Squire and the library have entered into him, and he is now another than the man he was. The author is here a little open to the charge of light-footedness. She does skip easily over the transformation which she makes awful to the affections, but light to the understanding.

Catherine, in her anguish and distress, asks one pertinent question: "Was it right for a clergyman to discuss sacred things with such a man?" the Squire being understood.

Now, the *animus* in which investigations are followed plays a very important part in their results. An analytical study of the Scriptures, aided by the light which learned Orientalists have been able to throw upon their character and origin must, of necessity, effect a change in the views of one hitherto familiar only with the older exegesis. But the results of such a study may be arrived at in a religious or in an irreligious spirit. The Squire in the story seems to have pursued his researches with great intellectual honesty, but with no touch of religious affection. Hence, his influence was one which Elsmere should not have invited. On the other hand, the conclusions to which the latter is led, were the natural outcome of his studies, and the catastrophe to which they led was not to be averted.

Catherine Elsmere's question reminds me of a fragment of

conversation, reported to me years ago, in which a German skeptic said to a devout person of his own nation:

"My dear sir, I can bring here a friend of mine who in less than half an hour will be able to convince you of the futility of all notions of a life after death."

"My dear sir," replied the other, "I am obliged for your offer, but I had much rather not see your friend."

Mr. Gladstone, with practiced hand, makes a very complete showing of the side of religious opinion which he has adopted, the domain in which belief founds itself upon miracle, and supports itself by appealing to the authority by which the miracle is asserted. It does not seem to me that to deduce from the miracle the obligation to worship the miracle-worker is to insist upon a *non-sequitur*. Deeds that transcend the working of natural laws might be achieved by an evil demon as well as by a good one. It is the ethic in Christ which makes us regard His power as a holy and beneficent one, and this ethic, this moral miracle of the divinely touched soul, is so glorious, so transcendent, that those who can truly receive it will consider the historic or legendary miracles of the New Testament as of very minor importance. Religion does not properly consist either in accepting the evidence of miracle or in rejecting it, but in adopting and following the spirit which made the miracles divine, if they were wrought, but which made the beautiful life, with or without miracle, the greatest of blessings to mankind.

Mr. Gladstone does not appear to have much understanding of the comparative value of different religious ideas. We might somewhat illustrate this by the figure of a series of shelves upon which might be bestowed the various items which compose the religious heritage of mankind. Among these Fetichism, Polytheism, Monotheism correspond to Fear, Favor, and Aspiration. Mr. Gladstone will hardly deny that this is a rising series, and that, while all of those degrees have their period and conditions of use, it would be irreligious to detain upon the lower level those whose minds are capable of attaining the higher one.

When he has built up before us his church of miracle, evidence, and authority, we see a church infinitely transcending this one in beauty and in charity. The inner interpretation of Christ's words and of His character lights it up from within with a heaven-descended flame. Once and forever were these golden words

said, this divine example given and glorified. We can all say that we believe, for we do believe in this intrinsic divineness. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word shall not pass away—the word of deep and everlasting truth.

It is quite true, as Mr. Gladstone says, or implies, that matters so momentous as those of which we now speak, can not be settled by the stroke of a pen, or the dash of a character fancy. The way out of the labyrinth of doubt is not easy; but I, for one, am sure that it should not lead us back into the chaos and confusion of semi-civilized modes of thought. If we recognize a great Providential order in the material development and progress of the world, we must recognize it also in the intellectual progress, from which, whether we will or no, Society as a whole can not go back. Religion, as interpreted and followed by the best minds of to-day, is an energizing and uplifting agent, whose ministrations are essential to the peace, dignity, and welfare alike of individuals and of states. Its source, like the source of our own life, is hidden and mysterious. Its laws and conditions, like those which rule our physical existence, are partly supported by natural instinct, but much more ascertained and established by the immense labors of human study and experience. We pity those whose bodily health is committed to the care of physicians who abide by the medical formulas of even fifty years ago, and who either can not or will not inform themselves of the great changes which modern science has wrought in the theory and treatment of disease. Not less should we pity those whose spiritual health is cared for by men to whom the intellectual advance of the ages counts for little or nothing, men who render nugatory the wisdom of the past by a trivial and literal interpretation of its great tentative and symbolical lessons.

It was grievous for Robert Elsmere to go out from the sweet charities of his parish church. How hard to leave those few sheep in the wilderness whom he had lifted out of the mire of degradation and set in the way of a clean and Christian life! How unnecessary, in the nature of things, that he should sacrifice this near and positive duty to a new set of opinions and theories! Yes, but it was not his fault that he did so. The church in which he labored allowed him to serve only on condition that he should hold to the old theories and opinions, some of which are clearly seen to-day to have been superseded by better ones. As

Christ was forced to go outside the Jewish church, in order to bring a true spiritual interpretation to the Judaic laws and prophecies, so is many a mind obliged to break from cherished traditions and belongings in order to take its stand upon what it can honestly believe in the light of what is known. The further progress of our story is instructive. Robert Elsmere, fresh from the trammels of a creed to which he can no longer conform, finds nothing better to do than to set forward, under other conditions, his ministry of religion to the poor and ignorant. His method of doing this may or may not be better than those from which he has departed, but they are such as his best thought and conscience approve, and so his service to God and man is a living, not a dead and formal one, and would naturally have for the serving and the served the value of the costly sacrifice involved in it.

Some excellent people, no doubt, to whom these points of contradiction are very sensible, are yet so held by the sympathy of numbers, by the ties of usage and affection, and by what we may call a sense of religious necessity, that they adhere to their first confession of faith, while all of its articles are changed in their private interpretation of it.

We must remember, too, that, while exegetical study takes such men as Elsmere out of the Church of England, it carries such men as Newman and Manning into the Church of Rome. What shall we say, then? This, simply, that the doors of Christ's temple should be left so widely open that those who enter it should be able to pass from one part of it to another, and finally abide where doctrine and worship best accord with their individual convictions.

Let our last word, then, be love and honor to the church universal, with its many altars and manifold worshipers. Honor to its ministers, even where their lessons do not avail alike for all of us. On our way to our own place of worship, we can thank God for all who are going elsewhere to seek Him in the sincerity of the truth as it has been delivered to them. But while we do this, let us thank Him most for the prophetic spirits which have led the moral advance of the race, for the noble army of martyrs who have broken a way for mankind through the stony walls of superstition and prejudice. Their bitter task has been accomplished in the light of a wide-embracing charity, in the faith that the spiritual things of God deserve, not only the

passive acquiescence of belief, but the energetic assent of reason. In this light in which they have walked and worked, let us not fear to follow them.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

V.*

HUMAN nature, when aggrieved, is apt and quick in devising compensations. The increasing seriousness and strain of our present life may have had the effect of bringing about the large preference, which I understand to be exhibited in local public libraries, for works of fiction. This is the first expedient of revenge. But it is only a link in a chain. The next step is, that the writers of what might be grave books, *in esse* or *in posse*, have endeavored with some success to circumvent the multitude. Those who have systems or hypotheses to recomend in philosophy, conduct or religion induct them into the costume of romance. Such was the second expedient of nature, the counterstroke of her revenge. When this was done n "Télémaque," "Rasselas," or "Cœlebs," it was not without literary effect. Even the last of these three appears to have been successful with its own generation. It would now be deemed intolerably dull. But a dull book is easily renounced. The more didactic fictions of the present day, so far as I know them, are not dull. We take them up, however, and we find that, when we meant to go to play we have gone to school. The romance is a gospel of some philosophy, or of some religion; and requires sustained thought on many or some of the deepest subjects as the only rational alternative to placing ourselves at the mercy of our author. We find that he has put upon us what is not indeed a treatise, but more formidable than if it were. For a treatise must nowhere beg the question it seeks to decide, but must carry its reader onward by reasoning patiently from step to step. But the writer of the romance, under the convenient necessity which his form imposes, skips in thought, over undefined distances, from stage to stage, as a bee from flower to flower. A creed may (as here) be accepted in a sentence, and then abandoned in a page. But we, the common herd of readers, if we are to deal with the consequences, to accept or repel the influence of the book, must, as in a problem of mathematics, supply the missing steps. Thus, in perusing as we ought a propogandist romance, we must terribly increase the pace; and it is the pace that kills.

Among the works to which the preceding remarks might apply, the most remarkable within my knowledge is "Robert Elsmere." It is indeed remarkable in many respects. It is a novel of nearly twice the length, and much more than twice the matter, of ordinary novels. It dispenses almost entirely, in the construction of what must still be called its plot, with the aid of incident in the ordinary sense. We have indeed near the close a solitary individual crushed by a wagon, but this catastrophe has no relation to the plot, and its only purpose is to exhibit a good death bed in illustration of the great missionary idea of the piece. The *nexus* of the structure is to be found wholly in the workings of character. The assumption and the surrender of a rectory are the most salient events, and they are simple results of what the actor has thought right. And yet the great, nay, paramount fountion of character-drawing, the projection upon the canvas of human beings endowed with the true forces of nature and vitality, does not appear to be by any means the master-gift of the authoress. In the mass of matter which she has prodigally expended there might obviously be retrenchment; for there are certain laws of dimension which apply to a novel, and which separate it from an epic. In the

* As several of the contributors to this symposium have referred to Mr. Gladstone's masterly review of "Robert Elsmere," recently published in England, I have been tempted to complete this collection of views by the addition to it of Mr. Gladstone's essay.—EDITOR.

extraordinary number of personages brought upon the stage in one portion or other of the book, there are some which are elaborated with greater pains and more detail than their relative importance seems to warrant. "Robert Elsmere" is hard reading, and requires toil and effort. Yet, if it be difficult to persist, it is impossible to stop. The prisoner on the treadmill must work severely to perform his task; but if he tops he at once receives a blow which brings him to his senses. Here, as there, it is human infirmity which shrinks; but here, as not there, the propelling motive is within. Deliberate judgment and deep interest alike rebuke a fainting reader. The strength of the book, overbearing every obstacle, seems to lie in an extraordinary wealth of diction, never separated from thought; in a close and searching faculty of social observation; in generous appreciation of what is morally good, impartially* exhibited in all directions: above all, in the sense of mission with which the writer is evidently possessed, and in the earnestness and persistency of purpose with which through every page and line it is pursued. The book is eminently an offspring of the time, and will probably make a deep or at least a very sensible impression; not, however, among mere novel readers, but among those who share, in whatever sense, the deeper thought of the period.

The action begins in a Westmoreland valley, where the three young daughters of a pious clergyman are grouped around a mother infirm in health and without force of mind. All responsibility devolves accordingly upon Catherine, the eldest of the three; a noble character, living only for duty and affection. When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her. Here comes upon the scene Robert Elsmere, the eponymist and hero of the book, and the ideal, almost the idol, of the authoress.

He had been brought up at Oxford, in years when the wholesale discomfiture of the great religious movement in the University, which followed upon the secession of Cardinal Newman, had been in its turn succeeded by a new religious reaction. The youth had been open to the personal influences of a tutor, who is in the highest degree beautiful, classical, and indifferentist; and of a noble-minded rationalizing teacher, whose name, Mr. Grey, is the thin guise of another name, and whose lofty character, together with his gifts and with the tendencies of the time, had made him a power in Oxford. But, in its action on a nature of devout susceptibilities as well as active talents, the place is stronger than the man, and Robert casts in his lot with the ministry of the church. Let us stop at this point to notice the terms used. At St. Mary's "the sight and the experience touched hisinmost feeling, and satisfied all the poetical and dramatic instincts of a passionate nature." He "carried his religious passion . . . into the service of the great positive tradition around him." This great and commonly life, governing decision is taken under the influence of forces wholly emotional. It is first after the step taken that we have an inkling of any reason for it. This is not an isolated phenomenon. It is a key to the entire action. The work may be summed up in this way: It represents a battle between intellect and emotion. Of right, intellect wins; and, having won, enlists emotion in its service.

Elsmere breaks upon us in Westmoreland, prepared to make the great commission the business of his life, and to spend and be spent in it to the uttermost. He is at once attracted by Catherine; attention forthwith ripens into love; and love finds expression in a proposal. But, with a less educated intelligence, the girl has a purpose of life not less determined than the youth. She believes herself to have an outdoor vocation in the glen, and above all an indoor vocation in her family, of which she is the single prop. A long battle of love ensues, fought out with noi less ability, and with even greater tenacity, than the remarkable conflict of intellects, carried on by correspondence, which ended in the marriage between Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. The resolute tension of the two minds has many phases; and a double crisis, first of refusal, secondly of acceptance. This part of the narrative wrought

* Mrs. Ward has given evidence of this impartiality in her Dedication to the memory of two friends, of whom one, Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, lived and died unshaken in belief. The other is more or less made known in the pages of the work.

out in detail with singular skill, will probably be deemed the most successful, the most normal, of the whole. It is thoroughly noble on both sides. The final surrender of Catherine is in truth an opening of the eyes to a wider view of the evolution of the individual, and of the great vocation of life; and it involves no disparagement. The garrison evacuates the citadel, but its arms have not been laid down, and its colors are flying still.

So the pair settle themselves in a family living, full of the enthusiasm of humanity, which is developed with high energy in every practical detail, and based upon the following of the Incarnate Saviour. Equipped thus far with all that renders life desirable, their union is blessed by the birth of a daughter, and everything thrives around them for the formation of an ideal parish.

But the parish is adorned by a noble old English mansion, and the mansion inhabited by a wealthy Squire, who knows little of duty, but is devoted to incessant study. As an impersonated intellect, he is abreast of all modern inquiry, and, a "Tractarian" in his youth, he has long abandoned all belief. At the outset, he resents profoundly the Rector's obtrusive concern for his neglected tenantry. But the courage of the clergyman is not to be damped by isolation, and in the case of a scandalously insanitary hamlet, after an adequate number of deaths, Mr. Wendover puts aside the screen called his agent, and rebuilds with an ample generosity. This sudden and complete surrender seems to be introduced to glorify the hero of the work, for it does not indicate any permanent change in the social ideas of Mr. Wendover, but only in his relations to his clergyman.

There is, however, made ready for him a superlative revenge. Robert has enjoyed the use of his rich library, and the two hold literary communications, but with a compact of silence on matters of belief. This treaty is honorably observed by the Squire. But the clergyman invites his fate. Mr. Wendover makes known to him a great design for a "History of Testimony," worked out through many centuries. The book speaks indeed of "the long wrestle" of the two men, and the like. But of Elsmere's wrestling there is no other trace or sign. What weapons the Rector wielded for his faith, what strokes he struck, has not even in a single line been recorded. The discourse of the Squire points out that theologians are men who decline to examine evidence, that miracles are the invention of credulous ages, that the preconceptions sufficiently explain the results. He wins in a canter. There cannot surely be a more curious contrast than that between the real battle, fought in a hundred rounds, between Elsmere and Catherine on marriage, and the fictitious battle between Elsmere and the Squire on the subject of religion, where the one side is a pæan, and the other a blank. A great creed, with the testimony of eighteen centuries at its back, cannot find an articulate word to say in its defense, and the downfall of the scheme of belief shatters also, and of right, the highly-ordered scheme of life that had nestled in the Rectory of Murewell, as it still does in thousands of other English parsonages.

It is notable that Elsmere seeks, in this conflict with the Squire, no aid or counsel whatever. He encounters indeed by chance Mr. Newcome. a Ritualistic clergyman whom the generous sympathies of the authoress place upon the roll of his friends. But the language of Mr. Newcome offers no help to this understanding. It is this:

"Trample on yourself. Pray down the demon, fast, scourge, kill the body that the soul may live. What are we miserable worms, that we should defy the Most High, that we should set our wretched faculties against His Omnipotence?"

Mr. Newcome appears everywhere as not only a respectable but a remarkable character. But as to what he says here, how much does it amount to? Considered as a medicine for a mind diseased, for an unsettled, dislocated soul, is it less or more than pure nonsense? In the work of an insidious non-believer, it would be set down as a part of his fraud. Mrs. Ward evidently gives it in absolute good faith. It is one in a series of indications by which this gifted authoress conveys to us what appears to be her thoroughly genuine belief that historical Christianity has, indeed, broad grounds and deep roots in emotion, but in reason none whatever.

The revelation to the wife is terrible; but Catherine clings to her religion on a

basis essentially akin to that of Newcome ; and the faith of these eighteen centuries, and the prime countries of the world,

> " Bella, immortal, benefica
> Fede, ai trionfi avvezza,"

is dismissed without a hearing.

For my own part, I humbly retort on Robert Elsmere. Considered intellectually, his proceedings in regard to belief appear to me, from the beginning as well as in the downward process, to present dismal gaps. But the emotional part of his character is complete, nay redundant. There is no moral weakness or hesitation. There rises up before him the noble maxim, assigned to the so-called Mr. Grey (with whom he has a consultation of foregone conclusions), " Conviction is the conscience of the mind."

He renounces his parish and his orders. He still believes in God, and accepts the historical Christ as a wonderfnl man, good among the good, but the *primus inter pares*. Passing through a variety of stages, he devotes himself to the religion of humanity; reconciles to the new gospels, by shoals, skilled artisans of London who had been totally inaccessible to the old one; and nobly kills himself with overwork, passing away in a final flood of light. He founds and leaves behind him the "New Christian Brotherhood" of Elgood Street; and we are at the close apprised, with enthusiastic sincerity, that this is the true effort of the race, and

> " Others I doubt not, if not we,
> The issue of our toils shall see."

Who can grudge to this absolutely pure-minded and very distinguished writer the comfort of having at last found the true specific for the evils and miseries of the world? None surely who bear in mind that the Salvation Army has been known to proclaim itself the Chucrh of the future, or who happen to know that Bunsen, when in 1841 he had procured the foundation of the bishopric of Jerusalem, suggested in private correspondence his hope that this might be the Church which would meet the glorified Redeemer at His coming.

It is necessary here to revert to the Squire. Himself the μοῖρα πέπρωμενη, the supreme arbiter of destinies in the book, he is somewhat unkindly treated ; his mind at length gives way, and a darkling veil is drawn over the close. Here seems to be a little literary intolerance, something even savoring of a religious test. Robert Elsmere stopped in the downward slide at theism, and it calms and glorifies his deathbed. But the Squire had not stopped there. He had said to Elsmere, "You are playing into the hands of the Blacks. All this theistic philosophy of yours only means so much grist to their mill in the end." But their great guide is dismissed from his guiding office as summarily as all other processes are conducted, which are required by the purpose of the writer. Art everywhere gives way to purpose. Elsmere no more shows cause for his theism than he had shown it against Christianity. Why was not Mr. Wendover allowed at least the consolations which give satisfaction to David Hume?

Not yet, however, may I wholly part from this sketch of the work. It is so large that much must be omitted. But there is one limb of the plan which is peculiar. Of the two sisters not yet named, one, Agnes by name, appears only as quasi-chaperon, or as "dummie." But Rose, the third, has beauty, the gift of a musical artist, and quick and plastic social faculties. Long and elaborate love relations are developed between her and the *poco-curante* tutor and friend, Mr. Langham. Twice she is fairly embarked in passion for him, and twice he jilts her. Still she is not discouraged, and she finally marries a certain Flaxman, an amiable, but somewhat manufactured character. From the standing point of art, can this portion of the book fail to stir much misgiving? We know from Shakespeare how the loves of two sisters can be comprised within a single play. But while the drama requires only one connected action, the novel, and eminently this novel, aims rather at the exhibition of a life ; and the reader of these volumes may be apt to say that in working two such lives as those of Catherine and Rose through so many stages, the authoress has

departed from previous example, and has loaded her ship, though a gallant one, with more cargo than it will bear.

It may indeed be that Mrs. Ward has been led to charge her tale with such a weight of matter from a desire to give philosophical completeness to her representation of the mainsprings of action which mark the life of the period. For in Robert Elsmere we have the tempered but aggressive action of the sceptical intellect; in Catharine the strong reaction against it; in Rose the art-life; and in Langham the literary and cultivated indifference of the time. The comprehensiveness of such a picture may be admitted, without withdrawing the objection that, as a practical result, the cargo is too heavy for the vessel.

Apart from this question, is it possible to pass without a protest the double jilt? Was Rose, with her quick and self-centred life, a well-chosen *corpus vile* upon whom to pass this experiment? More broadly, though credible perhaps for a man, is such a process in any case possible by the laws of art for a woman? Does she not violate the first conditions of her nature in exposing herself to so piercing an insult? An enhancement of delicate self-respect is one among the compensations which Providence has supplied in woman to make up for a deficiency in some ruder kinds of strength.

Again, I appeal to the laws of art against the final disposal of Catherine. Having much less of ability than her husband, she is really drawn with greater force and truth; and possesses so firm a fibre that when, having been bred in a school of some intolerance, she begins to blunt the edge of her resistance, and to tolerate in divers ways, without adopting, the denuded system of her husband, we begin to feel that the key-note of her character is being tampered with. After his death, the discords become egregious. She remains, as she supposes orthodox, and tenaciously Evangelical. But every knee must be made to bow to Elsmere. So she does not return to the northern valley and her mother's declining age, but in London devotes her week-days to carrying on the institutions of charity he had founded on behalf of his new religion. He had himself indignantly remonstrated with some supposed clergyman, who, in the guise of a Broad Churchman, at once held Elsmere's creed and discharged externally the office of an Anglican priest. He therefore certainly is not responsible for having taught her to believe the chasm between them was a narrow one. Yes she leaps or steps across it every Sunday, attending her church in the forenoon, and looming as regularly every afternoon in the temple of the New Brotherhood. Here surely the claims of system have marred the work of art. Characters might have been devised whom this see-saw would have suited well enough; but for the Catherine of the first volume it is an unmitigated solecism; a dismal, if not even a degrading compromise.

It has been observed that the women of the book are generally drawn with more felicity than the men. As a work of art, Rose is in my view the most successful of the women, and among the men the Squire. With the Squire Mrs. Ward is not in sympathy, for he destroys too much, and he does nothing but destroy. She cannot be in sympathy with Rose; for Rose, who is selfishly and heartlessly used, is herself selfish and heartless; with this aggravation, that she has grown up in immediate contact with a noble elder sister, and yet has not caught a particle of nobleness, as well as in view of an infirm mother to whom she scarcely gives a care. On the other hand, in her Robert, who has all Mrs. Ward's affection and almost her worship, and who is clothed with a perfect panoply of high qualities, she appears to be less successful and more artificial. In the recently published correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor, who was by no means given to paradox, we are told that great earnestness of purpose and strong adhesive sympathies in an author are adverse to the freedom and independence of treatment, the disembarrassed movement of the creative hand, which are required in the supreme poetic office of projecting character on the canvas. If there be truth in this novel and interesting suggestion, we cannot wonder at finding the result exhibited in "Robert Elsmere," for never was a book written with greater persistency and intensity of purpose. Every page of its principal narrative is adapted and addressed by Mrs. Ward to the final aim which is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. This aim is to expel the preternatural element from Christianity, to destroy

its dogmatic structure, yet to keep intact the moral and spiritual results. The Brotherhood presented to us with such sanguine hopefulness is a "Christian" brotherhood, but with a Christianity emptied of that which Christians believe to be the soul and springhead of its life. For Christianity, in the established Christian sense, is the presentation to us not of abstract dogmas for acceptance, but of a living and a Divine Person, to whom they are to be united by a vital incorporation. It is the reunion to God of a nature severed from God by sin, and the process is one, not of teaching lessons, but of imparting a new life, with its ordained equipment of gifts and powers.

It is, I apprehend, a complete mistake to suppose, as appears to be the supposition of this remarkable book, that all which has to be done with Scripture, in order to effect the desired transformation of religion, is to eliminate from it the miraculous element. Tremendous as is the sweeping process with extrudes the Resurrection, there is much else, which is in no sense miraculous, to extrude along with it. The Procession of Palms, for example, is indeed profoundly significant, but it is in no way miraculous. Yet, in any consistent history of a Robert Elsmere's Christ, there could be no Procession of Palms. Unless it be the healing of the ear of Malchus, there is not a miraculous event between the commencement of the Passion and the Crucifixion itself. Yet the notes of a superhuman majesty overspread the whole. We talk of all religions as essentially one; but what religion presents to its votaries such a tale as this? Bishop Temple, in his sermons at Rugby, has been among the later teachers who have shown how the whole behavior of our Lord, in this extremity of His abasement, seems more than ever to transcend all human limits, and to exhibit without arguing His Divinity. The parables, again, are not less refractory than the miracles, and must disappear along with them; for what parables are there which are not built upon the idea of his unique and transcendent office? The Gospel of St. John has much less of miracle than the Synoptics; but it must, of course, descend from its pedestal, in all that is most its own. And what is gained by all this condemnation, until we get rid of the Baptismal formula? It is a question not of excision from the gospels, but of tearing them into shreds. Far be it from me to deny that the parts which remain, or which remain legible, are vital parts; but this is no more than to say that there may remain vital organs of a man after the man himself has been cut in pieces.

I have neither space nor capacity at command for the adequate discussion of the questions which shattered the faith of Robert Elsmere: whether miracles can happen, and whether "an universal preconception" in their favor at the birth of Christianity "governing the work of all men of all schools," adequately accounts for the place which has been given to them in the New Testament, as available proofs of the Divine Mission of our Lord. But I demur on all the points to the authority of the Squire, and even of Mr. Grey.

The impossibility of miracle is a doctrine which appears to claim for its basis the results of physical inquiry. They point to unbroken sequences in material nature, and refer every phenomenon to its immediate antecedent as adequate to its orderly production. But the appeal to this great achievement of our time is itself disorderly, for it calls upon natural science to decide a question which lies beyond its precinct. There is an extraneous force of will which acts upon matter in derogation of laws purely physical, or alters the balance of those laws among themselves. It can be neither philosophical nor scientific to proclaim the impossibility of miracle, until philosophy or science shall have determined a limit, be yond which this extraneous force of will, so familiar to our experience, cannot act upon ordeflect the natural order.

Next, as to that avidity for miracle, which is supposed by the omniscient Squire to account for the invention of it. Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that if the Gospel had been intended only for the Jews, they at least were open to the imputation of a biassing and binding appetite for signs and wonders. But scarcely had the Christian scheme been established among the Jews, when it began to take root among the Gentiles. It will hardly be contended that these Gentiles, who detested and despised the Jewish race, had any predisposition to receive a religion at their hands or upon their authority. Were they, then, during the century which suc-

ceeded our Lord's birth, so swayed by a devouring thirst for the supernatural as to account for the early reception, and the steady if not rapid growth, of the Christian creed among them? The statement of the Squire, which carries Robert Elsmere, is that the preconception in favor of miracles at the period "governed the work of all men of all schools."* A most gross and palpable exaggeration. In philosophy the Epicurean school was atheistic, the Stoic school ambiguously theistic, and doubt nestled in the Academy. Christianity had little direct contact with these schools, but they acted on the tone of thought, in a manner not favorable but adverse to the preconception.

Meantime the power of religion was in decay. The springs of it in the general mind and heart were weakened. A deluge of profligacy has gone far to destroy, at Rome, even the external habit of public worship; and Horace, himself an indifferentest,† denounces the neglect and squalor of the temples; while further on we have the stern and emphatic testimony of Juvenal:

> "Esse aliquid Manes, et subterranea regna,
> Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
> Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum æra lavantur."‡

The age was not an age of faith, among thinking and ruling classes, either in natural or in supernatural religion. There had been indeed a wonderful "evangelical preparation" in the sway of the Greek language, in the unifying power of the Roman State and Empire, and in the utter moral failure of the grand and dominant civilization; but not in any virgin soil, yearning for the sun, the rain, or the seed of truth.

But the Squire, treading in the footprints of Gibbon's fifteenth chapter, leaves it to be understood that, in the appeal to the supernatural, the new religion enjoyed an exclusive as well as an overpowering advantage; that it had a patent for miracle, which none could infringe. Surely this is an error even more gross than the statement already cited about all men of all schools. The supernatural was interwoven with the entire fabric of the religion of the Roman State, which if weak and effete as a religious discipline, was of extraordinary power as a social institution. It stood, if not on faith yet on nationality, on tradition, on rich endowments, on the deeply interested attachment of a powerful aristocracy, and on that policy of wide concilliation, which give to so many creeds, less exclusive than the Christian, a cause common with its own.

Looking for a comprehensive description of miracles, we might say that they constitute a language of heaven embodied in material signs, by which communication is established between the Deity and man, outside the daily course of nature and experience. Distinctions may be taken between one kind of miracle and another. But none of these are distinctions in principle. Sometimes they are alleged to be the offspring of a divine power committed to the hands of particular men; sometimes they are simple manifestations unconnected with human agency, and carrying with them their own meaning, such as the healings in Bethesda; sometimes they are a system of events and of phenomena subject to the authoratative and privileged interpretation. Miracle, portent, prodigy and sign are all various forms of one and the same thing, namely, an invasion of the known and common natural order from the side of the supernatural. In the last-named case, there is an expression of the authorized human judgment upon it, while in the earlier ones there is only a special appeal to it. They rest upon one and the same basis. We may assign to miracle a body and a soul. It has for its body something accepted as being either in itself or in its incidents outside the known processes of ordinary nature, and for its soul the alleged message which in one shape or another it helps to convey from the Deity to man. This supernatural element, as such, was at least as familiar to the Roman heathenism as to the Christian scheme. It was indeed more highly organized. It was embodied in the regular and normal practice of the ministers of religion, and especially under the jurisdiction of the pontifical college, it was the regular and standing business of the augurs to observe, report and interpret the supernatural signs, by which the gods gave reputed instructions to men outside the course of nature. Sometimes it

* 317. † Hor. "Od.," i. 34; iii. 6. ‡ "Sat.," ii. 150.

was by strange atmospheric phenomena ; sometimes by physical prodigies as when a woman produced a snake,* or a calf was born with its head in its thigh;† whereupon, says Tacitus *secuta haruspicum interpretatio.* Sometimes through events only preternatural from the want of assignable cause, as when the statue of Julius Cæsar, on an island in the Tiber, turned itself round from west to east.‡ Sometimes with an approximation to the Christian signs and wonders, as when Vespasian removed with spittle the *tabes oculorum,* and restored the impotent hand.§ It does not readily appear why in principle the Romans, who had the supernatural for their daily food in a shape sustained by the unbroken tradition of their country, should be violently attracted by the mere exhibition of it from a despised source, and in a manner less formal, less organized and less known. In one important way we know the accepted supernatural of the Romans operated with direct and telling power against the Gospel. *Si cœlum stetit, si terra movit, Christianos ad leones.*‖ Or, in the unsuspected language of Tacitus, *dum latius metuitur, trepidatione vulgi, invalidus quisque obtriti.* When the portents were unfavorable, and there was fear of their extension, the weak had to suffer from the popular alarms.¶

The upshot of the matter then appears to be something like this :

The lowly and despised preachers of Christian portent were confronted everywhere by the high-born and accomplished caste sworn to the service of the gods, familiar from centuries of tradition with the supernatural, and supported at every point with the whole force and influence of civil authority. Nor has there ever probably been a case of a contest so unequal, as far as the powers of this world are concerned. Tainted in its origin by its connection with the detested Judaism, odious to the prevailing tone by its exclusiveness, it rested originally upon the testimony of men few, poor, and ignorant, and for a length of time no human genius was enlisted in its service, with the single exception of St. Paul. All that we of this nineteenth century know, and know so well, under the name of vested interests, is insignificant compared with the embattled fortress that these humble Christians had to storm. And the Squire, if he is to win the day with minds less ripe for conversion than Robert Elsmere, must produce some other suit of weapons from his armory.

With him I now part company, as his thorough-going negation parts company with the hybrid scheme of Mrs. Ward. It is of that scheme that I now desire to take a view immediately practical.

In a concise but striking notice in the *Times*** it is placed in the category of "clever attacks upon revealed religion." It certainly offers us a substitute for revealed religion; and possibly the thought of the book might be indicated in these words: "The Christianity accepted in England is a good thing; but come with me, and I will show you a better."

It may, I think, be fairly described as a devout attempt, made in good faith, to simplify the difficult mission of religion in the world by discarding the supposed lumber of the Christian theology, while retaining and applying, in their undiminished breadth of scope, the whole personal, social, and spiritual morality which has now, as matter of fact, entered into the patrimony of Christendom; and, since Christendom is the dominant power of the world, into the patrimony of the race. It is impossible indeed to conceive a more religious life than the later life of Robert Elsmere, in his sense of the word religion. And that sense is far above the sense in which religion is held, or practically applied, by great multitudes of Christians. It is, however, a new form of religion. The question is, can it be actually and beneficially substituted for the old one? It abolishes of course the whole authority of Scripture. It abolishes also Church, priesthood or ministry, sacraments, and the whole established machinery which trains the Christian as a member of religious society. These have been regarded by fifty generations of men as wings of the soul. It is still required by Mrs. Ward to fly, and to fly as high as ever ; but it is to fly without wings. For baptism, we have a badge of silver, and inscription in a book. For the Eucharist there is an ordinary meal, a recital of

* Tac. "Ann., xiv. 12. † Ibid., xv. 47. ‡ Tac. "Hist.," i. 86. § Ibid. iv. 81. ‖ Tertull. "Apol.," 40. ¶ Tac. "Ann.," xii. 43. ** "Times," April 7, 1888.

the fragment, "This do in remembrance of Me." The children respond, "Jesus we remember Thee always." It is hard to say that prayer is retained. In the Elgood Street service "it is rather an act of adoration and faith, than a prayer properly so called," and it appears that memory and trust are the instruments on which the individual is to depend, for maintaining his communion with God. It would be curious to know how the New Brotherhood is to deal with the great mystery of marriage, perhaps the truest touch-stone of religious revolution.

It must be obvious to every reader that in the great duel between the old faith and the new, as it is fought in "Robert Elsmere," there is a great inequality in the distribution of the arms. Reasoning is the weapon of the new scheme; emotion the sole source of the old. Neither Catherine nor Newcome have a word to say beyond the expression of feeling; and it is when he has adopted the negative side that the hero himself is fully introduced to the faculty of argument. This is a singular arrangement, especially in the case of a writer who takes a generous view of the Christianity that she only desires to supplant by an improved device. The explanation may be simple. There are abundant signs in the book that the negative speculatists have been consulted if not ransacked; but there is nowhere a sign that the authoress has made herself acquainted with the Christian apologists, old or recent; or has weighed the evidences derivable from the Christian history; or has taken measure of the relation in which the doctrines of grace have historically stood to the production of the noblest, purest, and greatest characters of the Christian ages. If such be the case, she has skipped lightly (to put it no higher) over vast mental spaces of literature and learning relevant to the case, and has given sentence in the cause without hearing the evidence.

It might perhaps be not unjust to make a retort upon the authoress, and say that while she believes herself simply to be yielding obedience to reason, her movement is in reality impelled by bias. We have been born into an age when, in the circles of literature and science, there is a strong anti-dogmatic leaning, a prejudice which may largely intercept the action of judgment. Partly because belief has its superstitions, and the detection of these superstitions opens the fabric to attack, like a breach in the wall of a fortress when at a given point it has been stuffed with unsound material. Partly because the rapidity of the movement of the time predisposes the mind to novelty. Partly because the multiplication of enjoyments, through the progress of commerce and invention, enhances the materialism of life, strengthens by the forces of habit the hold of the seen world upon us, and leaves both less of brain-power and of heart-power available for the unseen. Enormous accretion of wealth is no more deprived of its sting now than it was when St. Paul penned his profoundly penetrating admonition to Timothy.* And when, under the present conditions, it happens that the environment of personal association represents either concentrated hostility or hopeless diversity in religion, there may be hardly a chance for firm and measured belief. What we find to be troublesome, yet from some inward protest are not prepared wholly to reject, we like to simplify and reduce; and the instances of good and devoted men who are averse to dogma, more frequent than usual in this age, are powerful to persuade us that in lightening the cargo we are really securing the safe voyage of the ship. "About dogma we hear dispute, but the laws of high social morality no speculation is disposed to question. Why not get rid of the disputable, and concentrate all our strength on grasping the undisputed?" We may by a little wresting quote high authority for this recommendation. "Whereto we have already attained . . . let us mind the same thing . . . And if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you."† It is not difficult to conceive how, under the action of causes with which the time abounds, pure and lofty minds, wholly guiltless of the intention to impair or lower the motive forces of Christianity, may be led into the snare, and may even conceive a process in itself destructive to be, on the contrary, conservative and reparatory.

But it is a snare none the less. And first let us recollect, when we speak of renouncing Christian dogma, what it is that we mean. The germ of it as a system lies

*1 Tim. iv. 9. †Phil., iii. 15, 16.

in the formula, "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."* This was speedily developed into the substance of the Apostles' Creed: the Creed which forms our confession of individual faith, in baptism and on the bed of death. Now belief in God, which forms (so to speak) the first great limb of the Creed, is strictly a dogma, and is on no account, according to Mrs. Ward, to be surrendered. But the second and greatest portion of the Creed contains twelve propositions, of which nine are matters of fact, and the whole twelve have for their office the setting forth to us of a Personage, to whom a great dispensation has been committed. The third division of the Creed is more dogmatic, but it is bound down like the second to earth and fact by the article of the Church, a visible and palpable institution. The principal purely dogmatic part of this great document is the part which is to be retained. And we, who accept the Christian story, are entitled to say, that to extrude from a history, tied to strictly human facts, that by which they become a standing channel of organic connection between Deity and humanity, is not presumptively a very hopeful mode of strengthening our belief in God, thus deprived of its props and accessories. The chasm between deity and the human soul, over which the scheme of Redemption has thrown a bridge, again yawns beneath our feet, in all its breadth and depth.

Although the Divinity of Christ is not put prominently forward in this book, but rather the broader objection to supernatural manifestations, yet it will be found to be the real hinge of the entire question. For, if Christ be truly God, few will deny that the exceptional incidents, which follow in the train of His appearance upon earth, raise, in substance, no new difficulty. It is true, then, that Christians have been so divided on this subject as to promise us a return of peace and progress by its elimination.

To answer this question rightly, we must not take the humor of this or that particular time or country, but must regard the Christian system in its whole extension and its whole duration. So regarding it, we shall find that the assertion, far from being true, is glaringly untrue. The truth in rude outline is surely this. That when the Gospel went out into the world, the greatest of all the groups of controversies which progressively arose within its borders, was that which concerned the true nature of the Object of worship. That these controversies ran through the most important shapes, which have been known to the professing Church of later years, and through many more. That they rose, especially in the fourth century, to such a height, amidst the conflict of councils, popes, and theologians, that the private Christian was too often like the dove wandering over the waters and seeking in vain a resting-place for the sole of his foot. That the whole mind and heart of the Church were given, in their whole strength and through a lengthened period, to find some solution of these controversies. That many generations passed before Arianism wholly ceased to be the basis of Christian profession in spots or sections of Christendom, but not so long before the central thought of the body as a whole had come to be fixed in the form of what has ever since, and now for over fourteen hundred years, been known as the orthodox belief. The authority of this tradition, based upon the Scriptures, has through all that period been upheld at the highest point to which a marvelous continuity and universality could raise it. It was not impeached by the questioning mind of the thirteenth century. The scientific revolution, which opened to us the antipodes and the solar system, did not shake it. The subtle dangers of the Renaissance were dangers to Christianity as a whole, but not to this great element of Christianity as a part. And when the terrible struggles of the Reformation stirred every coarse human passion as well as every fond religious interest into fury, even then the Nicene belief, as Möhler in his "Symbolik" has so well observed, sat undisturbed in a region elevated above the controversies of the time; which only touched it at points so exceptional, and comparatively so obscure, as not appreciably to qualify its majestic authority. A Christianity without Christ is no Christianity; and a Christ not divine is other than the Christ on whom the souls of Christians have habitually fed. What virtue, what piety have existed outside of Christianity, is a

* St. Matt. xxviii. 19.

question totally distinct. But to hold that, since the great controversy of the early time was wound up at Chalcedon, the question of our Lord's divinity (which draws after it all that Robert Elsmere would excide), has generated the storms of the Christian atmosphere, would be simply an historical untruth. How, then, is the work of peace to be promoted by the excision of truth from our creed of that central truth, on which we are generally agreed?

The onward movement of negation in the present day has presented, perhaps, no more instructive feature than this, that the Unitarian persuasion has, in this country at least, by no means thriven upon it. It might have been thought that, in the process of dilapidation, here would have been a point at which the receding side tide of belief would have rested at any rate for a while. But instead of this, we are informed that the numbers of professed Unitarians have increased less than those of other communions, and less than the natural growth of the population. And we find Mrs. Ward herself describing the old Unitarian scheme as one wholly destitute of logic; but in what respect she improves upon it I have not yet perceived.

In order to invest any particular propagandism with a show of presumptive title to our acceptance, its author should be able to refer it to some standard of appeal which will show that it has foundations otherwise than in mere private judgment or active imagination. The books of the New Testament I understand to be, for Mrs. Ward, of no value except for the moral precepts they contain. Still less may we invoke the authority of the Old Testament, where the ethical picture is more chequered. She finds no spell in the great moral miracle (so to phrase it) of the Psalms; nor in the marvelous *propaideia* of the Jewish history, so strikingly confirmed by recent research; in the Levitical law, the prophetic teaching, the entire dispensation of temporal promise and of religious worship and instruction, by which the Hebrew race was kept in social isolation through fifteen centuries, as a cradle for the Redeemer that was to come. She is not awakened by the Christian more than by the Jewish history. No way to her assent is opened by the great victory of the world's babes and striplings over its philosophers and scholars, and the serried array of emperors, aristocracies, and statesmen, with their elaborate apparatus of organized institutions. All this cogent mass of human testimony is rendered, I admit, on behalf not of a vague and arbitrary severance of Christian morals from the roots which have produced them, but of what we term the Christian dogma, that is to say, of belief in God supplemented and brought home by the great fact of Redemption, and of the provision made through the Church of Christ for the perpetual conservation and application of its living powers.

And it must be observed that, in adducing this evidence from consent, I make no assumption and beg no question as betwhen reformed and unreformed Christianity. By any such preferential treatment of a part, I should weaken the authority and betray the sacred cause of the whole. All that can be said or shown of the corruptions that have gathered round the central scheme, of the failure rightly to divide the word of truth of the sin and shame than in a hundred forms have belied its profession, affords only new proof of the imperishable vitality that has borne so much disease, of the buoyancy of the ark on whose hull has grown so much of excrescence without arresting its course through the waters. And again, the concord of Christians ever since the great adjudication of the fifth century on the central truth has acquired an addition of weight almost incalculable, from the fact they have differed so sharply upon many of the propositions that are grouped around it.

Without doubt human testimony is to be duly and strictly sifted, and every defect in its quantity or quality is to be recorded in the shape of a deduction from its weight. But as there is no proceeding more irreverent, so there is none more strictly irrational, than its wholesale depreciation. Such depreciation is an infallible note of shallow and careless thinking, for it very generally implies an exaggerated and almost ludicrous estimate of the capacity and performances of the present generation, as compared with those which have preceded it. Judges in our own cause, pleaders with nobody to reply, we take ample note of every comparative advantage we possess, but forget to register deteriorating and disqualifying influences. Not less commonly is our offense avenged by our own inconsistency. The solemn voice

of the ages, the *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, amounts simply to zero for Robert Elsmere. Yet he can absolutely surrender to his own selected pope the guidance of his understanding; and when he asks himself, at the funeral in the third volume, whether the more modest, that is, the emasculated, form of human hope in the presence of the Eternal, may not be "as real, as sustaining," as the old one, his reply to this great question is—"Let Grey's trust answer for me."

This great buttress of the old religion, whatever its value, is then withdrawn from the new one, which starts like

> "a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean,"

accredited by a successful venture among the London artisans, who differ (so we are told) not only from the classes above and beneath them in the metropolis, as to their disposition to accept the Christian doctrines, but from their own brethren in the north. It is not, therefore, on testimony that the Elsmere gospel takes its stand. Does it, then, stand upon philosophy, upon inherent beauty and fitness, as compared with the scheme which it dismembers and then professes to replace? Again, be it borne in mind that the essence of the proposal is to banish the supernatural idea and character of our Lord, but to imbibe and assimilate His moral teachings.

From my antiquated point of view, this is simply to bark the tree, and then, as the death which ensues is not immediate, to point out with satisfaction on the instant that it still waves living branches in the wind. We have before us a huge larcenous appropriation, by the modern schemes, of goods which do not belong to them. They carry peacock's feathers, which adorn them for a time, and which they cannot reproduce. Let us endeavor to learn whether these broad assumptions, which flow out of the historic testimony of the Christan ages, are also prompted and sustained by the reason of the case.

It is sometimes possible to trace peculiar and marked types of human character with considerable precision to their causes. Take, for instance, the Spartan type of character, in its relation to the legislation attributed to Lycurgus. Or take, again, the Jewish type, such as it is presented to us both by the ancient and the later history, in its relation to the Mosaic law and institutions. It would surely have been a violent paradox, in either of these cases, to propose the abolition of the law, and to assert at the same time that the character would continue to be exhibited, not only sporadically and for a time, but normally and in permanence.

These were restricted, almost tribal, systems. Christianity, though by no means less peculiar, was diffusive. It both produced a type of character wholly new to the Roman world, and it fundamentally altered the laws and institutions, the tone, temper, and tradition of that world. For example, it changed profoundly the relation of the poor to the rich, and the almost forgotton obligations of the rich to the poor. It abolished slavery, abolished human sacrifice, abolished gladiatorial shows, and a multitude of other horors. It restored the position of woman in society. It proscribed polygamy; and put down divorce, absolutely in the West, though not absolutely in the East. It made peace, instead of war, the normal and presumed relation between human societies. It exhibited life as a discipline everywhere and in all its parts, and changed essentially the place and function of suffering in human experience. Accepting the ancient morality as far as it went, it not only enlarged but transfigured its teaching, by the laws of humility and of forgiveness, and by a law of purity perhaps even more new and strange than these. Let it be understood that I speak throughout not of such older religion as may have subsisted in the lowly and unobserved places of human life, but of what stamped the character of its strongholds; of the elements which made up the main and central currents of thought, action, and influence, in those places, and in those classes, which drew the rest of the world in their train. All this was not the work of a day, but it was the work of powers and principles which persistently asserted themselves in despite of controversy, of infirmity, and of corruption in every form; which reconstituted in life and vigor a society found in decadence; which by degrees came to pervade the very air we breathe; and which eventually have beyond all dispute made Christendom the dominant portion, and Christianity the ruling power, of the world. And all

this has been done, not by eclectic and arbitrary fancies, but by the creed of the Homoousian, in which the philosophy of modern times sometimes appears to find a favorite theme of ridicule. But it is not less material to observe that the whole fabric, social as well as personal, rests on the new type of individual character which the Gospel brought into life and action: enriched and completed without doubt from collateral sources which made part of the "Evangelical preparation," but in its central essence due entirely to the dispensation, which had been founded and wrought out in the land of Judea, and in the history of the Hebrew race. What right have we to detach, or to suppose we can detach, this type of personal character from the causes out of which as matter of history it has grown, and to assume that without its roots it will thrive as well as with them?

For Mrs. Ward is so firmly convinced, and so affectionately sensible, of the exquisite excellence of the Christian type that she will permit no abatement from it, though she thinks it can be cast in a mold which is human as well as, nay, better than, in one which is divine. Nor is she the first person who, in renouncing the Christian tradition, has reserved her allegiance to Christian morals and even sought to raise their standard. We have, for instance, in America, not a person only, but a society, which, while trampling on the Divinity and Incarnation of Christ, not only accepts His rule of life, but pushes evangelical counsels into absolute precepts, and insists upon them as the rule of life for all who seek, instead of abiding in the "lower floor churches," to be Christians indeed. The "fundamental principles of Shakerism" are "virgin purity, non-resistance, peace, equality of inheritance, and unspottedness from the world."* The evidence of travelers appears to show that the ideal ef these projectors has to a certain degree been realized; nor can we know for how many years an eccentric movement of this kind will endure the test of time without palpably giving way. The power of environment, and the range of idiosyncrasy, suffice to generate, especially in dislocating times, all sorts of abnormal combinations, which subsist, in a large degree, upon forces not their own, and so impose themselves, with a show of authority, upon the world.

Let us return to the point. The Christian type is the product and the property of the Christian scheme. No, says the objector, the improvements which we witness are the offspring of civilization. It might be a sufficient answer to point out that the civilization before and around us is a Christian civilization. What civilization could do without Christianity for the greatest races of mankind we know already. Philosophy and art, creative genius and practical energy, had their turn before the Advent; and we can register the results. I do not say that the great Greek and Roman ages lost—perhaps even they improved—the ethics of *meum* and *tuum*, in the interests of the leisured and favored classes of society, as compared with what those ethics had been in archaic times. But they lost the hold which some earlier races within their sphere had had of the future life. They degraded, and that immeasurably, the position of woman. They effaced from the world the law of purity. They even carried indulgence to a worse than bestial type; and they gloried in the achievement.† Duty and religion, in the governing classes and the governing places, were absolutely torn asunder; and self-will and self-worship were established as the unquestioned rule of life. It is yet more important to observe that the very qualities which are commended in the Beatitudes, and elsewhere in the Sermon on the Mount, and which form the base of the character specifically Christian, were for the Greek and the Roman mind the objects of contempt. From the history of all that has lain within the reach of the great Mediterranean basin, not a tittle of encouragement can be drawn from the ideas of those, who would surrender the doctrines of Christianity and yet retain its moral and spiritual fruits.

Does then that severance, unsustained by authority or by experience, commend itself at any single point by an improved conformity with purely abstract principles of philosophy? and is the new system better adapted to the condition and the needs

* The quotation is from a preface to "Shaker Sermons," by H. L. Eads, Bishop of South Union, Kentucky. Fourth edition, 1887.

† See for instance the Ἐρωτες of Lucian.

of human nature, than the old? Does it better correspond with what an enlightened reason would dictate as the best provision for those needs? Does it mitigate or does it enhance, the undoubted difficulties of belief? And if the answer must be given in the negative to both these inquiries, how are we to account for the strange phenomenon which exhibits to us persons sincerely, nay painfully, desirous of seeing Divine government more and more accepted in the world, yet enthusiastically busied in cutting away the best among the props, by which that government has been heretofore sustained?

As regards the first of these three questions, it is to be observed that, while the older religions made free use of prodigy and portent, they employed these instruments for political rather than moral purposes: and it may be doubted whether the sum total of such action tended to raise the standard of life and thought. The general upshot was that the individual soul felt itself very far from God. Our bedimmed eye could not perceive His purity; and our puny reach could not find touch of His vastness. By the scheme of Redemption this sense of distance was removed. The divine perfections were reflected through the medium of a perfect humanity, and were thus made near, familiar, and liable to love. The great all-pervading law of human sympathy became directly available for religion, and in linking us to the Divine Humanity, linked us by the same act to God. And this is not for rare and exceptional souls alone, but for the common order of mankind. The direct contact, the interior personal communion of the individual with God, was re-established: for human faculties, in their normal action, could now appreciate, and approach to, what had previously been inappreciable and unapproachable. Surely the system I have thus rudely exhibited was ideally a great philosophy, as well as practically an immeasurable boon. To strike out the redemptive clauses from the scheme is to erase the very feature by which it essentially differed from all other schemes; and to substitute a didactic exhibition of superior morality, with the rays of an example in the preterite tense, set by a dead man in Judea, for that scheme of living forces, by which the powers of a living Saviour's humanity are daily and hourly given to man, under a charter which expires only with the world itself. Is it possible here to discern, either from an ideal or from a practical point of view, anything but depletion and impoverishment, and the substitution of a spectral for a living form?

If we proceed to the second question, the spectacle, as it presents itself to me, is stranger still. Although we know that James Mill, arrested by the strong hand of Bishop Butler, halted rather than rested for a while in theism on his progress towards general negation, yet his case does not supply, nor can we draw from other sources, any reason to regard such a position as one which can be largely and permanently held against that relentless force of logic, which is ever silently at work to assert and to avenge itself. The theist is confronted, with no breakwater between, by the awful problem of moral evil, by the mystery of pain, by the apparent anomalies of waste and of caprice on the face of creation; and not least of all by the fact that, while the moral government of the world is founded on the free agency of man, there are in multitudes of cases environing circumstances independent of his will which seem to deprive that agency, called free, of any operative power adequate to contend against them. In this bewildering state of things, in this great enigma of the world, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? . . . Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?"* There has come upon the scene the figure of a Redeemer, human and divine. Let us grant that the Incarnation is a marvel wholly beyond our reach, and that the miracle of the Resurrection to-day gives serious trouble to fastidious intellects. But the difficulties of a baffled understanding, lying everywhere around us in daily experience, are to be expected from its limitations; not so the shocks encountered by the moral sense. Even if the Christian scheme slightly lengthened the immeasurable catalogue of the first, this is dust in in the balance compared with the relief it furnishes to the second; in supplying the most powerful remedial agency ever known, in teaching how pain may be made a helper, an evil transmuted into good; and in opening clearly the vision of another world,

* Is. lxiii. 1, 2.

in which we are taught to look for yet larger counsels of the Almighty wisdom. To take away, then, the agency so beneficient, which has so softened and reduced the moral problems that lie thickly spread around us, and to leave us face to face with them in all their original rigor, is to enhance and not to mitigate the difficulties of belief.

Lastly, it is not difficult to understand why those who prefer the Pagan ideal, or who cannot lay hold on the future world, or who labor under still greater disadvantages, should put aside as a whole the Gospel of God manifest in the flesh. But Mrs. Ward is none of these ; and it is far harder to comprehend the mental attitude, or the mental consistency at least, of those who like her desire to retain what was manifested, but to thrust aside the manifesting Person, and all that His living personality entails: or, if I may borrow an Aristotelian figure, to keep the accidents and discard the substance. I cannot pretend to offer a solution to this hard riddle. But there is one feature which almost uniformly marks writers whose mind, as in this case, is of a religious tone, or who do not absolutely exclude religion, while they reject the Christian dogma and the authority of Scripture. They appear to have a very low estimate both of the quantity and quality of sin ; of its amount, spread like a deluge over the world, and of the subtlety, intensity, and virulence of its nature. I mean a low estimate as compared with the mournful denunciations of the sacred writings, or with the language especially of the later Christian Confessions. Now let it be granted that, in interpreting these Christian Confessions, we do not sufficiently allow for the enormous differences among human beings—differences both of original disposition and of ripened character. We do not sufficiently take account of the fact that, while disturbance and degradation have so heavily affected the mass, there are a happy few on whom nature's degeneracy has but lightly laid its hand. In the biography of the late Dr. Marsh we have an illustration apt for my purpose. His family was straitly Evangelical. He underwent what he deemed to be conversion. A like-minded friend congratulated his mother on the work of Divine grace in her son. But, in the concrete, she mildly resented the remark, and replied that in truth "Divine grace would find very little to do in her son William."

In the novel of "The Unclassed," by the author of "Thyrza," which like "Robert Elsmere" is of the didactic and speculative class, the leading man-character. when detailing his mental history, says that "sin" has never been for him a word of weighty import. So ingenuous a confession is not common. I remember but one exception to the rule that the negative writers of our own day have formed, or at least have exhibited, a very feeble estimate of the enormous weight of sin, as a factor in the condition of man and of the world. That exception is Amiel. Mrs. Ward has prefixed to her translation of his remarkable and touching work an Introduction, from which I make the following extract:

"His Calvanistic training lingers long in him ; and what detaches him from the Hegelian school, with which he has much in common, is his own stronger sense of personal need, his preoccupation with the idea of sin. He speaks (says M. Renan, contemptuously) of sin, of salvation, of redemption and conversion, as if these things were realities. He asks me : 'What does M. Renan make of sin ?' 'Eh bien, je crois que je le supprime.'"

The closing expression is a happy one : Sin is for the most part suppressed.

We are bound to believe, and I for one do believe, that in many cases the reason why the doctrines of grace, so profoundly imbedded in the Gospel, are dispensed with by the negative writers of the day, is in many cases because they have not fully had to feel the need of them ; because they have not traveled with Saint Paul through the dark valley of agonizing conflict, or with Dante along the circles downward and the hill upward ; because, having to bear a smaller share than others of the common curse and burden, they stagger and falter less beneath its weight.

But ought they not to know that they are physicians, who have not learned the principal peril of the patient's case, and whose prescription accordingly omits the main requisite for a cure ? For surely in this matter there should be no mistake. As the entire Levitical institutions seem to have been constructed to impress upon the Hebrew mind a deep and definite idea of sin, we find in the New Testa-

ment that that portion of our Lord's work was so to speak ready made. But he placed it at the foundation of His great design for the future. "When the Comforter is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."* Mrs. Ward seeks, and even with enthusiasm, to "make for righteousness;" but the three terms compose an organic whole, and if a part be torn away the residue will bleed to death. For the present, however, we have only to rest in the real, though but partial consolation, that if the ancient and continuous creed of Christendom has slipped away from its place in Mrs. Ward's brilliant and subtle understanding, it has, nevertheless, by no means lost a true, if unacknowledged, hold upon the inner sanctuary of her heart.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

* John xvi. 8.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

A POSSIBLE WAR AND ITS PROBABLE RESULTS.

No one anticipates a war between Great Britain and this country. Certainly no one desires it except the fanatics, who, inspired by race hate, would gladly transfer the Anglo-Irish quarrel to this continent. The common interests of the two nations are too solidly one to permit violation except for the gravest reasons. The fate which

> "Their severance ruled,
> And bade between their shores to be
> The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea,"

also joined them by chords which ring out through the whole diapason the same aspirations and the same responsibilities in the evolution of history. A war between these two nations would be a dire calamity to each, no matter how it might result. Yet newspapers and individuals, high in national influence, have been calmly forecasting such a contingency. Let us then take our place with these speculators on so woeful a chance. We shall find the more remote results far weightier than the immediate.

The latter may be estimated as, firstly, either the destruction of our most important seaboard cities, or their salvation through the payment of an enormous tribute; secondly, the subjugation of Canada by the United States; thirdly, the destruction of British commerce by American privateers and letters of marque. If the nations pressed the war in dead earnest all these results would come about, no matter what the earlier vicissitudes might be. Canada is fast ripening to drop into the mouth of her big neighbor. The silent forces which mould the destiny of peoples, are working inexorably to this result. War would only hasten this a quarter or maybe a half century. The evils of a violent seizure by the United States, however, would be terrible to the mother-country, while a peaceful secession of Canada from Great Britain would rather strengthen than weaken that great people.

Imprimis as to Great Britain. The loss of so great a possession by war, though in no sense is it a factor of real strength, even since the completion of the Canada Pacific road, would be a fatal blow to English military prestige. England's great interests throughout the world, specially in India, would shake to the centre with such a stroke. She is probably the best-hated nation on this footstool of God, though we think it her misfortune rather than her fault. The military glory of this nation is rather reflected from her past than existent in her present. Her own most competent critics pronounce her army to be a glittering sham. Even her

navy, great as it is, is far less effective than the roster on paper would show. A thorough exposure of England's weakness would make her empire totter, and nothing would so conduce to this end as one great defeat.

Secondly, as to the United States: Victory in such a war would be almost worse than defeat. It would certainly foster our warlike spirit and tend to transform us into a great military nation, which now we essentially are not. The lust of aggrandizement would poison our blood. The military possibilities of such a nation as this, once its energies were turned in this direction, can hardly be computed. We should hanker after fresh conquests. Mexico and Central America would ultimately feed our maw, and the American Republic would stretch from the frozen zone nearly to the Equator. Such a united dominion, including interests so hostile and irreconcilable, could not last under a republican form. The centrifugal forces would be irresistible. Final end—monarchy or the cleaving apart into a dozen fresh fragments, either case accompanied by the terrors of civil war.

Such would be probable results of a war with Great Britain if it were fought to the bitter end. The effect on the interests of the civilized world at large, though more indirect, would seriously retard them in their onward march. Anglo-Saxon pride does not harbor a false conceit in believing that in the harmonious action of the English-speaking peoples the world's prosperity largely hangs.

G. T. FERRIS.

II.

RESTRICTION OR PROHIBITION?

SEVEN distinguished men, in the August number, discuss the drink evil and the question of prohibition. They all agree as to the magnitude of the evil, and that, if the manufacture and sale of intoxicants was stopped, the evil would cease. Thus far, every intelligent and candid man must agree with them. But is not that the position of doctrinaires, dealing with an ideal race, and an ideal world, rather than the treatment of the subject by statesmen, who have an actual world and a wicked race to deal with? To my apprehension, it does not touch the core of the subject.

While it is hardly possible to exaggerate the magnitude of the evil, and is an axiom that the evil would cease if it was impossible to procure the means of the indulgence, yet the fact is that, in most states and nations, prohibition at present is an impossibility. The practical question, therefore, is, what then is to be done? Neal Dow is the only one of the seven who attempts to answer that question. He says: "If we cannot have it forbidden and suppressed we will not consent that it shall have legal permission or protection. Whatever evil to society may come from it, let it be without sanction of the State." In other words, if the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits cannot be prohibited by law, let the manufacture and sale be open and free to everybody, absolutely unregulated, and unrestricted, and no law take cognizance of its existence as a fact in the life of the community.

Is that the course which wisdom dictates? Is it the course which we pursue with other recognized nuisances? If we cannot prevent them, do we not do what we can to throw obstacles in their way to obstruct them, to diminish their power? And is not this the course of wisdom? If so, then it is plain that in all cases where prohibition cannot be enacted, restriction is the true policy. If groggeries are an evil, the more of them the worse for the community—the fewer the better. And, in such a case, it is an abuse of language to call that "permission" which is a restriction. We do not "permit" that which we have no power to prevent. Mr.

Dow did not prevent the yellow fever at Memphis, the earthquake at Charleston, the cyclones in Dakota, the assassination of Lincoln or Garfield. Did they then exist by his "permission?" Let the same principle be applied to the evils which these seven writers so graphically portray. All who recognize the truthfulness of their portrayal must agree to the remedy which they offer *wherever it can be applied;* but in those numerous, melancholy instances where it cannot be done, throw all possible obstacles in the way—neither make whiskey conditionally free, as in the Republican platform, nor absolutely free, as in the Prohibition platform. Tax it. Tax it every way. Tax it heavily. Tax it up to the point of prohibition. Tax it regardless of the revenue derived from it; and let this taxation be regarded not as a "permission," but as a restriction. It is better that there should be in the City of New York ten groggeries—miscalled "saloons"—than a thousand. There is more likelihood that the tired laborer will reach his home with the whole of his hard-earned wages in his pocket for the benefit of himself and his family if the score of groggeries which now fringe the street along which he must pass to reach his home are wiped out, and he can only enter one by going a half-mile out of his course, than there is if invitations to imbibe are thrust upon him in every square. There is less likelihood that the youth will become a frequenter of the groggery and the victim of its debasing influences if there is none within a mile of him than if there are a half dozen of them in the block in which he lives. It is in the belief of such truths that men act in all other affairs. Prohibit an evil if you can. If you cannot, then hamper, obstruct, diminish, weaken.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

HENRY STOCKBRIDGE.

III.

ARE WORKINGMEN "CULPRITS?"

IN the June number of the REVIEW, Henry Melrose argues that the workingmen are responsible for the evils that legislation entails upon the people, for the reason that the laboring classes control the popular elections. Mr. Melrose tells the toilers that they are the culprits. Is this true? Grant that the workingmen wield the balance of power at the polls, and that by their suffrage bad men are elected to office: does it follow that the toilers are the culprits, and that they alone are responsible for the wrongs that are committed in the name of government? If not, let us reverse the judgment.

Unscrupulous politicians, posing as statesmen, have been heard to say that the people, being the source of power, are responsible for the abuses in the public service, and that, as the government is corrupt, so are the people. If these imputations upon the social body are true, popular government is very little in advance of the despotisms of the old world, and, instead of worshiping at the shrine of Liberty, the people of the new world have been and are hugging a huge delusion in the vain hope and apparent reality that they are devoting themselves to the great cause of human freedom and justice. Men high in the councils of the republic have uttered some of these slanders against the integrity of their countrymen—men whose skirts are besmirched from dragging through the corrupt pools of commercial politics. They are the cuttle-fish in the political sea. Behind the infirmities of the people they seek to hide their own deformities.

Superior intellect is sometimes blighted by an evil genius which preys upon the common mind. The average mind, absorbed and circumscribed by the drudgery of toil, is not on its guard against the song of the siren. Truth is always uppermost in the human mind. The same evil genius of intellect which is responsible for a violation of the penal code, is responsible for the wrongs of government. The ignorant and vicious, the tramp and the pauper, are wheedled by the evil genius of superior intellect and intelligence, or are bribed by the man of money to desecrate the temple of truth and liberty by casting a dishonest ballot for a dishonest man, who, having thus acquired official patronage and political power, devotes himself to despoiling the temple and poisoning the springs of truth and justice. The fruits of this great crime are borne in the frenzy of the mob, the violence of the strike, and, finally, in the awful judgment of an outraged people, whose mighty voice and tread shake down the thrones of the world and revolutionize forms of government.

The great heart of mankind beats in sympathy with itself and with the vices and sorrows that mingle in its blood. The higher judgment and better impulses of all men dictate obedience to those great principles of justice which, flashing from the honest intellect, never fail to move humanity in the right direction. To this better sympathy and higher judgment the leaders of men must appeal.

The current of human thought runs in the channel of truth. It may at times be diverted from its natural course by the evil genius of intellect which is manifest in the corrupt use of power and money, and in the sophistry of overleaping ambition. The beasts of the field are under the dominion of man ; the dullest beast of burden may be made to appreciate his kindness or to resent his anger. There runs the parallel between the weaker and the stronger mind. As it is provided by the law of the state, that every man should use his own property so as not to injure his neighbor, so is it declared by the higher law that the man of superior intellect and wider knowledge should not use his superior gifts and greater acquisitions to the detriment or disadvantage of his fellow-men. These self-evident truths and vital principles are little heeded by the over-ambitious men engaged in the scramble for place, and power, and spoils.

Every order of animate creation has its kings. We are pleased to speak of the kings of men. Some men have greater intellectual endowments and greater knowledge than the mass of mankind. While, now and then, an unlettered man will accumulate a large estate, the rule is that the men of knowledge and superior mind amass the great fortunes of the world. It remains for those of superior intellect and intelligence to discover the fountains of truth, and to turn their vitalizing streams out into the barren places, and to make beautiful flowers bloom in the melancholy wastes.

LINUS S. WEBB.

IV.

INEBRIETY AS A DISEASE.

A LARGE number of medico-legal questions arise in connection with dipsomania. All true dipsomaniacs are irresponsible for acts committed immediately before, during and after their attacks. This is on account of their intellectual condition before the crisis, on account of the impulsive character of their actions, and on account of the toxic delirium with which it is often followed. In the eyes even of those who regard drunkenness as an aggravation of crime, the dipsomaniac should be regarded as irresponsible because he is not master of his desire to drink. As for the wrong or even criminal acts which they commit in their lucid inter-

vals, we should never forget that they are possessed of an undeniably morbid disposition, that they have a defective intellectual organization, and are in reality beings who have degenerated.

Introduction in excess continually from time to time of alcoholic drinks leads to an accumulation in the system of the specific poison. The tissues of the body and the nervous system, which includes the brain, become at length so impregnated, so charged with the poison, as to produce in the unhappy victim of this condition a craving for the accustomed stimulant, which becomes absolutely irresistible. Such people as these are "dipsomaniacs," and for these victims there can be no doubt there is but one remedy—absolute restraint from all access to alcoholic liquors for a sufficient length of time to cure the disease of inebriety, which is curable like other diseases. Law and medicine should unite in accepting the following as a definition of dipsomania: Dipsomania consists of an irresistible craving for alcoholic stimulants, occurring very frequently, periodically, paroxysmally, with a constant liability to periodical exacerbations, when the craving becomes altogether irresistible.

The dipsomaniac is driven into a debauch by an irresistible impulse; the drunkard merely chooses to seek the intoxicating effect of alcohol. There are many dipsomaniacs who, in the intervals between their paroxysms, will not take stimulants even when placed before them; but a drunkard, on the other hand, will take a stimulant whenever he can get it. Dipsomania, also, rarely occurs except in persons of a certain hereditary conformation. When the disease of dipsomania first appears—and it may be caused by blows on the head, sunstroke, fever, hemorrhage, mental shock, or by the commotion in the system which attends the establishment of puberty or the arrival of the climacteric period—the paroxysms of drinking occur generally but once or twice in a year, and grow in frequency until they become separated by an interval of a few days only.

Science demonstrates conclusively that Society and the Law should cease to regard the inebriate as a moral delinquent and look upon him as a sick man, demanding proper medical treatment to remove the diseased conditions of his organism. There is peril to society in the increase of the neuropathic diathesis, resulting from intemperance, that surely breeds its like and perpetuates hereditary descent of the organically defective and vicious, and it is wise to remember that there is a small advantage and an infinity of evil to be gained by the constant daily use of alcohol as a beverage. Alcohol is very valuable when used skillfully, scientifically and legitimately; but in its abuse it is a destructive and terrible agent, productive of a large amount of physical and mental disease and entailing diseased appetites and enfeebled constitutions upon offspring.

EDWARD C. MANN.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND STRUGGLES.

A WORK covering the vast field opened to view in the title page of Mr. Phillips book on "Fundamental Facts and Principles,"* and which elaborately and intelligently discusses the root ideas of socialism, capital and labor, and financial subjects generally, demands more than a passing notice. The book itself bears unmistakable evidence of painstaking toil and zeal. The author believes in the paramount importance of the topics which he has grouped together, and which certainly, as he puts them before us, bear close relation to each other. The preface is a model one. One feels inclined to give all the closer attention to an author on political economy who frankly owns that he has no panacea to offer for all social ills, and who only hopes that he may be able to shed some light on the problems of the immediate future. What those problems are, at least from the author's standpoint, may be summarized as the proper rights and relations of capital and labor, the limitations of the power of wealth to oppress the people, the currency question, and the poverty question. Without such explanation as this the title of the book might mislead, for there are social evils and struggles of various kinds known to civilivation besides those here enumerated. The author combats vigorously the idea that money and coin are synonymous terms, and argues at great length, and with a multiplicity of illustrations, that money is simply a measure of value, or, to quote the author's words: "Whatever a nation consents to transfer from one person to another as an aid in computing and comparing values and as a medium of exchange, is money." The trouble about this theory is that it only holds good within the boundaries of the nation. The author asserts that the want of some money (other than gold and silver coin we presume) that "shall pass current and unchallenged in any quarter or section of the globe" is a sign that mankind are yet in a barbaric condition. Just what kind of money this is to be we are not told. The author says: "We are frequently told that a dollar is really worthless unless it is as valuable in foreign countries as it is in our own country. But persons who talk so might as well say that the laws of the State of New York are worthless because they are of no validity in South America or Asia." This is not so. The efforts of all civilized peoples are in the direction of uniform criminal laws and extradition treaties. International commerce as well as international comity is based on the assumption that certain main principles and laws are recognized everywhere. Should the United States, as the author expects, abolish the national bank notes and issue greenbacks in their place, these greenbacks will not be any nearer money than the national bank notes are at present. We really fail to see that the author throws any great light on the money question by merely denouncing coin and upholding paper, nor do we think that he is very successful in showing how an abundance of fiat money will diminish poverty and abolish other social miseries.

* "Social Struggles: The Fundamental Facts and Principles Relative to Values, Prices, Money and Interest, etc, etc." By John Philip Phillips. Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor: New Haven.

On the question of franchises Mr. Phillips gives expression to some sensible views worthy of attentive consideration. Thus: "Franchises should be so granted as to insure the fullest and most immediate control by the people. . . . When a price is paid in consideration of a franchise it should always be in form of a percentage of gross receipts instead of a sum which is given and received as full payment. . . . In other words, the public should never part with the ownership of a franchise. When a disposition is made of it other than operation by government employés, the transfer should be by a lease which expressly states the right of the people, at any time, after reasonable notice, to revise its provisions or terminate it entirely. But all control of public facilities for transportation by individuals or corporations implies an imperfect state and organization of society." It is usually admitted that the power which confers a franchise can take it away again after satisfying the equities of the case, but it is not so generally understood that the people have a right to a permanent share in the profits of corporations trading on public franchises. This point is the refore exceedingly well put. How to limit the power of monopolies and make them servants instead of masters of the people is a serious problem, which we fear the author does not dispose of very satisfactorily. Most serious thinkers will approve such quotations as the following: "It is sound public policy to encourage industry and the accumulation of wealth. Those who are lazy, improvident and wasteful should suffer the natural result of bad conduct. But at the same time we should create the same checks to prevent an unscrupulous and inordinate use of the money-making power that we have already placed on the misuse of physical power." What those checks should exactly be is just the point on which these pages do not enlighten us.

Mr. Phillips is evidently a close and original thinker, but he does not take us far enough to enable us to see our way out of the wood of economic mystery. The book would also have been the better for a considerable boiling down. One wearies in this practical age of endless discussions of first principles.

II.

THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY.

THE sixth volume of Dr. Philip Schaff's Church History* has been issued in advance of the fifth, which will, in due course, make its appearance. The subject of the sixth is the Reformation in Germany, which is treated very fully and in a strictly historical and judicial spirit as befits a scholastic work. The spirit of the author towards the Roman Catholics is shown in the following extract from the first chapter, which is rather inexplicably entitled "Orientation," but which is in fact an introduction to modern church history: "In many respects the Roman Church of to-day is a great improvement upon the Mediæval Church. She has been much benefited by the Protestant Reformation, and is far less corrupt and far more prosperous in Protestant than in Papal countries. . . . By her venerable antiquity, historical continuity, visible unity, centralized organization, imposing ritual sacred art, and ascetic piety she attracts intelligent and cultured minds; while the common people are kept in ignorance and in superstitious awe of her mysterious authority, with its claims to open the gates of heaven and hell and to shorten the purgatorial sufferings of the departed. For good and evil she is the strongest conservative force in modern society, and there is every reason to believe that she will last to the end of time" Of Luther's youthful life the author says:

* "History of the Christian Church." By Philip Schaff. Vol. VI. The German Reformation. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Luther had a hard youth, without sunny memories, and was brought up under stern discipline. His mother chastised him for stealing a paltry nut till the blood came. . . . The hardships of Luther's youth and the want of refined breeding show their effects in his writings and actions. . . . He was not a polished diamond, but a rough block cut out from a granite mountain and well-fitted for a solid base of a mighty structure."

In the general scope of this book we do not find that the author introduces us to new principles or even facts. Probably the ground has been so well trodden that fresh discoveries are impossible. What we do find is a very careful and systematic arrangement of historic material, with a copious production of authorities and titles of works consulted. The author touches only lightly on the corruptions of the Mediæval Church and the Protestant matyrology of this period, but gives a very clear and succinct view of the sacramentarian controversies. The period covered is from the publication of the ninety-five Theses to the Diet of Augsbury in 1530.

III.

A PLEASANT BOOK OF TRAVEL.

A REMARKABLY graphic and entertaining volume of sketches of Eastern travel* comes to us from the pen of M. Louis Viand, a French naval officer, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Pierre Loti." It is unpretending in appearance, and somewhat unprepossessing by reason of its lengthy memorial preface, in memory of the friend for whom the sketches were written, so that the casual reader is in danger of passing it by and thus missing a rare treat. If he read but a single page of these charming and beguiling descriptions, however, he will be sure to read all. Each picture is brought out with bold, swift touches, and in tones as soft and glowing as those of an Oriental sunset. The natural vivacity of a Frenchman prevents him from ever becoming monotonous. Descriptions of natural scenery are charmingly intermingled with bits of real life, and the whole constitutes a beautiful piece of mosaic, each gem adding brilliancy to its neighbor and in itself complete and satisfactory.

We quote from an early section:

"At the top of a high hill on a rainy day. A void and silence. Below my feet the green slopes go down towards the deep sea. I had gone up there on duty, having been sent by the officer in command to do some surveying, and verify the bearings of a certain bay. The seaman in charge of the chronometers was helping me in the work, and we had carefully laid out our copper instruments on a rock carpeted with delicate ferns. Other and higher mountains towered above us—gloomy heights and hanging greenery; from time to time gray mists came down from them, drenching us as they swept by. Silent and motionless we bent our heads to the showers, waiting for gleams of light on the horizon to enable us to take the bearings of the distant headlands, which again and again were shrouded in fog."

* * * "A few strokes of the oar brought us across the bar of this miniature river. The sea lay spread before us like a waste of green mother-of-pearl highly iridescent, and having a light of its own. The nosegays I had bought of the children smelt stronger than ever in the darkness as the earth gradually receded with its various intruding odors. We must have left a sweet wake behind us on the water, a trail of the scent of tuberoses."

* From "Lands of Exile." By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by Clara Bell. Revised and corrected in the United States. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Charles L. Webster & Co.

Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, General U. S. Army. In 2 vols.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dogmatic Theology. William G. T. Shedd, D. D. Two volumes.

The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris, Minister of the United States to France, etc. Edited by Anne Cary Morris. Two volumes. With Portraits.

First Harvests. An Episode in the Life of Mrs. Levison Gower. A Satire without a Moral. F. J. Stimson.

Gibraltar. Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D. Illustrated.

Otto of the Silver Hand. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle.

D. Appleton & Co.

Astromony with an Opera Glass. A popular introduction to the study of the starry heavens with the simplest of optical instruments; with maps, directions, etc. Garrett P. Serviss.

A Manual of Decorative Composition For designers, decorators, architects and industrial artists. Henri Mayeux. Illustrated by nearly 300 engravings.

From Flag to Flag. A women's adventures and experiences in the South during the war in Mexico and in Cuba. Eliza McHatton-Ripley.

This Mortal Coil. Grant Allen.

Cassell & Co.

Cassell's Half-Dollar Cook Book. Edited by A. G. Payne.

The Young Idea, or Common School Culture. Caroline B. Le Row.

Temple House. A novel. Elizabeth Stoddard.

Cupples & Hurd.

In the Woods and Elsewhere. Poems. Thomas Hill.

The American Art Association.

Vassili Verestchagin, Painter, Soldier, Traveler. Autobiographical Sketches. Translated from the German and the French. F. H. Peters, M.A.

Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue of the works of Vassili Verestchagin.

On Progress in Art. Vassili Verestchagin.

Realism. Vassili Verestchagin.

Dodd, Mead & Co.

'Twas in Trafalgar Bay; and other stories. Walter Besant and James Rice.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

What to Do? Count Lyof N. Tolstoï.

Lee & Shepard.

Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Progressive. Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan.

MacMillan & Co.

Frederick. Crown Prince and Emperor. With an introduction by the Empress Frederick. Rennell Rodd.

The Aspern Papers. Louisa Pallant.

The Modern Warning. Henry James.

W. Q. Judge, New York. (Theosophical Pub. Co.)

The Secret Doctrine. The Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy. H. P. Blavatsky. Vol. 1. Cosmogenesis.

Robert Clarke & Co.

Master Virgil. The Author of the Æneid as he seemed in the Middle Ages. A series of studies. J. S. Tunison.

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SOUTH END.

THE BUGABOO OF TRUSTS.

WE must all have our toys ; the child his rattle, the adult his hobby, the man of pleasure the fashion, the man of art his Master ; and mankind in its various divisions requires a change of toys at short intervals. The same rule holds good in the business world. We have had our age of "consolidations" and "watered stocks." Not long ago everything was a "syndicate"; the word is already becoming obsolete and the fashion is for "Trusts," which will in turn no doubt give place to some new panacea, that is in turn to be displaced by another, and so on without end. The great laws of the economic world, like all laws affecting society, being the genuine outgrowth of human nature, alone remain unchanged through all these changes. Whenever consolidations, or watered stocks, or syndicates, or Trusts endeavor to circumvent these, it always has been found the result is that after the collision there is nothing left of the panaceas, while the great laws continue to grind out their irresistible consequences as before.

It is worth while to inquire into the appearance and growth of Trusts and learn what environments produce them. Their genesis is as follows : a demand exists for a certain article, beyond the capacity of existing works to supply it. Prices are high, and profits tempting. Every manufacturer of that article immediately proceeds to enlarge his works and increase their producing power. In addition to this the unusual profits attract the attention of his principal managers or those who are interested to a greater or less degree in the factory. These communicate the knowledge of the prosperity of the works to others. New partnerships are formed, and new works are erected, and before long the demand for the article is fully satisfied, and prices do not advance. In a short

time the supply becomes greater than the demand, there are a few tons or yards more in the market for sale than required, and prices begin to fall. They continue falling until the article is sold at cost to the less favorably situated or less ably managed factory; and even until the best managed and best equipped factory is not able to produce the article at the prices at which it can be sold. Political economy says that here the trouble will end. Goods will not be produced at less than cost. This was true when Adam Smith wrote, but it is not quite true to-day. When an article was produced by a small manufacturer, employing, probably at his own home, two or three journeymen and an apprentice or two, it was an easy matter for him to limit or even to stop production. As manufacturing is carried on to-day, in enormous establishments with five or ten millions of dollars of capital invested, and with thousands of workers, it costs the manufacturer much less to run at a loss per ton or per yard than to check his production. Stoppage would be serious indeed. The condition of cheap manufacture is running full. Twenty sources of expense are *fixed charges*, many of which stoppage would only increase. Therefore the article is produced for months, and in some cases that I have known for years, not only without profit or without interest upon capital, but to the impairment of the capital invested. Manufacturers have balanced their books year after year only to find their capital reduced at each successive balance. While continuing to produce may be costly, the manufacturer knows too well that stoppage would be ruin. His brother manufacturers are of course in the same situation. They see the savings of many years, as well perhaps as the capital they have succeeded in borrowing, becoming less and less, with no hope of a change in the situation. It is in soil thus prepared that anything promising relief is gladly welcomed. The manufacturers are in the position of patients that have tried in vain every doctor of the regular school for years, and are now liable to become the victims of any quack that appears. Combinations—syndicates—trusts—they are willing to try anything. A meeting is called, and in the presence of immediate danger they decide to take united action and form a trust. Each factory is rated as worth a certain amount. Officers are chosen, and through these the entire product of the article in question is to be distributed to the public, at remunerative prices.

Such is the genesis of "Trusts" in manufactured articles.

In transportation the situation, while practically the same, differs in some particulars. Many small railway lines are built under separate charters. A genius in affairs sees that the eight or ten separate organizations, with as many different ideas of management, equipment, etc., are as useless as were the two hundred and fifty petty kings in Germany, and, Bismarck-like, he sweeps them out of existence, creates a great through line, doubles the securities or stock, the interest upon which is paid out of the saving effected by consolidation, and all is highly satisfactory, as in the case of the New York Central. Or a line is built and managed with such sagacity as distinguishes the Pennsylvania Railroad, and it succeeds in developing the resources of the State so extensively that upon a line of three hundred and fifty miles between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia it nets about thirteen millions of dollars per annum. Twelve millions of dollars of this it shows upon its books. From one to two millions extra are expended in making one of the best lines in the world out of a road which was originally designed as a horse-railroad. We do not call our railroad combinations Trusts, but they are substantially such, since they aim at raising and maintaining transportation rates in certain districts. They are "combinations" or "systems" which aim at monopolies within these districts.

During the recent Presidential campaign it suited the purpose of one of the parties to connect Trusts with the doctrine of protection. But Trusts are confined to no country, and are not in any way dependent upon fiscal regulations. The greatest Trust of all just now is the Copper Trust, which is French, and has its headquarters in Paris. The Salt Trust is English, with its headquarters in London. The Wire-rod Trust is German. The only Steel-rail Trust that ever existed was an international one which embraced all the works in Europe. Trusts either in transportation or manufactures are the products of human weakness, and this weakness is co-extensive with the race.

There is one huge combination classed with Trusts which is so exceptional in its origin and history that it deserves a separate paragraph. I refer to the Standard Oil Company. So favorable an opportunity to control a product perhaps never arose as in the case of petroleum. At an early stage a few of the ablest business men that the world has ever seen realized the importance of the discovery, and invested largely in the purchase of property con-

nected with it. The success of the petroleum business was phenomenal, and so was the success of these people. The profits they made, and, no doubt, as much capital as they could borrow, were fearlessly reinvested, and they soon became the principal owners, and finally, substantially the only owners of the territory which contained this great source of wealth. The Standard Oil Company would long ago have gone to pieces had it not been managed, upon the whole, in harmony with the laws which control business. It is generally admitted that the prices of oil to the consumer are as low to-day, and many think that they are even lower, than could have been attained had the business not been grouped and managed as one vast concern in the broad spirit for which the Standard oil managers are famous. They are in the position somewhat of the Colemans, of Pennsylvania, who possess the chief source of the ore supply in the East. They own the Cornwall deposit of ore as the Standard Oil Company owns the source of the oil deposit. But as the company has continually to deal with the finding of oil in other localities, the price of its existence and success is the continuance of that exceptional ability in its councils and management displayed by its founders. Threatened opposition arises every now and then, and the chances are greatly in favor of the Standard Oil Company losing its practical monopoly, and going the way of all huge combinations. It is a hundred to one whether it will survive when the present men at the head retire; or perhaps I should say when the present man retires, for wonderful organizations imply a genius at the head, a commander-in-chief, with exceptionally able corps commanders no doubt, but still a Grant at the head. To those who quote the Standard Oil Company as an evidence that Trusts or combinations can be permanently successful, I say wait and see. I have spoken thus freely of that company because I am ignorant of its management, profits, and modes of action. I view it from the outside, as a student of political economy only, and as such have endeavored to apply to it the principles which I know *will* have their way, no matter how formidable the attempt made to defeat their operation.

We have given the genesis of trusts and combinations in their several forms. The question is, Do they menace the permanent interest of the nation? Are they a source of serious danger? Or are they to prove, as many other similar forms have proved,

mere passing phases of unrest and transition? To answer this question let us follow the operation of the manufacturing trust which we have in imagination created, salt or sugar, nails, beams, or lead or copper; it is all the same. The sugar refiners, let us say, have formed a Trust after competing one with another through years of disastrous business, and all the sugar manufactured in the country in existing factories is sold through one channel at advanced prices. Profits begin to grow. Dividends are paid, and those who before saw their property vanishing before their eyes are now made happy. The dividends from that part of a man's capital invested in the sugar business yield him profit far above the capital he has invested in various other affairs. The prices of sugar are such that the capital invested in a new factory would yield enormously. He is perhaps bound not to enlarge his factory or to enter into a new factory, but his relatives and acquaintances soon discover the fresh opportunity for gain. He can advise them to push the completion of a small factory, which, of course, must be taken into the Trust. Or, even if he does not give his friends this intimation, capital is always upon the alert, especially when it is bruited about that a Trust has been formed, as in the case of sugar, and immediately new sugar manufactories spring up, as if by magic. The more successful the Trust, the surer these off-shoots are to sprout. Every victory is a defeat. Every factory that the Trust buys is the sure creator of another, and so on, *ad infinitum*, until the bubble bursts. The sugar refiners have tried to get more from capital in a special case than capital yields in general. They have endeavored to raise a part of the ocean of capital above the level of the surrounding waters, and over their bulwarks the floods have burst, and capital, like water, has again found its level. It is true that to regain this level a longer or a shorter period may be required, during which the article affected may be sold to the consumer in limited quantities at a higher rate than before existed. But for this the consumer is amply recompensed in the years that follow, during which the struggle between the discordant and competitive factories becomes severer than it ever was before, and lasts till the great law of the survival of the fittest vindicates itself. Those factories and managers that can produce to the best advantage eventually close the less competent. Capital wisely managed yields its legitimate profit. After a time, the

growth of demand enables capital to receive an unusual profit. This in turn attracts fresh capital to the manufacture, and we have a renewal of the old struggle, the consumer reaping the benefit.

Such is the law, such has been the law, and such promises to be the law for the future ; for, so far, no device has yet been devised that has permanently thwarted its operation. Given freedom of competition, and all combinations or trusts that attempt to exact from the consumer more than a legitimate return upon capital and services, write the charter of their own defeat. We have many proofs that this great law does not sleep and that it will not be suppressed. Some time ago, as I have stated, the steel rail manufacturers of Europe formed a trust and advanced the price of rails to such an extent that American manufacturers were able for the first and perhaps for the last time to export steel rails to Canada in competition with the European. But the misunderstandings and quarrels, inseparable from these attempted unions of competitors, soon broke the Trust. With vindictive feelings, added to what was before business rivalry, the struggle was renewed, and the steel rail industry of Europe has never recovered. It was found that the advance of prices had only galvanized into life concerns which never should have attempted to manufacture rails ; and so that Trust died a natural death.

During the great depression which existed for several years in this country in the steel rail trade many anxious meetings were held under circumstances described in the genesis of Trusts, and it was resolved that the plan of restricting production should be tried. Fortunately reaction soon came. A demand for rails set in before the plan went into operation, and, as a matter of fact, no restriction of product was ever attempted, and the steel rail industry was thus saved from a great error.

We have recently seen the Lead Trust of this country shattered and its chief owners brankrupted. The newspapers a few weeks ago were filled with accounts of the convention of the growers of cattle in St. Louis, resolved to break down the combination of slaughterers and shippers in Chicago and Kansas City. No business was poorer in this country for many years than the manufacture of nails. It was overdone. To remedy this the manufacturers did not form a Trust so far as the sale of product was concerned, but they restricted production. A cer-

tain percentage of their machines was kept idle. This percentage was increased from time to time, and only the quantity made that the market would take at a certain price. But the result was that there were soon more machines in America for the manufacture of iron nails added to the works than the demand for nails will require for many years to come, and this combination of nail manufacturers went the way of all Trusts, and left the business in a worse plight than it was in before.

The Sugar Trust has already a noted competitor at its heels. The Copper Trust is in danger. All stand prepared to attack a "trust" or "combine" if it proves itself worth attacking; in other words, if it succeeds in raising its profits above the natural level of profits throughout the country it is subject to competition from every quarter, and must finally break down. It is unnecessary to devote much attention to the numerous Trusts in minor articles which one reads of, a new one appearing every few days and others passing out of existence, because they are all subject to the great law. The newspapers charge that Trusts exist or have existed in wall paper, shoe laces, lumber, coal, coke, brick, screw, rope, glass, school-books, insurance and hardware, and twenty more articles; but the fitting epitaph for these ephemeral creations is

"If I was so soon to be done for.
I wonder what I was begun for!"

We may exclaim with Macbeth, as he watched the shadowy descendants of Banquo filing past, "What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" But as with Banquo's procession, so with Trusts, it is comforting to remember that as one approaches another disappears. They come like shadows, and so depart.

So much for Trusts in the manufacturing department. Let us now examine the railways, whose "pools" and "combinations" and "differentials" alarm some people. In all their various forms, these are the efforts of capital to protect itself from the play of economic forces, centered in free competition. In most cases the stocks of railways have been watered. Calculated upon the real capital invested the dividends of railway lines have been unusual, and much above the return which capital generally has yielded in other forms of investment. The entire capital stock of railways in the West as a rule has cost little or nothing, the proceeds of the bonds issued having been sufficient to build them. The efforts of railway man-

agers to-day are therefore directed to obtain a return upon more capital than would be required to duplicate their respective properties. Their combinations and agreements of various kinds, which come to naught a few months after they are solemnly entered into, are evidences of this attempt. But, just as enormous profits on capital, received from the manufacture of any article, are sure to attract additional capital into the production of the article, so, in like manner, the unusual success of these railroads attracts new capital into their territory. New York Central paying dividends upon its eighty per cent. stock dividend culminates in the West Shore. The Pennsylvania Railroad, earning, as I have said, something like thirteen millions per annum upon its line in Pennsylvania, has its South Pennsylvania. One line between Chicago and Milwaukee being greatly profitable, fortunately brought into existence a parallel road. The two being unusually profitable, fortunately resulted in a third. There was one line between these points, and now there are six; and should the six combine to-morrow and exact from the public one per cent. more return upon capital than the average return, there would soon be seven, and very properly so.

This proves once more that there is no possibility of evading the great law, provided capital is free to embark in competing lines. In Great Britain and throughout Europe generally a different policy has been pursued in regard to railways from that of the free-to-all policy which we have followed. The railways and other transportation routes of Great Britain, in order to get permission to build, have cost nearly as much per mile as our cheapest Western lines have cost to build. Manchester, for instance, has recently decided to construct a canal, thirty miles long, to Liverpool, and the expense incurred in obtaining permission from Parliament to embark capital in this enterprise has cost nearly half a million of dollars up to this date. The Government, through a committee of Parliament, determines whether a proposed line is actually needed, and to settle this point everybody connected with existing transportation facilities in the neighborhood appears before the committee to prove that it is not needed, while the promoters of the scheme are at enormous expense to prove by hundreds of experts that it is. The empirical decision of the committee of the House of Commons on this question is not to be compared with the unerring decision of the capitalists interested.

They know much better than any committee of the Legislature are likely to know whether the work in question will pay a fair dividend, and this is the best proof that it is required. The result of the American policy is seen in the fact that notwithstanding all the attempts upon the part of our railways to thwart the economic laws, nevertheless, the American people enjoy the cheapest transportation in the world. The railway rates upon freight in Europe, compared with those in America, show startling contrasts. The cost of freightage on English lines is upon the average more than double the American charge, and in many cases which I have examined it is three times as great. In not a few cases the British charge is far beyond three times the American.

A friend bought a cargo of grain at Leith, which had paid one dollar per ton freight from New York; it cost him ninety-six cents per ton to transport it thirty-five miles inland. Another purchased six hundred tons charcoal pig-iron upon Lake Superior, which cost four dollars per ton freight to Liverpool; he paid $2.87 per ton to carry it eighty miles inland by rail to his mills. For this amount our trunk lines carry rails five hundred and sixty miles, as against eighty miles in Britain. If Europe enjoyed our advantages of free competition in its transportation system, the development of its resources would be surprising, even at this late day in its history. There is in my opinion only cause for hearty congratulation as regards our railway policy. Its evils are trifling; its advantages over all other systems in the world enormous.

The people of America can smile at the efforts of all her railway magnates and of all her manufacturers to defeat the economic laws by Trusts or combinations, or pools, or "differentials," or anything of like character. Only let them hold firmly to the doctrine of free competition. Keep the field open. Freedom for all to engage in railroad building when and where capital desires subject to conditions open to all. Freedom for all to engage in any branch of manufacturing under like conditions.

There can then be no permanent extortion of profit beyond the average return from capital, nor any monopoly, either in transportation or manufacturing. Any attempt to maintain either must end in failure, and failure ultimately disastrous just in proportion to the temporary success of the foolish effort. It is simply ridiculous for a party of men to meet in a room and attempt by passing resolutions to change the great laws which govern human

affairs in the business world, and this, whether they be railway presidents, bankers or manufacturers.

The fashion of Trusts has but a short season longer to run, and then some other equally vain device may be expected to appear when the next period of depression arrives; but there is not the slightest danger that serious injury can result to the sound principles of business from any or all of these movements. The only people who have reason to fear Trusts are those foolish enough to enter into them. The Consumer and the Transporter, not the Manufacturer and the Railway owner, are to reap the harvest.

Even since the foregoing was written, a new form has appeared upon the stage in the shape of "The Presidents' Agreement—an agreement among gentlemen," in which the parties engage to control, strangle and restrict the future development of our magnificent railway system under the laws of natural growth, at a time when the country requires this development as much as it ever did. These gentlemen are not going to engage in building lines which will give the public the benefit of healthy competition, or permit such to be built hereafter. It is safe to say that very soon this toy will be discarded, like its predecessors, for another, and that the very men apparently most pleased with this new rattle will then regard it with the greatest contempt, and go forward in the good work, as hitherto, developing the railway system wherever and whenever they think they see a fair chance for profit. Whenever existing railways exact from the public more than a fair return upon the actual capital invested, or upon the capital which would be required to duplicate existing lines, competing lines will be built—fortunately for the interests of the country—which is much more concerned in getting cheap transportation than it is in insuring dividends for capitalists; and whenever a percentage is to be obtained by the negotiation of railway securities, bankers will be found—also fortunately for the best interests of the country—who will gladly find a market for them without stopping to inquire whether monopolies are to be overthrown by the new lines.

It is not in the power of man to exact for more than a brief season, and a very brief season indeed, unusual profit upon actual capital invested either in Transportation or Manufacture, so long as all are free to compete, and this freedom, it may safely be asserted, the American people are not likely to restrict.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE NEXT POLAR EXPEDITION.

THERE is hardly anything more uncertain than conjectural geography, unless it be the surmises as to the course of future expeditions that may convert conjectural into assured geographical matters. But having undertaken to write an article on "The Next Polar Expedition," I approach the subject with a feeling that there can possibly be evolved a series of conjectures, out of which might grow one or two that may prove to be closely allied to prophecy.

The facts on which such conjectures can be based are not very numerous, and more difficult than all, it is hard to give the true value to each from which to reach the deductions. As when a person starts an enterprise in a locality and fails it is not always easy to say whether the locality will not support such an enterprise or whether the manager would not have failed in such an undertaking in about any locality, so when a polar enterprise has encountered disastrous results, it is not always quite clear what it has proven, whether or no the route is an inordinately dangerous one in that land of dangerous journeys, or if the blame is not mostly upon the shoulders of the party that met the unfortunate consequence. It would seem quite clear to a person that if several expeditions had passed safely over a given route, backwards and forwards, and another had fallen wounded by the wayside on the same path, that surely the party and not the path was to blame. But even this is far from being always true, and especially so over polar paths, for there is no element so conspicuous in the disasters of that frigid land as the element of climate, and none so variable. A dozen indifferently managed and carelessly equipped parties may march over a route safely, and one guided by an experienced and intelligent explorer, with all the known resources in his power, receive a disastrous check from this source should a fickle Nature see fit to launch an unusually severe season, or combination of ice-floes and ice-packs against him. I have stood on

the shore of a polar sea that was historic with the horrors of Arctic disaster, and seen it when a yachting jaunt could have been enjoyed on its placid, iceless waters. Therefore, although the subject of danger is a most necessary one to consider in its bearings on the next polar expedition, yet it is nevertheless almost one of too indefinite a nature, from season to season, to consider as being conclusive over some of the routes where such variable results have been obtained as in the past. There is, however, one element of danger in the Arctic, whatever be the route selected, that it is well worth considering, and in which it also differs largely from similar undertakings in other zones of the earth. I refer to the condition of too much preliminary success in an Arctic enterpise not due to the efforts of the party itself. The first successes in almost all undertakings are so generally the most important, as creating an enthusiasm and ardor to carry the projector through the later and probably more difficult parts, that it is hard to conceive that there could be any exception to the rule, but the history of all Hyperborean horrors is that of a too abundant success in the first part of the undertaking, a success that has afterwards proven to be a trap. This is particularly true of naval expeditions, or of the naval efforts of other expeditions where such efforts have led the party through long and tortuous channels of ice-laden waters.

The nearest that any Arctic navigator ever came to accomplishing the Northwest Passage—that goal of all polar exploration for so long a time—was by Sir Robert McClure, of the Royal Navy, in the "Investigator," who, striking a most fortunate season and combination of open water and freedom from ice, got fully three-fourths of the way through from the Pacific side, and within a day's unobstructed sail of points that had been reached by navigators from the Atlantic side, when his seeming good fortune turned, and he was shut up in the Bay of Mercy, as he named it, but which came near being a most unmerciful harbor of refuge to his party, as after events proved. Its salvation was one of the many miracles of that land of miraculous escapes. The next three or four summers were of the usual Arctic character, and, as a consequence, the "Investigator" could not be budged from the Bay of Mercy. Forced to free his party from the frost fettered ship his fate would probably have been akin to that of Sir John Franklin, had not that whole part of the polar

regions been alive with searchers for the ill-fated Sir John (Sir Robert, too, was bent on the same errand), one of which rescued him just as he was starting on a long desperate trip to the nearest Hudson Bay Company's post, the result of which trip would probably have emphasized the danger of too much good luck in the first part of an Arctic undertaking. We could burden the reader's time with almost a score of similar examples, wherein too much success at first has only added to the seriousness of the disaster after, or more than likely determined the same.

Reviewing this most serious cause of casualties in cold weather climes, it is seen that the weather or other elements are somewhat variable there, so that icy obstructions may be normal for a number of years, and then, for only a season or two, may practically disappear. The Arctic navigator who strikes such an exceptional season is, compared with his predecessors, either extremely lucky or unfortunate, according to whether it allows him to accomplish his main object, or only sets a trap for him to prevent his escape after luring him into the thickest of Arctic obstacles. Baron von Nordenskiöld, the famous Swedish explorer of the polar regions, in forcing the Northeast Passage, struck such a favorable season, and reaped immortality as a result; but the list of those who have only been lured into labyrinths of trouble by such preliminary success is much larger, very much larger, so large in fact that it is possible only to refer to the few cases already spoken of. If "the next polar expedition" should be a pole-seeking one —for, despite the popular belief that all Arctic expeditions are of this character, the proportion of them is really very small—it is evident that this unfortunate ratio will even be increased, for in the light of past disasters it can never be hoped that any season will ever be so favorable as to allow a successful dash to be made to the pole based wholly on the assistance it can render. There must be many other elements joined to this one to accomplish that all-absorbing but sensational feat. In fact, it seems as if the pole was a centre from which radiated a series of these deep channels of water that were no better than traps, somewhat like the snare-nets that boys used to set for quails and partridges, all of which converged to a central net, where the birds were finally forced and killed.

If I were to hazard a guess as to the next polar expedition, I would have but little hesitation in saying that it will probably be a

North Pole seeking affair, if it is on the Arctic side of the earth, and for scientific objects if it should be into the Antarctic quarter. The reason I infer that the next undertaking towards the North Pole will be to reach that particular point is founded on the facts—or so they appear to me—that the conditions for such an expedition are better than for any other I can now surmise. As the last two or three expeditions in that direction and for that purpose were sensationally disastrous, and as the whole purpose is sensational, they have awakened that peculiar feeling or lines of thought on which such undertakings unwittingly thrive. But while disaster feeds upon itself and starts the ball rolling for the next, better than can any other element, it has its counterpoise in that the patron side of the question—the most important side to effect a materialization—is slower to act the fresher the horrors in the popular mind, unless it be to relieve immediate distress of some recently stranded expedition, which is, of course, a wholly different affair, and prompted by wholly different motives. Therefore, there must be time for the last impressions to have faded away before a projector can expect a patron to furnish him with the funds for an equivalent undertaking.

It is very likely that the next North Polar expedition will not be from the United States, and the reasons therefor are somewhat similar to those that have already been given. The last disaster in this way was from our country, and while it will check the patron side of future undertakings with us, it is not likely to do so to the same extent in foreign lands, where our minor misfortunes are not so widely discussed, and very much less based upon them in reaching any conclusions on any subject. One can appreciate this fact much better when closely following a definite study, as polar exploration, and notice how very little attention is paid in this country to equivalent disasters—to expeditions that have originated from foreign sources. In fact, a general perusal of geographical journals from European countries shows that there is much more talk on that side of the world concerning the probabilities of a polar expedition than is to be found at home. Just at present it seems to be turned toward the Antarctic region, on the basis of a scientific expedition; but that will only have the effect to start this boreal ball rolling in all quarters and in all directions, out of which a North Polar expedition is quite sure to

grow, if, in fact, there is not more than one. This, again, may be followed in its wake by the usual number of relief and searching parties.

To hazard a guess as to which European country may take the initiative in such an expedition would be much more vague and doubtful. It will more than likely be some of the maritime nations of the northern half of that continent, Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, etc., etc., not only from the greater likelihood of sea-faring people to undertake such expeditions, but also reasoning from the history of European enterprises in the past in these directions. To publish a supposition as to which one of these powers would probably be the base for the next expedition would be a wilder guess than even the wild ones I have already hazarded.

From its very favorable position, aud the large amount of excellent material to work with, both as to men and supplies, it would seem that Russia would naturally be chosen as a good country to base an opinion upon. Yet in the light of past events all of the northern explorations of Russia have been of a more substantial and practical character than North Pole seeking expedions, and there is no good reason to believe that she will change her record at this period of time. Still, Russia has been one of the most successful, if not the most successful nation, in her northern undertakings, planning them well and carrying them to practical conclusions; and, leaving out all national considerations, I think any one who has the North Pole's attainment at heart, and who has studied Arctic history, would like to see an expedition bound for the northern axis of the earth composed of the walrus and seal hunters, who every summer ply their hardy vocation around the bleak ice-laden shores of Novaya Zemlya, for the naval contingent, and for the sledgemen, such men as assisted Baron von Wrangell to make his famous journey of two thousand two hundred miles along the frozen shores of Arctic Siberia. If, coupled with a favorable season, such an expedition could not make the pole, I would be willing to chronicle it among the impossibilities until successful aerial navigation, or something equivalent, settled the sensational question for all time to come. But it is not likely that Russia will take a hand in such an expedition for some time, or until science clearly proves that there can be something

utilized out of enterprises whose sole direction is the north, until that point is reached where every direction is to the south.

Almost directly north of Russia lies the "Franz-Josef route" to the pole that was first discovered by the Austro-Hungarian Arctic expedition in the "Tegethoff," although its main purpose was to try and determine the navigability of the Northeast Passage. It is probably the route that will be selected by the next pole-seeking expedition, if the united testimony of nearly all Arctic travelers can be relied upon as a basis. More of them have united in recommending this way as the most likely to give successful results than any other I can now recall. It might not be my selection, but I am not called upon to give my opinion as to the best route, but the one the most likely to be followed, should a North Pole expedition be the next one to leave civilization for the polar regions. Its greatest competitor is the Smith Sound route, between northern Greenland and the Parry or Arctic Archipelago. It is probably much harder to reach Franz-Josef Land with a vessel than to secure a footing somewhere in Smith's Sound, but once on this ill-defined island or continent, it seems to present much better facilities for land work or sledging to the pole. Payer made a sledge journey along its western shores within a few miles of the highest northing known, and from where he returned he could still see it trending off to the North and presenting as good sledging as he left when he turned back. Smith's Sound has had the most recent disaster of account in the Arctic, and that, too, is likely to turn future travelers toward Franz-Josef Land. This, it should be remembered, however, has two ship's bones left on its shores, the "Tegethoff's," that bore the discoverers thither, and the "Eiva's," an English private ship under Mr. Leigh-Smith, that ventured too near its ill-fated shores. The coast line character of Franz-Josef Land is much less mountainous than that of Smith's Sound, and it is in this that we find it superior for sledging purposes, and for two reasons. The first, which any one would easily surmise, is found in the fact that the land is naturally more available for sledge dragging, should the party be forced off the ocean ice for any reason, while the second, and by far the most important, although the least understood by those not familiar with Arctic sledging, is in the fact that the lower and less mountainous the land the shallower are the shores, and as a consequence the rough,

hummocky ice (which is simply huge hillocks of ice jammed and frozen together, each berg drawing many feet of water), are stranded at more or less distance from the shore, leaving a narrow but most acceptable strip of smooth salt-water ice between the hummocks and the shore line. Along this strip, however winding it may be, as it follows all the sinuosities of the shore, far better progress can be made with a sledge than by any "cut-offs" that can possibly be made through hummocky ice. It is the most typical case known of "the longest way around is the nearest way home." The subject of sledging is one that is going to enter more largely into the consideration of North Pole seeking expeditions, in that it has been so uniformly successful where judiciously managed, while all the great calamities are more or less directly and indirectly traceable to the maritime side of the expeditions, which have about reached their limits of possibilities in Arctic endeavors, unless a favorable season, or other conditions which they cannot control, temporarily assist them should they be fortunate enough (or unfortunate, as I have explained) to strike them, but on which they can in no wise depend. This subject of hummocky ice therefore is, or certainly ought to be, a very important one in forecasting the probable route of the next polar expedition, whether its object be the North Pole or any other of the many that have lured people to that region.

It is probably not putting it too strong to say that hummocky ice has defeated the purpose of more Arctic sledge parties than all other obstacles put together many times over. The Austro-Hungarian party, in retreating from the ice-imprisoned "Tegethoff," near Franz-Josef Land, made but twelve miles in a month's hard work, and it is seldom that white men can make over a mile and a half a day traveling through it. The Eskimo sledgemen, of course, do much better under equivalent circumstances, but the farthest I ever knew them to make with a fair sized load (about six hundred pounds) was ten miles in fourteen hours' hard work, and this exertion so disabled the native dog-driver that he could not proceed next day, and was noticeably weakened for two or three days after that. From this advantage, then, that Franz-Josef Land has over Smith's Sound, despite the disadvantage of harder maritime approach, I think it safe in asserting that it will be the next route selected to reach the North Pole.

There is one route that has been proposed by one of the best Arctic authorities (Parry), where a dare-devil dash for the North Pole may be made some day, although I in no way put it above the Franz-Josef route as the most likely to be taken soon, and that is the route that leads north from Spitzbergen as a base. It has no shores to follow, and the party taking it must put boldly out to sea on the ice which covers it here during the winter and spring, and get back to its base (the northern capes of Spitzbergen) before the ice breaks up and cuts off its retreat. This route was used by Parry, of the Royal Navy, in 1827, when he made the highest northing to that date (in fact it was the first Arctic expedition whose main object was to gain ground in that direction), and his record remained the best for over half a century, until passed by Sir George Nares' party, to be again passed by Lieutenant Greely's a few years later. Parry started on his sledge trip late in the spring and soon found the ice floating south faster than he could travel north, when he returned, having made 82° 45′ N. Getting back to England he urged on the Admiralty the plan of returning to Spitzbergen, which is easily reached by ships, remaining there one winter and starting in the spring a month or two earlier than on his former expedition, or before the fixed ice began drifting south. As a means of beating present records I think Parry's plan a very good one, and one that is comparatively safe for that notoriously unsafe region; but to make to the pole and back before the retreat is cut off it ranks among the wildest of all foolhardy plans in an undertaking given to that order of plans. It is likely that it will be tried some day if the other routes mentioned fail a few times more.

Summing it all up into a sentence, I think that the next polar expedition will be a North Pole seeking one, and that it will emanate from some of the northern European countries, its route being by Franz-Josef Land, with Smith Sound a close second, and a bare possibility of the Spitzbergen route being selected.

I have not considered the proposed German expedition to the Antartic regions, in which it is said that Mr. Henry Villard, of our own country, is so deeply interested, for the reason that being already half formulated, if rumors are to be relied upon, it is past the point where guessing can be allowed in its case. Its object will be purely scientific, in a region but poorly known. It is ex-

tremely doubtful, in fact, if any South Pole seeking will ever be organized until the North Pole struggle has been settled by a victory. The objects of reaching them are purely the sensational ones of doing a something in which others have failed, so that the North Pole will answer all the purposes of such objects until it is attained, and its greater convenience to the northern nations will also select it as the one with which to battle.

While it is hard, indeed, to cast the hyperborean horoscope as to the next polar expedition, even in the light of past events, it is quite easy, indeed, to say where the next polar expedition should be directed in order to accomplish something worthy of the risks incurred. *I refer to the accurate determination of the north magnetic pole,* a problem that those best informed have pronounced to be of very considerable scientific value, certainly the highest to be found in the polar regions. This point was determined by its discoverer, Sir James Clarke Ross, in 1831, as well as could be done with the instruments of that time, and probably to within an error less than its daily or annual fluctuation; for the magnetic pole, like the magnetic needle of the compass, seems to have its daily, annual and great secular variations. It is this latter, in fact, a slow movement to the westward, that it is so important to determine in order to settle certain problems of terrestrial magnetism that will be of value to that rapidly developing and now very useful science. Magnetic surveys, at great cost and exertion, have been more or less completed in the civilized countries of the world. Lines of equal magnetic declination, lines of no declination, and other magnetic elements have been carefully, and after much labor thoroughly charted over the greater part of the earth, as aids to navigation and other arts more or less dependent thereon. Magnetic observatories have been established in the higher civilized countries for the purpose of observing the changes and variations of the magnetic needle. With all these carefully conducted observations the only *point* of great importance, the north magnetic pole, has not been scientifically determined or observed, owing to its comparatively inaccessible situation in the Arctic regions. It is clearly beyond our space to enter into a discussion of its importance, which has been so often affirmed by leading scientists familiar with terrestrial magnetism, but if the reader would only reflect on the vast and useful progress made recently in magnetism, electro-magnetism and electricity, he can conceive something of its utility and bear-

ing; he can, at least, clearly see that it would be more credit to Smith to accomplish this problem than to reach eighty-five degrees north latitude after Jones and Robinson had turned back at eighty-four degrees north, defeated.

Weyprecht, the scientist, originated and elaborated a plan for occupying the "run" of the Arctic regions with temporary scientific observations, and the plan was afterwards carried out, fifteen being so established for a short while. The only point he mentioned as being worthy, and on which he was especially desirous of fixing one of them, was "near the centre of magnetic intensity," and yet none of the fifteen stations were within a thousand miles of this one spot he had selected, and on which he had set his heart, although he had passed to the "silent majority" before his plan was consummated. His view of the North Pole is worthy of mention here as "being of no more significance for science than any other point in high latitudes."

This north magnetic pole is, roughly, about on the intersection of the 70th parallel and the 100th meridian west of Greenwich—two co-ordinates that are always represented on even the smallest maps, and is therefore easily found. To attempt to reach it by the sea, or with a vessel, would be hazardous, as in its immediate vicinity has taken place the greatest number of naval disasters of any district in the polar regions. Small sledge parties, however, have visited it without any calamitous results, and this clearly indicates the nature of the expedition that could safely settle the problem.

It is, beyond all doubt, the next polar expedition that *ought* to be undertaken.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

SIN AND UNBELIEF

INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR.

THE following pamphlet was written at Oxford, nearly eight years ago, in March, 1881, by way of a protest, as its title and contents show, against the first of series of Bampton lectures, delivered by Mr. John Wordsworth, then tutor of Brasenose College, now Bishop of Salisbury. It was written in a mood of strong feeling, and printed immediately, by Messrs. Slatter & Rose, the representatives of that firm of booksellers in the Oxford High street by which Shelley's luckless pamphlet was issued in 1811. But, moved probably by natural caution, the printers and publishers omitted to insert any printer's or publisher's name in the little *brochure*, an omission which passed unnoticed by the inexperience of the writer. The said writer, waiting a little tremulously for results on the day of publication, was told, first, that the pamphlet was exciting interest, and that copies were being rapidly sold—then, after a few hours' interval, that the sale had been suddenly stopped by the intervention of a well-known High Church clergyman, who was at the time vicar of a church in Oxford. This dignitary, it appeared, went into Messrs. Slatter & Rose's shop, bought the pamphlet, read it, and instantly noticed that it bore no printer's name. He at once drew the attention of the firm to the circumstance, and to the fact that such an omission is a legal offence. The firm understood that they must either withdraw the pamphlet or suffer for it, and that same evening the whole stock of copies was returned to the author with a letter of regret.

The writer of the "protest" felt some natural indignation, and the matter would probably have been carried further, but for the fact that at the same moment a serious accident overtook the Bampton lecturer, and in the sympathy felt by the whole of Oxford, the feeling which had originally dictated the pamphlet and the irritation caused by its summary suppression were both

equally merged. The returned copies were stowed away, and the incident passed out of mind.

It is with some diffidence that I bring this bygone protest in behalf of a liberal religion once more into the light of day. But "Robert Elsmere" seems to have brought me friends in America, and I have had many cordial requests to write for the American public. It will be best for me in the future to confine myself, wholly or mainly, to that type of writing which has already won a hearing. But meanwhile this "protest" is beside me; it contains all the leading thoughts of "Robert Elsmere;" and though seven years of added thought and reading stand between me and it, though the opening is crude, and the whole slight and incomplete, I am not ashamed to-day of its judgments or its aspirations. Both have become more of a commonplace now than they were when these few pages were written. Thought in England is moving fast. The labors and debates of scientific theology, which for half a century have been mainly the occupation and the interest of experts, are now beginning to penetrate the *popular* English mind as they have never done before. To judge from the Manchester Church Congress of this year, and from many recent books on religious subjects, marked by a fresh type and character, we are now fairly in the beginning of an epoch of *popularization* which may have enormous results for our religious life and institutions. It has taken fifty years of absorbing industry and exhaustive debate—Strauss's "Leben Jesu" appeared in 1835—to form in the mind of the student of to-day a picture of Christian origins, such as the student of half a century ago could not have conceived, and which by its essential and convincing truth is destined to pass, slowly perhaps, but certainly, from the few to the many. The earlier irrational view of the Old Testament is practically broken down. When bishops, deans and divinity professors join with the mass of educated lay opinion in disavowing it, the victory for the liberal side may be regarded as won. Round the New Testament our own English struggle is only beginning. Here the work of popularization is all to do. We shall not be very largely affected by those results of criticism which have been gained mainly by foreign students, working under conditions of freedom to which English theology cannot and does not wish to pretend, until those results have been assimilated, remolded and reclothed by

the English brain. We still look for an English "Leben Jesu," or an English "Urchristenthum" which shall deal with these great subjects freely and scientifically, and at the same time with a tone and accent to which English feeling can respond. Learning has no nation; the scholar is cosmopolitan; but each people has its own spiritual language, and the accumulations of the scholar must take shape in their language before they can affect the multitude. To this work of translation, so to speak, and presentation, many of those who ponder the story and the destiny of Christianity will do well to turn themselves in the years that lie before us. The religious harvest of the future is whitening on every side. *Faith* need fear nothing. There was never more of it than there is to-day in the midst of what we call our age of doubt. But the forms and agencies of faith have their vast importance in our relative world, and it is they which need change and adjustment. The Positivist exclaims against the loss of time and energy which seem to him involved in the process; the believer in the life "hid with Christ in God" replies that nothing is or can be wasted which tends to refresh the springs of action in mankind, or to kindle in the individual that force of spiritual affection and desire which alone can keep him constant to the great ideals of the race.

A PROTEST.

[ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO ATTENDED THE BAMPTON LECTURE OF SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1881.]

> "OTHERS, I doubt not, if not we,
> The issue of our toils shall see;
> And (they forgotten and unknown)
> Young children gather as their own
> The harvest that the dead had sown."

[*Extract from Syllabus of Bampton Lecture, delivered First Sunday in Lent, March* 6, 1881.—"The present unsettlement in Religion.—Its relation to the movement of civilization.—Sense of injustice often felt in a time of transition.—Book of Job.—Christ, however, connects unbelief and sin.—Moral causes of unbelief, (1) Prejudice, (2) Severe claims of religion, (3) Intellectual faults, esp. Indolence, coldness, recklessness, pride and avarice."]

The first Bampton Lecture of the present series had been expected with much interest. The character and attainments of the lecturer attracted to St. Mary's many beyond the range of

personal friends or official attendants. A syllabus had, indeed, been circulated beforehand, which, while it had rejoiced some by its promise of plain speaking, had repelled and saddened others. But even among those so repelled there were many who went to hear Mr. Wordsworth* last Sunday, believing that behind the narrowness of personal view indicated by the syllabus, there would still be visible in his lectures the learning and the religious power which he is known to possess, learning and power from which even those might profit who knew themselves to differ widely from him. To what extent this conviction may be rewarded in later lectures it is, of course, impossible to say. As far as the first lecture was concerned, at any rate, it found but small confirmation. Mr. Woodsworth delivered a sermon to which many among his senior hearers must have listened in almost equal pain and wonderment. Is this all, one asked, that a religious preacher at the centre of English intellectual activity, whose business it is to make a study of religious thought and of the religious life in man, can tell us about that great movement of the human mind against the traditional Christian theology which is to many of us the most important fact of our day and age? Does he see no further, does he understand no more than this? And, if so, whence comes a blindness so absolute and a narrowness so complete?

This must have been the first feeling of many. The second, perhaps, may have been one of willing excuse for the preacher himself. The relief of such an utterance as that of last Sunday must have been very great. The strain upon the religious position is nowadays painfully felt by those who are its pledged defenders. The dissent from orthodox opinion, amid which so many orthodox people are compelled to live, produces an inevitable irritation, to which the finest natures must at times yield. And to an orthodox clergyman, cut off by the nature of things from understanding the higher forms of what he calls "Unbe-

*As this "protest was originally called forth by a particular event, the name of an individual remains necessarily connected with it. In republishing it I would have effaced the signs in it of place and circumstance, but that the little piece of writing would so lose what actuality and life it possesses. Naturally the name of the lecturer, who is now the earnest and devoted Bishop of Salisbury, is here only as representing a moral and intellectual position. Still, if I were writing this first paragraph to-day, the expressions in it would be less emphatic. The more personal gentleness in controversy, the more hope of truth for oneself or of conviction in others,—the years bring no more penetrating lesson with them as they pass.

lief," and therefore affected by no balancing and modifying considerations, the lower forms of it are often inexpressibly trying and disquieting. If he is moreover an Oxford tutor and living much among young and immature men, he naturally sees a great deal of the purely disadvantageous and disastrous side of the loosening hold of Christian sanctions upon human life. Moral deterioration as the direct result, or at least as the marked accompaniment of changed opinions, has come more than once within his personal experience. What such deterioration proves is no more than the natural antagonism as old as humanity, between the "flesh" and the "spirit," between "the natural man" and the "things of God," but granted the orthodox standpoint, the orthodox conclusion, with all its insensibility to other aspects of the question, is yet intelligible—"unbelief is sin, and always implies the antecedent presence of moral evil in the unbeliever."

It may indeed be remembered that the Bampton Lecturer of last Sunday has had a far wider experience than this open to him had he chosen to use it. This University might have supplied him with types of unorthodox belief of a very different character from the jejune and reckless free-thinking of the self-indulgent undergraduate or young fellow. There are men in our midst, some of whom are probably well known to each one of us, in whom the highest points of Christian character are combined with a slowly-formed and firmly-held conviction of the hollowness of the claims made by the popular Christianity upon the reasonable faith of men. But to the preoccupied controversialist, burning with what he believes to be a supernatural message, and honestly indignant with all that stands in the way of its reception, such lives are either practically unknown for lack of understanding faculty on his side, or if he is in any way able to appreciate them, they represent to him a mystery which like so many other orthodox "mysteries" he does not allow to trouble his modes of argument. In this way only can such a sermon as this of Mr. Wordsworth's be understood. On the one hand, a mind in passionate possession of a half-truth, entirely convinced, that is to say, of the frequent connection between low standards of character and unorthodox beliefs; on the other hand a practical incapacity for understanding, or for admitting into the argument, the related and equally demonstrable truth, of the frequent connection between the *highest*

standards of character and this same order of beliefs; here are the two factors in this strange result. Such an intellectual temper is obviously not to be reasoned with. It will find the Nemesis which follows upon all sacrifices of the greater truth to the lesser, upon all failures in intelligence and in sympathy. But it is scarcely to be directly argued against—even if such an argument were not, in theological controversy, a slaying of the slain.

It will be well, however, while the impression of Mr. Wordsworth's sermon is still fresh upon us, to endeavor to make plain to ourselves what kind of lives these are which his theory of unbelief and sin professes to explain to us. It is quite evident to the Bampton Lecturer that unorthodox belief is a kind of practical arm-chair philosophy adopted for very sufficient practical reasons. A man finds the exercise of his religion inconvenient and uncomfortable. It asks too much from weak human nature. Not only its ideal demands but the conditions of its every-day maintenance are too hard. The undergraduate or the young fellow, absorbed in the quiet and comfort of college rooms, is apt to find an easy chair and a book more attractive than college chapel. At the same time a clever man finds himself called upon to acknowledge that cleverness is of infinitely less worth than godliness and that there are many things in the world which are not open to him to judge, but which have been judged for him already; and against concessions of this kind vanity rebels. In Mr. Wordsworth's eyes it is all so delightfully simple. Self-indulgence, vanity,—in these two words may be summed up the whole great change which all around us is writing its indelible mark upon human society.

Perhaps in the place of the direct argument we have no taste for attempting, it may be permitted to us to place beside the description thus confidently given of the genesis of unbelief, sketches of two types of life. The types may be verified by each one of us who will take the trouble to question his own experience sufficiently closely; to deny that they exist is only to put the denier out of court. The majority of orthodox people at the present day are in fact prepared to admit, however reluctantly, the existence in ever increasing numbers of the first type. They will be more inclined perhaps to question the accuracy of the second. But as with bodily so with intellectual features—the sitter is not always the best

judge of his own likeness. In the first place, however, let us endeavor to define what "unbelief," on its intellectual side, really means. It means a particular way of judging a series of documents and events, a particular view of the nature of historical evidence, or of the qualities of historical testimony in given ages of human development. Since the Christian system is a vast historical product depending upon innumerable historical records, "unbelief," which is a particular mode of judging this system, must, intellectually speaking, be a matter of literary and critical judgment. The Christian problem, as the world is now beginning to understand, is first and foremost a literary problem. *A priori,* for instance, there is no tenable argument against miracles, but a wider literary and historical experience shows us how they arise, and that in certain states of human development they always do and must arise. To assume a power of judging the popular Christianity from inside, from the standpoint of intuition and "spiritual certainty," without a knowledge of its relations and conditions as a great literary and historical problem, is to hide one's head in the sand. It may be desirable that the mass of mankind, who have no gift for unraveling literary problems, should continue to hide their heads in the sand, but the fact remains, and cannot be seriously disputed. The Christian question is a question of documents, of minute and intricate series of facts, of a long course of historical development, on the one side of doctrine, on the other of organization—matters all of them for the trained literary critic, to be judged in the temper and by the methods now universally applied to similar classes of fact. Here, however, Mr. Wordsworth would join issue with us. The Christian problem, he would say, is indeed to a large extent a literary problem, but it is *not* to be judged "in the temper and by the methods now universally applied to other classes of fact." We must in reality address ourselves to it in a spirit wholly unique and peculiar. Reason, indeed, is the only instrument by which we can intellectually apprehend anything. Reason must therefore be our instrument in this case, but in this problem alone of all problems success is impossible unless reason is re-enforced by feeling, unless we *hope* to find an affirmative answer to the question, "Is orthodox Christianity true?" Unless, that is, we enter upon the investigation with our minds

already half made up, and powerfully affected by those passions of love and fear which the philosophies of all ages have endeavored to exclude from the processes of argument, failure, *i. e.*, a negative answer, is probable, and to this failure moral evil will attach. It is to be accounted for by some form of sin, by pride, by indolence, by selfishness and worldliness of temper, and so on.

How does such an assumption fit with the actual processes of intellectual and spiritual development going on around us? Let us suppose that two young men of similar gifts and position in life are entering upon manhood and taking their places in this University. Both perhaps have been brought up in religious homes, and both are reverent and high-minded, clinging with unquestioning loyalty and fidelity to the ideals and the doctrines they have been trained to accept. In both the inner life is real and active, and Christianity a fact of no merely inherited and traditional significance. A, however, has perhaps been rather more subjected to literary influences than C, and he is naturally of a more fearless and positive temper, inclined to liberalism in politics, boyishly ardent for reforms as such, and in love very likely with certain special social and administrative projects within the hearing of which he has been brought up. He has the curiosity to boot, which is the natural accompaniment of youth and untried abilities. Turn him into a library and it is his eager desire to explore these books with their famous titles, and so to gather round the great names which meet his eye and ear perpetually in his new University life, the ideas which belong to them. The world of books, which perhaps throughout a healthy and conscientious school life has been of little comparative importance to him, becomes now absorbingly real and attractive. He learns how to read and he begins to think. If he has the literary, as distinct from the more strictly scientific bias, he will be variously tempted by all kinds of reading, by history, by criticism, by poetry. For a long time his reading is a mere matter of curiosity and enjoyment to him. He is too untrained to be able to deduce any general ideas from it, and it has little or no effect upon the body of habits he has inherited from home training. His Sunday is spent as he believes his home people would wish him to spend it, and the religious services of a University town are full of interest and pleasure for him. The world indeed for him, is full of interest and variety, of genius and of goodness, and the moment

for attempting to explain it has not yet come. It is enough merely to explore and to enjoy.

But the process of assimilation goes on, and the boy grows into the man. The reading for Responsions and for Moderations is exchanged for the reading for Greats. Meanwhile, during his leisure time and in vacations, he has been accumulating a great stock of miscellaneous ideas and impressions from books, and in the course of this accumulation the mind has been growing and the intellectual faculty hardening. The period of comparison arrives for him, as it arrives for nations and for sciences. His knowledge has to be sifted, to be put in order, to be penetrated with ideas, to take its place in relation to life and in relation to religious belief. The process of this new intellectual operation is slow and often half conscious. But as he follows it he becomes for the first time *really* alive to a fact which had been up till now a mere shadow to him. It becomes strikingly plain to him that there are large numbers of persons in the present, and that there have been large numbers of persons in the past, of many of whom he knows that he cannot pretend to be the equal either in character or ability, who are wholly unprepared to accept the particular explanation of the facts of the world and human life which he has been taught to regard as essential. Once made aware of these fundamental diversities of view, they become to him for a time the overmastering fact.

They are forced upon him by his Greats reading ; they appear to him in books and subjects, which he had handled of old in light-hearted unconsciousness. And then comes the question, so right, so inevitable, "If there are so many ways of thinking, is it possible, is it probable that my way of thinking is the only right one?" But he remembers that it is not his way of thinking only. Orthodox Anglicanism has been fortified by much writing, by the energies of many lives, by the growth of a long tradition. Burdened with his first doubts, he betakes himself to the aids of Christian fellowship, to the resources of his home ties, to the supports of Christian worship. And these for a time suffice, his unbelief appears to him a sin to be striven against, and the questions so long preparing, and in reality so irresistible, are for a time driven back. But the force of slowly-matured powers and accumulated circumstances is not to be so neutralized. In such a mood as he has now reached he might have fled into the mountains with

St. Benedict, and so crushed for ever the perilous questionings. But modern life has to be faced and cannot be escaped as could the life of the fifth century. The struggle returns, inevitably returns by the mere progress of life and thought. His intellectual training, this keen and varied instrument he has been for so long unconsciously maturing, begins to work, whether he will or no, upon the whole field of philosophical ideas; it has perfected itself upon a succession of literary problems—it attacks now, whether he will or no, the great literary problem of Christianity. It matters little whether he gives the process direct encouragement. In all probability he refrains from reading books which he knows would harass his religious belief. But the belief is, notwithstanding, harassed and strained perpetually. In his historical and philosophical reading, in the incidents of every-day life, in newspapers, in periodicals, in sermons above all, the inner disturbance finds incessant aggravation. At last a question of authorship, an attempt to sift some half-legendary material, or to estimate the value of a given writer's testimony, under certain ascertained conditions of time and place, will suddenly lead him direct by the natural transitions of thought, into comparisons, into analogies and inferences, from which, after long pondering, he awakes to find a new, and as it seems to him, bewildering and terrible light breaking upon life. Thenceforward it is of little importance how the change thus initiated is carried on, whether he undertakes an elaborate examination into the claims of orthodox Christianity, or whether the detachment from his early beliefs remain still indirect and gradual in operation. In the end the Time Spirit conquers, and long before his triumph is acknowledged to the soul, the Christian religion is dumbly felt to have been drawn within the circle of scientific inquiry, and to have been there stript of its peculiar pretensions. When full recognition of the altered state of things arrives, it brings with it the no longer avoidable confession that the whole vast system of dogmatic Christianity, with all its lovely and imposing associations, is but one of many systems that human nature has in turn framed for its shelter and support, that like all other theologies the world has seen, it is the product of human needs and human skill.

What follows? Inevitably a time of struggle and of blankness, when all ths landmarks of life and conduct appear to waver, and

the bitterness of lost certainty makes itself abundantly felt. Is the Christian's happy certainty of an ideal purpose in this life and an ideal justice in the next indeed a delusion ? Is there really no rest in God, no peace in Christ ? Has the gracious figure of Galilee and of Calvary in reality no significance different in kind from that which attaches to the other heroic and tender figures which have illumined human history ? Is there indeed no certainty of our whence, no news of our whither ? Is death the end ? And if so, of what unrelenting power are we the bruised and helpless playthings ?

But if the mind we have been describing is of temper fine enough to bear the strain, its history will not end here. With some men less richly dowered by nature with the religious gift, such a crisis would lead to an attitude of pure agnosticism, and life would be to them henceforward confessedly inexplicable. In matters of conduct they would claim to be guided by the aggregate experience of civilized mankind, and according to the relative degrees of moral cultivation or moral sensitiveness in each case, this experience would represent a higher or a lower standard. In poetry, in human relationships, in natural beauty, they would look for the soothing or stimulating forces necessary for the sustenance of moral life at all. But in the case we have been considering we have been dealing throughout with a strongly religious temperament, combined with a keen and honest intellectual faculty. The intellect has now had its satisfaction, but the needs of the inner life become only the more pressing. It is dimly felt that in work, in unselfishness, in charity, may be found the bridge from the present chaos to some surer spiritual ground. Some hard intellectual task, helped forward by homely self-denial and varied by some quiet work of charity or public usefulness is accordingly undertaken. Life and thought flow on, blindly and painfully often, but by patient effort, by resolute sincerity, the soul is slowly nearing its appointed goal. Months or years may pass, but the end is not the less sure. To the heart that has been darkened by the eclipse of old ideals, God, the Highest Ideal, at last reveals Himself. In a region far removed from the trains of thought and argument which had broken down for him the claims of received opinions ; far out of reach of all questions of criticism and exegesis, of historical development and historical method, the soul rises to the source of Love,

of Truth, of Beauty, and finds consolation. There are difficulties here, indeed, which the intellect allows and faces. But in the high region of philosophic possibilities, such a nature as we have imagined embraces the possibility which satisfies it most deeply, and this possibility will be—God.

Here, then, at last is rest and permanence. For this is ground which has never been and never can be successfully attacked. God cannot be proved from outside, but neither can He be disproved. No perfecting of the historical method, no comparative handling of religions, can cut the ground from under this faith. Other men, he feels, are free to disbelieve it. But he feels also with joy unspeakable that he is free to believe it, and the kernel of the inner life thus saved, he begins to construct its whole anew.

And as the reconstruction proceeds he recovers all that is permanent in Christianity. He finds again the Master, no longer disguised from him by the veils whether of ignorant love or of intellectual subtlety, but living, true, intelligible, the man Christ Jesus. He makes the name of Christian his own once more, and will assert his right to it no less passionately than reasonably. In the present and in the future he looks for a regenerate Christian society, purified by submission to the Divine education of the world, but as fervent and as high-minded as of old. Meanwhile life is summed up for him in two relations, his relation to God, and his relation to this ideal Christian society. "*In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust,*" expresses the spirit of the first, while the second, which contains his practical every-day life, with its work, its charities, its tolerances, will be regulated and inspired by words long known to him and now infinitely widened in meaning, "*This do in remembrance of me.*"

But while the Christian passion in its purest form thus revives in him, it leads him to make no compromise with truth. If miracles, however innocently manufactured, are untrue in fact and misleading in philosophy, if the Creeds, therefore, are a mere collection of propositions, venerable for their antiquity and associations, but in no way binding on the enlightened conscience; if the Bible represents an important section of the religious life of mankind, but a section only, to be handled and judged like other sections,—he will endeavor to let these truths also, secondary as they are, express themselves in his life. He will

not profess to belong to a Church which, by its accredited officers and accepted formulæ, regards the Creeds and the miracles as the essential basis of Christian belief. The loss of common worship he will feel simply and seriously as a loss and a privation, but it will appear to him his duty to bear it. Only by perfect sincerity, by such consistency as it is in his power to reach, can he advance the future he desires. The development he traces in himself he believes and knows to be progressing in many other hearts. By and by will come the time for union and for action. Meanwhile he will not betray the cause of Truth, which is the cause of every child about him for whom the new world is to be framed, by joining in any dream of compromise or any premature schemes of Church Reform, the object of which may be to obscure and reconcile differences which seem to him—at the present moment in the world's history—vital. The differences must be felt, must be acknowledged; the ground must be cleared, then may come the re-building.

Now let us put beside this type of character so real, so increasingly frequent among us, another type not less real, and very much more frequent.

In the case of C the balance of temperament is perhaps slightly different. The whole man is a little slower and more timid than in the case of A. Instead of a bias toward change, there is a natural bias against it, strengthened, perhaps, by the circumstances of home life, by the politics of his family or of his circle. At the same time he has considerable intellectual power, and his career at school, or at college, will, for a while, be scarcely distinguishable in main outlines from that of A. He has very much the same religious opinions as A, for a time neither more nor less strongly held. And he too has to pass under the yoke, has to endure the questioning of the modern spirit which cannot now be escaped by any average intelligence. Again, we have disturbance and recoil, but the disturbance is less great, and the recoil, speaking broadly, is permanent. From the beginning those who knew him might have prophesied the worsting of the scientific instinct by the religious in case of conflict. All his natural timidity and conservatism re-enforces the religious side, and the result is never really doubtful. The risks on all hands of free scientific inquiry are felt to be too great, the mind cannot face them, and the conscience is soon taught that there is no need to face

them. Orthodox friends are at hand to assure him that the inquiry is itself sinful, and that to make it is merely to waste the forces of his moral and spiritual life. Can he expect to reach a higher and a wider truth than has been reached by those about him whom he has been taught from his childhood to respect and revere? Before, therefore, he has even grasped the elementary conditions of the problem, the young man consciously takes his stand for orthodoxy. Thenceforward nothing is less free to him than thought. Intellectual activity indeed of many kinds, thanks to the vastness of human knowledge, is still open to him, within the strictest limits of orthodoxy.

The mind becomes learned in many things having once consented to be ignorant of some, and with the compromise the whole man is more than content. Upon any inquiry into disputed points, if such inquiry is ever forced upon him by the course of his future life, he will enter in the spirit inculcated by Mr. Wordsworth, that is to say, in the strong hope, or rather in the practical certainty of finding the particular answer he desires. A soldier might as well go to battle having first deliberately disarmed.

With what subtlety and passion, with what delicate ingenuity, the conservative temper whether in religion or politics, once adopted, may be fed from within and without, till all opposed to it becomes a mere shadow or vexation, the history of the world can testify. But neither passion nor ingenuity can alter the fact, or stay truth. The man who cherishes it to the stunting and dwarfing of other powers in him than the religious, has his reward, but he has also his punishment. Arrived at maturity, perhaps landed safely in Holy Orders, he is no longer able to read a critical book with fairness and intelligence, or to understand any but the coarsest aspects of the liberal and scientific school of thought. He is like a man who has lost his sense. In old days it may have been "I will not accept such and such a conclusion," now it is quite naturally, "I cannot." The power of free judgment and appreciation is gone, and he rejoices in its departure. Such a power is only compatible with "unbelief," and "unbelief is sin:" sin, not only in himself, in the only case of which he truly knows the history, but sin in all other cases, in men of whom he knows nothing within or without but the one bare fact of their "opinions."

This is a view which once adopted will often give great per-

sonal relief to a good man sorely troubled by the religious prospects of the present day, and as life goes on, like many other orthodox formulæ it will receive perpetual "confirmation." The holder of it interprets by its aid the careless and self-indulgent life of a free-thinking friend or pupil. Every moral lapse in the case of such a man has a niche in the orthodox scheme. It proves what it is asked to prove, and of any other kind of proof, in a particular range of subjects, the observer has long trained himself to take no heed. Human nature is happily illogical, and with what sweetness and gentleness of personal character such a view is compatible we all know. The loss of power to translate it into tyrannical action has led in God's teaching of the world to the loss of desire so to translate it. But not the less does such a position represent a spiritual evil and defect, not the less is it a danger and an obstacle to the harmonious growth of human society. To the man holding it, understanding of A's life is henceforth impossible. He could not understand it if he would. If he is ever brought intimately across him in such a way as to be made to feel his nobility and purity of nature, he will dismiss the problem of his life as one of those mysteries with which a Christian is not bound to meddle. God knows best for what purpose evil is sometimes endowed with such fair outer semblance, but that unorthodox opinions are themselves sin, and spring from sin, is an explanation of the puzzles of the day so interwoven with all his habits of thought that repeated experiences of the kind will make little or no impression upon him. He has darkened his own eyes, and the good he is incapable of perceiving passes him by, to make its due impression in the Divine purpose on other souls less closely barred against it.

Such lives as we have described under the head of A are known to all of us. They are known, indeed, to men of the Bampton Lecturer's persuasion. But by others they are not only known but understood. Young hearts still open and generous can be fired by their devotion, by their unworldliness, by their width of cultivation and of sympathy. Older men in whom the religious sense properly so called has not been dulled or overlaid by controversy or by dogmatic zeal are drawn to them, and are able to acknowledge the Divine Presence in them, across whatever differences of creed or practice. In the stir of towns, in college rooms, in quiet country houses, an increasing number of such lives are lived amongst

us year by year. Silently, but surely, they are preparing us for a new religious order. Misunderstood on both sides, on the scientific as well as on the religious, they are, nevertheless, children of the new household of faith, first-fruits of that new Garden of the Lord whose scheme and plan is even now visible among us. Their presence betokens the first stirrings of a religious movement, which has given many premonitory, and as it has often seemed abortive, signs, but which is now truly upon us, and of which no one can foresee the results. When shall this stir become visible activity and progression? When shall we see the rise of that simpler Christian society which will achieve what the present Christian society on the showing of its own defenders is daily failing to achieve, the recovery of the religious spirit in modern life? The materials are ready, the forces to be employed are daily ranging themselves more clearly. On the one hand the Time Spirit representing whether in the ignorant or in the wise the accumulated labor of generations, the spread of a truer historical sense, the conquests of the critical method—on the other, the eternal and undying need of the human soul for religion, for God. On the continent where the current Christianity has failed far more conspicuously than it has yet failed in England, rational religion is felt on all hands to be the one crying and desperate need. How to provide it may be said to have become the problem of statesmen. Between Materialism and Ultramontanism, where is the third course which society must find? Can it be maintained now, as it was in some sense maintained in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism, Anglican, Dissenting or Lutheran, is in a condition to offer this third course to European thought? We all know, if we will be candid with ourselves and our experience, that it cannot. Protestantism is in worse case philosophically, and has infinitely less chance with the modern world than the Catholicism it displaced.

No. This *via salutis* so ardently desired can be reached in one way only—by making just and equal provision for the two guiding forces of human nature, the force of reason and that spiritual force which we call faith. Protestantism in a younger stage of European society professed to make such a provision, and for a time it succeeded admirably. But we now see that the success of the sixteenth century was nothing more than a step in an inevitable journey. We have reached the end of a long and toil-

some stage, and already the disclosures of the next are rising dimly before the imagination of many of us. We see a Christian Church bound together by simple observances, by a rite of entrance such as was the primitive rite of Christian baptism, by a ceremony of membership which will be the Christian breaking of bread, and by such links of religious custom as may best meet the practical needs of our modern life. The creed of such a Church would be practically summed up in the two sayings we have already quoted as guiding the two-fold course of an individual life:

In thee, O Lord, or *In Thee, O Eternal, have I put my trust.*
And again:

This do in remembrance of me.

Trust or faith,—memory, or love,—these will be the springs of the future as they have been the springs of the past. But the Church of the future will demand a stronger trust from its members than is demanded by what we call orthodox Christianity. It will demand a trust in God, independent of all "schemes of revealed religion," independent even of all certainty of an immortal life, a trust absolute, complete, and unreserved. Such a faith will be called upon to meet suffering and death, without any confident assurance—whatever be its inmost hope*—of the "many mansions" in the Father's house, and it will be called upon to meet life and its perplexities without any cut and dried formulæ of explanation. But in life and death it will find God, and God will suffice it. In daily submission to His will as it has been slowly revealed in human history, and written in the human conscience, in daily communion with Him through all that is highest and noblest in human thought, it will find the stay which nothing else can give. But it will not belie its own nature by asking of God a special and artificial instead of a natural and universal Revelation, nor will it attempt to serve Him by ignorance of His own laws of life and thought.

* "But what, you ask me,"—said Elsmere once, in a speech to the New Brotherhood, which no biographer has reported,—"is the individual hope under such a system of thought? Because of the resurrection of Christ, the Christian looks forward to a continuance of personality beyond death. He sees the supposed fact undermined with terror, because he imagines that the dearest hope of humanity perishes with it. Not so! That hope rests on no uncertain testimony of unknown witnesses to a single past fact. It rests for us, like our faith in God, on the whole of the present—on the whole of the past. Look with me into such dying eyes as those I watched yesterday! [The allusion is probably to the speaker's friend and helper, the little gas-fitter, Charles Richards.] Tremble with me before that last divine thing—a man's conquest of pain and agony and fear, at the moment of death, that he may pour all the poor

And to the force of trust in a Divine Goodness will be added the inspiring memory of human love and human heroism. *This do, in remembrance of me*,—not in mystical non-natural remembrance, but in simple practical remembrance of actual human suffering and actual human words. In the memory of Christ will be summed up the memory of all who have lived or died in his spirit since history began. But for us of the modern European world which has been molded by Christianity, the name of Jesus of Nazareth must always remain the most powerful and effective symbol at once of man's aspiration to God, and God's victory in man. To break altogether with the Christian tradition, is, for those who cherish the spiritual life at all, an impossibility. To endeavor to do so in the case of any new organization would show not only spiritual insensibility but ignorance of the main lessons of life and history. The problem is how to replace Christianity of one type by Christianity of another. The Christianity of the future is stirring throughout Europe. It is comparatively formless and voiceless, but form and voice must come. There is a day of revealing which arrives sooner or later for "the thoughts of many hearts," and when that revealing comes, it will bring action and energy with it.

Of the practical aims of such a Church as we have thus roughly

remaining energies of the soul into a thought for another, into gratitude, into a sublime trust. *There* is your hope! Millions of years the universe has labored for the evolution of that conquest, that sublimity of trust. All life, all civilization have existed for one end only, the evolution, the perfecting, the training of what we call the soul—of the moral life of man. The making of the soul—the self-realization of God—there, for the believer, is the purpose of the world. But a man has no soul till he has grasped and made his own some fragment of the Divine life. Evil has no permanence, no reality. It is one of the incidents of that vast but fugitive process by which the higher consciousness of man has been fashioned, and that Beauty which is Truth and Love has been made manifest amid the broken shows of the world. As to the future, we cannot draw for you the fashion of the City of God; we can only bid you possess yourselves of a hope which is the eternal heritage of man. That hope can only grow in you, gradually, as you are worthy of it. Live the life of love, patience and reason,—and suddenly, through your utmost gloom, your extremest doubt, there will penetrate those visitings of God, that incommunicable certainty of life in Him which will be to you what the belief in the material resurrection was to St. Paul. After days of toil, of wholesome effort for yourself and others, of justice towards your neighbor, there will come the moment of *vision* which will reward, illumine all.

> "*Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part.*
> *And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes*
> *In recognition start!*

"And after that vision, though your actual knowledge will be no greater, your *trust* will be invincible. It will inspire you through life; it will carry you, as it carried Jesus, through death."

outlined, this is not the place to speak. How strong a force it might be in social progress, in the combat with physical and moral evil, all of us can imagine. On each side of it there would be large sections of men influenced by other ideas, and guided by other faiths. On one side there would always be a certain number of minds disinclined to any positive solution whatever of the religious difficulty; on the other, there is little prospect of any speedy decline of the principle of authority, which in one shape or another is an essential factor in human history. But for a great intermediate mass of intelligent and craving mankind such a new Christian organization would provide shelter and working ground, and we should see our children spared the waste of spiritual power, the dissipation and wreck of religious feeling, which has too often marked the inevitable struggle of the present.

Meanwhile it is well that such sermons as that delivered by Mr. Wordsworth, should by their mere inadequacy draw attention from time to time to the true nature of some modern "unbelief." More harm is done to rational religion by less plain speaking. The orthodox case, put as the Bampton lecturer put it, has only to be stated to be refuted by the most powerful of all arguments—experience.

MARY A. WARD.

FALSE MODESTY IN READERS.

THERE are thousands upon thousands of playgoers—excellent and useful members of the community—who are too liberal and well balanced to fear contamination from seeing a drama acted, yet would shrink with horror from any contact with the world behind the scenes. Henry S. Leigh, author of the graceful "Carols of Cockayne," hits off a type of this class in his lines entitled "Behind the Scenes":

> "I was a youngster at the time,
> Just verging on my teens,
> And fancied that it must be 'prime'
> To go *behind the scenes.*
> I ventured to express the same
> In quite a candid way,
> And shock'd my aunt—a sober dame,
> Though partial to the play."

Does not the attitude of such people figure pretty fairly that of many readers, who are pleased with a work of fiction so long as it presents a certain artificial resemblance to life, but begin to clamor against it if they find that it is too nearly true to actual human existence? They do not want a novel to be too real, too outspoken—especially when it deals with vicious or immoral actions. They know perfectly well that such actions constantly occur in the world; that these actions are gross, abominable and unmitigated, when contemplated as actual facts; but they do not like to have this truth brought out plainly in fiction. They want to have the fiction seem very nearly like life; yet, to please them, it must ignore a good deal. It must preserve for them the illusion, for the time being, that human life makes rather a fine show, and is an interesting, exciting spectacle—amusing or pathetic, as the case may be—but never really vulgar or hideous to excess. In a word, they do not wish, in reading a novel, to go "behind the scenes." Yet, in their own careers,

their own histories—their personal gossip about public men, acquaintances, and even friends—are they not constantly going there? Why, then, do they object to doing so in fiction?

Their objection to going behind the scenes of a theatre is based, partly, in addition to the fear of losing their illusion, upon the current belief that there is a more than average tendency to immorality among actors. Without discussing the correctness of that belief, we may remark that the dread of going behind the scenes of life, in a novel, seems to rest *not* upon a belief, but upon positive knowledge, that much immorality will be found there. It is said that to explore and discuss this immorality is contaminating; that it has the same effect as actual association with low or criminal people. On grounds of public policy, it is better not to make these things public; the influence of such explorations or discussions on children and young people will be bad, and therefore they should be condemned, etc. But is the influence, in truth, any more damaging than that of sermons from the pulpit treating of the same subjects, but in a manner so vague, pallid and remote as to be, for all practical purposes, ineffectual. The arguments against open representation, and, consequently, debate of immorality, rest upon the assumption that the less a bad thing is talked about, the more likely it is to be cured or eradicated. But we know that in fact this is not true. Political corruptionists, for example, would like to have us believe it, and so leave their practices undisturbed in the dark. But publicity is essential to reform. So, too, gambling and drunkenness are freely discussed, and the latter vice may be depicted as vividly as you please in novels, without exciting remonstrance. Only sexual passion, it seems, must not be considered in its erratic, abnormal or injurious phases, although this passion is the most potent of all in the world, is at the very basis of life, and, when it degenerates into vice or lawlessness, is the most dangerous, the most destructive force to which character and happiness can be exposed. Why should this chief element in the problem of human existence and society alone be ignored?

Because, say the advocates of arbitrary restriction, it is immodest to talk or write about it. Twenty years ago, the subject of house-drainage could not with propriety be discussed among people of refinement in this country. The progress of sanitary science made its discussion a necessity. And, finding that it was wiser to

talk of these things than ignorantly to die from dirt and foul gases, intelligent people of refinement learned that there was no immodesty in openly considering improved drains, traps, and "flushing" systems. The greater part of our rural population is still so falsely delicate that, in this respect, it lives in a condition of uncleanness worse than that of savages; and Southerners apparently prefer to perish of yellow fever, and attribute their death to a "germ," rather than to speak of the cause as filth and remove the same.

Now, as to the delicacy of discussing the morals involved in questions of sexual passion, how did the censors of fiction obtain their ideas respecting modesty and immodesty? Was it not by observation, or experience, or instruction? They were all, at one time, innocent and ignorant young people. Have the observation, experience, or instruction by which they gained their knowledge corrupted them? Not necessarily. They would be the first to deny it. Why, then, must other young people necessarily be corrupted in gaining such knowledge partly from novels?

One thing is very curious. Men and women will go and sit together at a play, where subjects and complications are represented which they would not ordinarily converse about together, and no harm is either done or suspected. This is permissible, because the drama is—by original nature and intention, at least—a work of art, having an improving aim, and must, therefore, be allowed a freedom which, if habitual in the conversation of the two sexes, would doubtless lead to blunted sensibilities and eventual indelicacy. But the same men and women will take violent exception to the same situations, themes and modes of treatment, when met with in a novel, which they tolerated or even approved in the play. Indignant men and women also diligently read novels which have been proclaimed as improper, and then freely compare notes about them, discuss them, and join in condemning them.

The point presents itself: If such books are immodest, is it not immodest for the sexes to talk them over in this way? The censors who do it should in justice be estopped from blaming the authors. Modesty and decency are, at best, relative. The association of men and women in bathing costume on the sea-beach may be entirely harmless, but would be clearly indecent, accord-

ing to our ideas, in a drawing-room. Yet in a ball-room ladies may expose a considerable part of their persons without contravening polite custom; whereas if men were to denude themselves to the same extent, in the same place, the ladies would fly from the room with their modesty shocked.

I contend, too, that those ladies who, at the seashore calmly criticise the shortness of other ladies' bathing-skirts, and make no scruple of doing so in the presence of their male friends, are guilty of an immodesty from which the sensible action of the other women, who use short skirts for bathing, is quite free. The common gossip, also, of even good society is, in its suggestiveness, its pruriency, its lingering over unsavory topics, more against decency and good morals than most of the really indecent, or any of the falsely called indecent, novels ever published.

There is a Law of Silence in the code of good and pure manners, founded on a strong instinct in human nature, which forbids too much reference to certain things. The same law must obtain to some extent in art. The one difficulty is to determine how far it shall be applied, and in what manner. We may safely say that when an author dwells persistently on the grosser elements of human nature or sexual passion, without fine, justifying moral or artistic purpose; or appears to gloat over diseased passion; or lingers morbidly upon unclean details; he has passed the bounds of propriety common to both art and manners, and is a subject for more or less reproof. Zola, Ouida and George Moore do this. Alphonse Daudet has been guilty of it in "Sappho," Théophile Gautier in "Mlle. De Maupin," and so have many others. But our amateur censors, with their rickety, uncertain and inconsistent standards of false modesty, are not qualified to apply the test at all. Either the Bible, to them, must be a corrupting book, or else they are hopelessly inconsistent if they defend it as being fit to read. This false modesty results from a mistaken method of bringing up children—especially girls—and is far more dangerous and insidious than a frank and healthy-minded contemplation of even dubious literature, for the reason that it rests upon hypocrisy, error and deceit.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

MISREPRESENTATION IN CONGRESS.

It has been cynically said that the first and most darling ambition of the budding statesman is to introduce a bill changing the constitution. But the ridicule, as thus expressed, should not debar a careful consideration of its necessities.

At the present moment the House is in a deadlock. While I sit in my seat I notice how one man is able to block the legislation of the whole country, and a singular reflection crosses my mind as to whether our national government is not less representative than we sometimes imagine it to be. For instance, is it not an absolute denial of the rights of the people, what is occurring now? Here is a large majority of the house desirous of expressing their views in one form or another upon the Oklahoma and the Union Pacific Funding bills,—measures affecting countless numbers of people and vast interests—and yet one man holds them in check, obstructing also all other kinds of legislation for the transaction of which three hundred and twenty-four other members were sent here.

Last session again thirty members retarded action for eight days on the Direct Tax Bill. Thus, by the perfectly legitimate use of the rules the popular will can be overridden. Now, this difficulty can be met by a change of these rules, but there is another matter, to the consideration of which it directly leads up, and which is far more important, namely, whether the House of Representatives can itself be justly considered a strictly representative body.

At the present moment nearly half of its members will not sit in the Fifty-first Congress, yet here they are, only prevented by the deadlock from passing laws for the country, while those who have been chosen in their stead have to wait *thirteen* months before they can voice the changed sentiments that have elected them.

Suppose, to take an imaginary case, New York City, in response to some crying need of reform, had returned eight new

members representing that necessity? Suppose that necessity were a burning one, a starving question, so to speak; why, before the popular demand could make itself heard, the constituencies would have had time to die of starvation about a hundred times, for the day when the new members would naturally take their seats would be thirteen months later on. Between the time of their election and that of taking their seats, too, would intervene the second session of the old Congress, which we are now in, where the eight old members would yet be sitting, representing antagonistic principles, and therefore, if sincere, naturally prone to render nugatory and retard measures that might come up touching the issues on which they had been defeated. Thus the eight old conservative members would be voting conservatively in spite of their constituencies crying for reform, and nine months' delay after their retirement would elapse before the new members met.

To obviate this nine months' delay, you say the President can call an extra session. But suppose the popular view, as expressed by the vote, is not in harmony with his political creed or leaning. Take President Cleveland's case, and cast his message on the tariff back to a time contemporaneous with the Forty-ninth Congress instead of the Fiftieth, is it likely that he would have called an extra session of a Congress that would meet only to repudiate that policy? Indeed, the truer man he is, the more convinced of the righteousness of his cause, the less likely would he be to order its death knell. Therefore the extra session is not always a safeguard, and can only be so when the new Congress comes in and is in harmony with a new administration.

Again is it logical to expect the same attention and interest in the second session of their terms on the part of Congressmen who have thus been superseded? Is it not in human nature for them to experience a feeling of soreness—of bitterness, or at least a lack of interest? Yet here they sit making laws, or if they desire, blocking legislation; this last not alone by voting against any particular measure, but possibly in a spirit of silent indifference by simply abstaining from voting.

When A's name is called and he, a defeated candidate, votes aye or no, what is the meaning of that vote? Logically he ought to vote against his convictions, for it is supposedly because of his convictions that he has not been returned. His vote, therefore, from a representative standpoint if strictly analyzed, is a falsity,

for it represents nothing but his individual opinion, and if it is given contrary to his convictions it is worse. Every such vote might easily become a nail in the coffin of popular institutions. And even now a democrat records a democratic vote on measures when his constituency has gone republican, and vice versa. To consider such men as representative is a contradiction of terms—a Chinese kind of representation, for they only represent views that have been exploded.

Now, that the smoke and dust of the last election has subsided, it is well to consider this matter, or frankly to confess that our reason for continuing the system is that in our hearts we dread the voice of the people and have no objection to throwing an impediment in their way whenever we can do so surreptitiously.

Again, the importance of the short session, as it is called, must not be measured by its brevity. In the pressure of the long session many of the most important bills are matured and then for lack of time only come up for action in the second. Yet these bills must be voted on by repudiated members. Besides, many important bills that have passed both Houses towards the close of the long session, are not, for the same lack of time, signed by the President. If ten days elapse without his signature they become laws with one proviso, viz., that Congress does not adjourn in the meantime. In that event they not only lose their place on the calendar, but are null and void *ab initio*, and have to be re-enacted.

Thus we see that the rules of the House enable its deliberations to be impeded by one man, and further that in its composition being only strictly representative during one session out of two, this House is but a semi-popular body.

Now, of the many measures introduced with a view to meet the last difficulty, the joint resolution of Mr. Crain, of Texas, is one. This would have Congress assemble each year on the first Monday in January.

I copy from the report of the Select Committee having the subject in charge:

The primary object sought to be accomplished by the ratification of this amendment is to change the time fixed for the commencement and termination of the official term of members of the House of Representatives. The necessity for such change is obvious from a consideration of the evils which flow from our present system of representation.

"The House chosen in November does not begin its work for thirteen months after its election, although its members draw their salaries from the 4th of March next succeeding. For nine months there is no Speaker of the House; before its members have served their full term their successors are chosen; the certain determination of the second session at 12, meridian, on the 4th of March often prevents the passage of important measures, either from lack of time, as in the case of the deficiency bill at the second session of the Forty-ninth Congress, or because the President has not had an oportunity to examine them, as happened with the river and harbor bill at the close of the same session. The efficiency of Representatives during the short session is sometimes impaired because they have failed of re-election; Representatives are chosen upon issues which may have been settled when they came to the Capitol to enter actively upon the performance of their duties; the people in many instances are not represented by the men whom they have to represent them, but defeated candidates hold over, and the month of December in the first session is practically wasted by the House on account of the holiday adjournments.

"Should the proposed amendment be adopted the members of the House elected in November would have about sixty days in which to receive their certificates of election, to prepare for contests, to arrange their private affairs in contemplation of a protracted absence from home, and to reach the capital. There would be no holiday adjournments; the House would only be about eight days without a Speaker, instead of nine months, as under the present system; the theory of the founders of the Constitution, that the Representatives should come 'fresh from the people,' would be carried out, and they would be engaged in the settlement of the issues upon which they were chosen within sixty days after their election.'

Whether this resolution would best accomplish the object sought I will not undertake to say, but the necessity of making the House of Representatives purely representative and capable of acting in immediate response to the wishes of the people, is manifest, particularly if we consider that there are certain anomalies in the other branches of our government that render it too easy already to check the popular will.

First in importance comes the Senate. It has a representation of two members from each State, irrespective of population. Delaware, Rhode Island or Nevada can therefore block the aspirations of New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio, with their teeming millions.

Thus can be repressed by the Upper House whatever element of popularity there may be in the Lower. Further, the Senators from any particular State do not always represent the complexion of the predominant party in that State, for at this very moment New York has elected by a large majority a Democratic Governor, while its two Senators are Republican. Nor was this case different at the last Presidential election, for when in addition to a Democratic Governor, New York elected also a Democratic President, two Republican Senators still represented her in their capacities to obstruct her will. Nor has she had a single Democratic Senator, despite her many Democratic administrations, since Senator Francis Kernan's time.

Now the Senate was modeled after the English House of Peers, or, more accurately, the Senate was intended to take the place of that body; but while the House of Peers cannot originate supply bills, and is kept strictly to that rule, the Senate, on the other hand, can, as a report of the House Judiciary Committee in the Forty-sixth Congress distinctly states in these words:

"The power to originate bills appropriating money from the United States Treasury is not exclusive in the House of Representatives."

Further, the Senate, under the guise of amendments, can completely change the character of revenue bills coming from the lower House—for instance, the Tariff act of 1883 and the present Senate bill on the same subject.

You must remember, too, that a Senate is a greater power than a body handicapped by such a name as a House of Lords. The English upper House is on sufferance and only dares to mutilate, never, at least recently, to destroy. Besides there is no limit to the number of peers; the House of Peers is therefore elastic, which the Senate is not. Thus if the Peers venture to override the popular will, the Prime Minister, representing the popular will in the directest and most immediate manner that a man can represent it, for he is fresh from the people, can simply, by a purely constitutional use of his prerogative, cause to be created a sufficient number of new peers to give assent to his policy, as Peel threatened to do when the reform of the Corn Law was endangered, and carried that measure by his threat alone.

Thus the House of Peers is capable of expansion and can be swamped, while the Senate can never be swamped, and can only be increased by the admission of new states, which when this is done instead of weakening its power only augments it. Besides it is much easier to direct the popular will against a class of hereditary legislators, than against others only enjoying fixed terms. This is the Peers' weakness and the strength of the Nation. Make the peerage for life and its strength is augmented a hundred fold, for you increase its prestige by the introduction of a higher grade of talent on the one hand, and rob it on the other of its most unworthy members.

Is it possible to conceive that any house composed as is the present House of Lords could have ventured to reject Garfield's census bill or to arrogate to itself the power justly belonging

to the Executive and the lower branch as the Senate did in the tenure of office act? It would have been swept away in a tide of popular indignation that would have left nothing behind to mark its remains. Thus the Senate is stronger in two respects: in being non-elastic, it has nothing to fear from an unlimited increase of members, and can, therefore, never be coerced into approval of any measure it disapproves; and, further, representing "sovereignty," "statehood," the Senate is beyond and outside the people. Again, the House of Peers represents aristocracy, which is on the wane, the tendency of a Senate is to represent plutocracy, which is on the rise; not as is often thought so much in the persons merely of wealthy men, but, what is far more dangerous, if it is true, in the representation which powerful corporations and monopolies are said to possess there. Under these circumstances, to have the lower house only representative during one session out of two, to have it placed at a distance of thirteen months from the people, further to have its rules admit of one man controlling its legislation, is fraught with danger; and if you adduce any inference from the fact "that things have worked well" without a change, the inference is that "things have worked well" because the will of the people is not represented in the quickest and most effective manner. You fail to notice also that the reason "things have worked well" is because no real strain on our institutions, fortunately, yet has come. The nearest approach were the circumstances that led to the Electoral Commission, for the war was not a strain on our *institutions*, it was only a strain on our *union*. The government set up by the South was similar to our own in machinery, and had the confederacy succeeded we should simply have beheld two commonwealths of the same distinctive character running side by side—in the one case tolerating the slavery of the negro, in the other tolerating the slavery of the masses, if we can call that slavery, which represses the popular voice by a delusion and keeps the masses in check by delay.

No, the real strain is what Napoleon called the stomach question, and you must recognize the value in keeping "things going well," of the popular belief that every man, never mind how humble his condition, has the seeds of a fortune in his pocket, just as the wonderful successes of the French troops in the revolutionary wars were principally due to the belief that every private

carried the Marshal's baton in his knapsack. We have been in the condition of Barnum's happy family, and things have gone on serenely because our stomachs have generally been full. Change that belief of future well-being to the full realization that he is lucky who by the most heroic efforts can escape starvation, or at best can hope to secure a bare subsistence, then will come the real strain, and the tension ought not to be intensified by the failure of the people to make their wants heard in advance. Another reason that representation in Congress ought to be actual and immediate is the fact that the President, who is armed with the power of veto, does not necessarily represent the will of the majority every four years. For though Hayes in 1876 received of the popular vote 220,935 votes less than Tilden, Hayes became President, and when Cleveland in 1888 received a majority of about 92,000 over Harrison, he was defeated.

Now, the system of electoral colleges may serve as an advisable check, but it is not popular sovereignty, and makes the necessity for popular sovereignty in the House all the more marked.

For these several reasons generally you find none of the burning questions represented in Congress. The labor questions, the temperance question, the single tax question, the socialistic question have no representation in the proper place, where by arguments the bad that is in them could be shown and held up to ridicule, and the good that is in them could abide. In short, it is principally in local matters that the voice of the people can express itself immediately, viz., in the choice of their roadmasters, supervisors, aldermen, and State legislators. Whether the popular will is deviated from its proper channel, as is often claimed, in legislatures by lobbying, in boards of aldermen by boodle combinations, in boards of supervisors by "fence rail" politicians, I will not undertake to touch on here, as I am dealing with purely national affairs.

I may be permitted, however, parenthetically, to observe that there is distinguishable in the locations of the several State capitals an evident desire to keep the seats of government far away from the people. Albany, for instance, was chosen as the State capital of New York, not New York City; Annapolis, not Baltimore; Harrisburg, not Philadelphia; Columbia, not Charleston, and continuing the same policy later down we find Lansing instead of Detroit; Columbus again, and neither Cincinnati or

Cleveland; Springfield, not Chicago; Jefferson City, not St. Louis.

In short, the seats of government have been located just in those places where the public disapproval would have the most difficulty in reaching, that is, in small hamlets, so to speak, instead of where the great heart of each community beats. And to come back to national affairs after our slight digression, the selection of Washington itself as a seat of our general government precludes the active and ever present espionage of a dense population.

Again, it must not be forgotton that the cabinet, to which we now come in order, is by no means a vehicle for giving expression to the popular will. As a rule how is a cabinet made up? Of those that have borne the brunt and heat of the battle? Is it the Holmans, the Randalls, the Coxs, the Mills? Will it be in the next the Reeds, the Burrows, the Butterworths, the Boutelles, the McKinleys; in short, men whese long and tried service proves the appreciation in which they are held by the public? On the contrary, the cabinet officers when drawn at all from Congress come from the Senate, from the non-representative body instead of the quasi-representative body. And those that are not drawn from there are selected for considerations having nothing to do with any national policy, often because of political cabals or mere personal friendship alone.

In the present cabinet there is not a single member drawn directly from the so-called popular branch, nor can I remember such an instance for the past thirty years.

Now, while it is the fashion to consider a cabinet officer's position principally clerical, his advice controls the line of policy pursued by the particular department over which he presides, so that when directed by an "unrepresentative" officer, that particular policy may neither be in harmony with the wishes or the interests of the majority of the people.

And though the present cabinet supplies all that the most ardent patriotism could desire, there is no assurance of an equally "representative" one in succeeding administrations, whether Republican or Democratic.

Thus, to sum up, and show how the popular wishes of the nation may be deflected, diluted, and destroyed before action can be reached on them, let us take the machinery of government in

an imaginary administration, and let us place it in a funnel or pyramidal shape—

PRESIDENT.
Elected by 100,000 votes less than half the votes cast. Armed with power of veto.

CABINET.
One selected (because *defeated* for Presidential nomination. Two selected from Senate (unrepresentative body). (In present cabinet there are three.) [Two] selected because of cabals. One selected because of personal friendship. One selected because of large contribution to campaign fund.

SENATE.
A non-representative body accused of monopolistic tendencies; of a grasping nature, as proved by their insistence on the power of confirmations over a steadily increasing number of officers, *i. e.*, the Inter-State and other Commissioners; of an encroaching nature, as was shown by the Tenure of Office act, and of a disposition to override the wishes of the people, as evinced by their rejection of the Garfield census bill and the House bills for the forfeiture of unearned land grants.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
Only representative one session out of two; at a distance of thirteen months from the people, and again governed by rules so unfairly protective of the minority that its entire course of legislation can be blocked by "A FILIBUSTER."

Reverse the position of my pyramid so that it becomes a funnel, can you not see that by the time the popular wishes filter through its many layers of sieves, with a big man at the little end

armed with a veto, called the President, and any little man at the big end, called a Filibuster, who desires to prevent consideration of them, these wishes of the people pan out precious thin?

How else can you explain the fact that with all the loud advocacy we hear in Congress of the rights of labor, and we hear enough of it, Heaven knows, not a single vital bill touching the rights of labor has emerged from the funnel end, and become a law, out of the 15,000 bills introduced in this present Congress, and the many "Labor days" it has had.

But you say that the development of the country proves that no change in our system of representation is necessary. This is equivalent to saying that because a boy has grown there is no need to let out his trousers. Can't you see that while a pair of trousers may have answered the requirements of a youth at twelve they may hardly do for the man at twenty-one, and if he grows, he grows in spite of his breeches, as I have often heard boys will? We are growing out of our breeches now, and at a rapid rate. Questions that the framers of our Constitution never could have dreamed of are agitating the community. Questions between employer and employé, questions of transportation, questions of outrageous rings, and startling election frauds. The struggle for mere existence is becoming keener, and with the development of the country circumstances are rapidly approximating themselves to those of European countries. Thus the besotted tendency to consider all that is, is right, can never meet the issue. We are approaching the stomach question, and the members of our Happy Family are growing restive. Restive as they see springing up around them, for instance, a class of private fortunes that no European country under monarchical institutions can show the like of, and alongside of which a poverty that is growing apace. Poverty, that in its despair naturally turns to communism, single-tax-ism and other kinds of isms for relief, and that the "turtle fed" can alone deny the existence of. Poverty, that according to the report of Mr. Ford, the chairman of the Congressional Committee on Immigration, costs the Empire State twenty millions yearly to support. Not only poverty indigenous to the land, but poverty that is dumped upon our shores, lowering the value of native labor by flooding the market, lowering the standard of the workman's scale of living and making less endurable the conditions of those that toil. Can any one say the action of senates in refusing to forfeit un-

earned land grants, of legislatures in giving to individuals exclusive privileges, of emigration commissioners in failing to enforce the laws against pauper immigration, is not in some wise responsible for these disparities of wealth, and can any sane man deny that the complexities of our representation, its elaborations and its delays are the muddy waters in which corruption thrives? All these several circumstances are working to produce changes in our conditions, and yet our breeches remain the same. It was not till the eve of the French Revolution that the necessity of calling together the Etats Generaux was dreamed of. Then it was too late. The breeches had burst, had been discarded, and the nation was "sans culottes." No, our conditions have changed, and because representation is neither direct nor immediate in the lower house, because whatever savors of representation in that lower house is checked in the upper, and further can be hampered by the veto of a possibly unpopular President, or of an accidental one, as Tyler or Johnson, the trousers may burst. Certainly that safety-valve, the facility to secure wealth, is becoming for all except the wealthy, less operative day by day. Huge combinations, the natural outcome of the industrial system, but nevertheless harsh, crowd out the smaller men, and make the road more difficult for him who commences with a slender capital. The present tendency is toward concentration, toward changing the individual proprietor into an employé. A Standard Oil Company, a Sugar or Coal Trust, or an A. T. Stewart, absorbs countless numbers of people who before would have been, instead of subordinate officers, their own masters and their own arbiters of the conditions of the market. Thus the boy is changing, but the breeches remain the same, remain the same when sixty odd millions of people owe allegiance to the Eagle, against four millions when the breeches were made.

Indeed, our conditions have changed with a rapidity far more startling than could have occurred anywhere else, and yet free representation has rather retrograded. What, then, shall we do? —sweep away the Senate? Abolish the Presidency? No; you fail to see my point. Confined to its proper limits, the Senate fills a necessary part in our machinery of government, and elected by a popular vote, a Presidency is the grandest "institution" on earth.

Nor will I say that the time has yet come to abolish elec-

toral colleges; but this I do insist on, that you give us a House of Representatives that is truly representative, and in your anxiety to protect the *few* that you respect the *many*. Thus shall there be a safe outlet for the changes I have touched upon before they are demanded by the starving, and thus, and thus only, shall we escape the imputation of keeping "the word of promise to the ear" while breaking "it to the hope."

LLOYD S. BRYCE.

NAVAL WARS OF THE FUTURE.

[*Concluded.*]

THE French have been but little behind their island neighbors in building armored ships and making heavy guns, while their classification of vessels has been almost as erratic. Should a British and a French fleet engage each other, it would require a good deal of consideration to dispose them in such a manner that their fighting power would have the greatest effect. Some authorities consider that the French navy is built and armed in better proportion than the British, but that can only be determined by actual experience.

For its size, the Italian navy is perhaps the best arranged of any in Europe. It first class armor-clads, the "Duilio," "Italia," "Lepanto," "Dandolo," "Ruggiero de Lauria" and "Andrea Doria," are marvels of construction and exceed in size the vessels of other navies. These may be truly called ships-of-the-line, and the only objection to them is that they are too large for prompt handling, and it is like carrying too many eggs in one basket; the fighting power had better be in a smaller and more compact form.

Russia has a navy which stands third in numbers and effectiveness, and is modeled after those of Great Britain and France. It is supposed to be equal to the defense of the Baltic, backed by the forts at Cronstadt. All the other European powers have small navies which would help swell the aggregate if Europe should become involved in war. Of these the fleet of Germany is the most important. Either of these navies, supplemented by torpedo boats, would be formidable.

The commanders-in-chief of opposing fleets about to engage in battle could hardly help feeling anxious, for now would come a practical trial of new devices, from the seventeen-inch gun to the mitrailleuse, which latter may sometimes be a most important weapon and again entirely useless. Of all the torpedoes that

have been devised, the Whitehead is generally considered the best, but, although thousands of these weapons have been purchased by the powers of the world, their use in future wars is doubtful. The experiments made by the British Government prove that the auto-mobile torpedo can be disposed of by steel nets hung about a ship's hull, and they are so easily deflected from their course that they cannot be sent against an enemy with any certainty. In its present stage of development the torpedo can hardly be considered a very dangerous weapon—it has not proved itself so in wars of the past.

Here, then, is an element of warfare of which professional men predicted the most important results, which will have to give way to something better, viz.: the American torpedo, now under advisement, which will probably make a great change in future naval operations.

Then there is the ram, with which most of the sea fights of the ancient Greeks were won. All foreign navies have vessels fitted as rams, which are expected to perform great service in time of war. The "ram" is simply an elongation of the bow under water, and although no doubt a vessel so fitted would inflict great injury on an enemy by running into her, she would be liable to injure herself quite as much, and go to the bottom with her foe. No modern rams have been tried in war, and ships so constructed will most likely be failures. In proof of this, take the case of the armor-clad frigate "König Wilhelm," of the German navy, which, in 1878, by bad management, struck the "Grosser Kurfurst" in the side and under water. The latter ship was sunk, and the former so damaged that she had great difficulty in getting into port. The sinking of the British armor-clad "Vanguard" by the "Iron Duke" is another case in point. Thus another element must be eliminated from the calculations of those who have depended on "König Wilhelms" to ram the enemy's ships in time of battle. And so it will be in many cases with the untried weapons with which we must go to war, and the result will be surprise and disappointment.

Such ideas do not seem to have troubled European naval architects, nor to have influenced those on this side of the Atlantic who are attempting to follow in their footsteps, and who generally adopt what Great Britain and France have long since discarded.

I have endeavored, as briefly as possible, to state the general

condition of European navies, and will now suppose a case when war has actually occurred.

The navies of Great Britain and France are nearer equal than any other two nations, and while the former has exerted great energy and skill in pushing her navy ahead, France has not been behind hand. Though all French armor-clads cannot be considered in the light of ships-of-the-line, they will be useful in battle from the heavy guns they carry.

In the battle of Mobile Bay, it will be remembered that the small monitors with heavy guns surrounded the huge "Tennessee," and almost smothered her with their rapid fire. As I have before remarked, it may not be well to put too many eggs in one basket; or, in other words, not to have too great confidence in very large ships. Two ships of our "Puritan" class, costing, for both, two millions of dollars, are better than one of the "Agincourt" or "Minotaur" class, which would cost about the same amount.

Let us assume that, in the year 1894, war has been declared between Great Britain and France, and the dock-yards and arsenals of both are busy with preparations for the conflict. To listen to the remarks of the populace one would not suppose that for more than three-quarters of a century the two countries had gone hand in hand in the march of civilization, and had barred the way of the Russian bear to the plains of Constantinople. France is preparing to carry out the policy of the great Napoleon, by the invasion of England, a more feasible undertaking than when sailing vessels had to be depended on to carry troops and munitions of war. At Havre a camp of eighty thousand soldiers is forming; at Calais, fifty thousand men are encamped, ready to be transported to Dover, whence they will march upon London; forty thousand more troops are at Dieppe, ready to land near Yarmouth, while another select corps of equal size is to be landed at such point as occasion may require. For the transportation of all these troops great numbers of sailing transports are provided which are to be towed by the steamers. Scows are provided for the purpose of landing horses and artillery and pontoon bridges to cross any river in England. Nothing is left undone to make the invasion a success—the "Invincible Armada" could not compare with it.

To carry all these troops and their horses and artillery, and tow the transports, are one hundred and thirty-five steamers of the

Messageries Maritimes and other commercial companies, and three hundred and thirty-three others, in all four hundred and sixty-eight steamers of seven hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred and sixty tons displacement. A part of this flotilla is sufficient to transport the two hundred and ten thousand troops to be embarked for the first landing, while the rest of the steamers and sailing vessels are to be kept in reserve for reinforcements. The steam mercantile marine of France, although not comparable to that of Great Britain, is a powerful adjunct in time of war. To insure the support of their whole naval force the French government has directed the ships at Toulon to assemble at Cherbourg and Brest.

These preparations for the invasion of England are based on the supposition that the French armored fleet is superior to that of Great Britain, the French, forgetting that British journalists are great grumblers who cry down their own navy in time of peace, have been misled by such representations instead of being guided by their own observations. They seem also to have forgotten in the lapse of years the numerous victories the English have gained over them upon the sea. The Frenchmen argue, "We are now on a par with our old enemy; this is a military movement, ships and troops being managed by military tactics—the French will beat the English at that kind of fighting where science counts for more than brute force."

Let us assume that all the arrangements are made for a French invasion of England, while English travelers look on with dismay at the prospect of being kept for years out of Paris, and all England is in a panic, for the English are always frightened when the invasion of their country is threatened, and have been so since the time of William of Normandy. They forget when the project is mentioned what British hearts and hands have done in the past to protect their island, and do not think of what they can do in the future with the weapons now at their disposal. The preparations for invasion are known in London as soon as they are fairly under way in France, and while the people tremble at the danger impending, the military and naval authorities devote all their energies to meet the coming storm.

The regular troops, enrolled volunteers and militia, are ordered into immediate service, and stationed at points on the coast where an invading army will be likely to land. These forces number

four hundred and fifty thousand men, the larger portion of whom are stationed between Yarmouth and Portsmouth, and an especially large body at Dover, where it is expected the French will attempt to disembark and march upon London. The Channel Squadron occupies the English Channel as far as the Straits of Dover, and has been reinforced by twenty-five frigates, thirty sloops and twenty swift dispatch vessels. Some of the latter are employed constantly in running past the French ports to ascertain the force of vessels, and to note any changes that may occur.

Frigates, sloops and dispatch vessels are stationed all the way from Land's End along the West coast of Ireland, so that a complete system of communication is kept up from Cape Clear to Yarmouth by vessels as well as by inland telegraph and cable. The declaration of war against England by France is much regretted by most of the States of Europe, for it is generally considered that the difficulties could have been settled by arbitration, and now after some years of peace the world is about to witness the result of that science which has been so liberally applied to navies since the time when the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" gave the world to understand that the day of wooden ships was over.

The contending naval forces to form the lines of battle are as follows:

ENGLAND.

Turret Ships.

8 Inflexible, 4 16-in , 4 4-in.	4 Thunderer, 2 12-in., 2 12½-in.
4 Dreadnaught, 4 12½-in.	9 Colossus, 4 12-in. (B. L.), 5 6-in.
4 Devastation, 4 12-in.	9 Edinburgh, 4 12-in., 5 6-in.

Barbette Ships.

10 Collingwood, 4 12-in., 6 6-in.	10 Camperdown, 4 13½-in., 6 6-in.
10 Rodney, 4 13½-in., 6 6-in.	12 Benbow, 2 17-in., 10 6-in.
10 Howe, 4 13½-in., 6 6-in.	10 Anson, 4 13½-in., 6 6-in.

Second Class.

Turret Ships.

6 Agamemnon, 4 12½-in., 2 6-in.	4 Rupert, 2 9.2-in., 2 6-in,
6 Ajax, 4 12½-in., 2 6-in.	2 Hotspur, 2 12-in.
6 Conqueror, 2 12-in., 4 6-in.	2 Glatton, 2 12-in.
6 Hero, 2 12-in., 4 6-in.	

Corvettes.

4 Belleisle, 4 12-in.	4 Orion, 4 12-in.

Third Class.

Rigged Ships.

12 Superb, 8 10-in., 4 9-in.	9 Shannon, 2 10-in., 7 9-in.
6 Neptune (turret), 4 12½-in., 2 9-in.	15 Bellerophon, 10 9-in., 5 7-in.
7 Monarch (turret), 4 12-in., 2 9-in., 1 7-in.	11 Penelope, 8 8-in., 3 40-pdrs.
14 Hercules, 8 10-in., 2 9-in., 4 7-in.	10 Imperieuse (Bar), 4 9.2-in., 6 6-in.
19 Sultan, 8 9.2-in., 4 8-in., 7 4-in.	10 Warspite, 4 9.2-in., 6 6-in.
12 Alexandra, 10 10-in., 2 11-in.	18 Audacious, 10 9-in., 8 4-in.
8 Temeraire, 4 11-in., 4 10-in.	14 Iron Duke, 10 9-in., 4 64-pdrs.
12 Nelson, 4 10-in., 8 9-in.	14 Invincible, 10 9-in., 4 64-pdrs.
12 Northampton, 4 10-in., 8 9-in.	18 Swiftsure, 10 9-in., 8 4-in.
	18 Triumph, 10 9-in., 8 4-in.

Fourth Class.

Turret Ships.

4 Cyclops, 4 10-in.
4 Gorgon, 4 10-in.
4 Hecate, 4 10-in.
4 Hydra, 4 10-in.
4 Prince Albert, 4 9-in.
4 Scorpion, 4 9-in.
4 Wyvern, 4 9-in.

Gun-boats.

4 Viper, 2 7-in., 2 24-pdrs.
4 Vixen, 2 7-in., 2 24-pdrs.
4 Waterwitch, 2 7-in., 2 24-pdrs.

Fifth Class.

Rigged Ships.

32 Warrior, 4 8-in., 28 7-in.
32 Black Prince, 4 8-in., 24 7-in.
16 Achilles, 14 9-in., 2 7-in.
17 Minotaur, 17 9-in.
17 Agincourt, 17 9-in.
26 Northumberland, 6 9-in., 18 8-in., 2 6-in.
18 Hector, 2 8-in., 16 7-in.
18 Valiant, 2 8-in., 16 7-in.
16 Defence, 2 8-in., 14 7-in.
16 Resistance, 2 8-in., 14 7-in.
18 Lord Warden, 14 8-in., 2 9-in., 2 7-in.
12 Repulse, 12 8-in.

FRANCE.

Cuirassés, 1st rang.

14 Devastation, 4 13½-in., 4 10⅝-in., 6 5½-in.
14 Foudroyant, 4 13½-in., 4 10⅝-in., 6 5½-in.
18 Amiral Duperré, 4 13½-in., 14 5½-in.
6 Caiman, 2 16½-in., 4 4-in.
6 Indomptable, 2 16½-in., 4 4-in.
6 Tonnerre, 2 10⅝-in., 4 4¾-in.
6 Fulminante, 2 10⅝-in., 4 4-in.
2 Furieux, 2 13½-in.
14 Redoutable, 8 10⅝-in., 6 5½-in.
16 Trident, 8 10⅝-in., 2 9½-in., 6 5½-in.
16 Friedland, 8 10⅝-in., 8 5½-in.
16 Colbert, 8 10⅝-in., 2 9½-in., 6 5½-in.
15 Marengo, 4 10⅝-in., 4 9½-in., 7 5½-in.
11 Océan, 4 10⅝-in., 4 9½-in., 2 5½ in., 1 4¾-in.
15 Suffren, 4 10⅝-in., 4 9½-in., 6 5½-in., 1 4¾-in.
13 Flandre, 8 9½-in., 5 7½-in.
12 Gauloise, 8 9½-in., 4 7½-in.
19 Richelieu, 6 10⅝-in., 5 9½-in., 7 5½-in., 1 4¾-in.
13 Heroine, 8 9½-in., 3 7½-in., 2 5½-in.
16 Provence, 8 9½-in., 3 7½-in., 2 5½-in., 3 4¾-in.
16 Revanche, 8 9½-in., 3 7½-in., 2 5½-in., 3 4¾-in.
15 Savoie, 8 9½-in., 3 7½-in., 4 5½-in.
16 Surveillante, 8 9½-in., 4 7½-in., 4 5½-in.
16 Valeureuse, 8 9½-in., 1 7½-in., 6 6.3-in., 1 4¾-in.
12 Couronne, 8 9½-in., 4 7½-in.
15 Formidable, 3 17-in., 12 5½-in.
6 Terrible, 2 16½-in., 4 4-in.
6 Requin, 2 16½-in., 4 4-in.
15 Amiral Baudin, 3 16½-in., 12 5½-in.
24 Hoche, 2 13½-in., 2 10⅝-in., 20 5½-in.
24 Magenta, 2 13½-in., 2 10⅝-in., 20 5½-in.
24 Marceau, 2 13½-in., 2 10⅝-in., 20 5½-in.
24 Neptune, 2 13½-in., 2 10⅝-in., 20 5½-in.
6 Charles Martel, 4 13.4-in., 2 10⅝-in.
20 Brennus, 4 13.4-in., 8 9½-in., 8 5½-in.

Cuirassés, 2d rang.

2 Tempête, 2 10⅝-in.
2 Vengeur, 2 13½-in.
2 Tonnant, 2 13½-in.
12 La Galissonnière, 6 9½-in., 6 3⅝-in.
14 Triumphante, 6 9½-in., 1 7½-in., 6 5½-in., 1 4¾-in.
13 Victorieuse, 6 9½-in., 1 7½-in., 6 5½-in.
10 Alma, 6 7½-in., 4 4¾-in.
12 Atlante, 6 7½-in., 6 4¾-in.
12 Belliqueuse, 4 7½-in., 4 6.3-in., 4 5½-in.
10 Jeanne d'Arc, 6 7½-in., 4 4⅝-in.
12 Montcalm, 6 7½-in., 6 3⅝-in.
12 Reine Blanche, 6 7½-in., 6 4-in.
12 Thétis, 6 7½-in., 6 3⅝-in.
12 Bayard, 4 9½-in., 2 7½-in., 6 5½-in.
12 Dugueslin, 4 9½-in., 1 7½-in., 6 5½-in., 1 4¾-in.
10 Turenne, 4 9½-in., 2 7½-in., 4 5½-in.
12 Vauban, 4 9½-in., 1 7½-in., 6 5½-in., 1 4¾-in.
12 Acheron, Cocyte, Phlegeton and Styx, building, to be armed with 1 10¾-in. and 2 4-in. guns each.
4 Fussée, Grenade, Mitraille and Flamme, building, to be armed with 1 9½-in. gun each.

Garde-cotes Cuirassés.

2 Cerbére, 2 9½-in.
2 Tigre, 2 9½-in.
2 Bélier, 2 9½-in.
2 Boule-dogue, 2 9½-in.
1 Tareau, 1 9½-in.

Totals.

England..... 647 guns.
France..... 683 guns.

To the British fleet is added a reserve of forty frigates, twenty sloops of war and thirty dispatch vessels, the latter of great speed. Fifteen of the largest and swiftest merchant steamships armed

with smooth bore and each carrying two eight-inch guns, and forty large steamers carrying coal and munitions of war. Attached to the British fleet are eight large troop-ships of the "Crocodile" class, to be used for a particular purpose in the battle between the contending squadrons. This is a large force requiring great ability to direct.

On October 20th the English fleet puts to sea reporting to the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Squadron, and are assigned to stations under twelve rear admirals. It now remains to be seen whether the French or the English build the best ships, or whether the ships of either are suitable for war purposes, which have the best guns and which the best system of tactics.

The British Admiral forms his fleet in line of battle off Portsmouth and cruises between that point and Dover, when his look-out vessels report the French fleet standing out of Brest and Cherbourg, accompanied by thirty frigates, twenty dispatch vessels and a number of torpedo boats of different sizes. Three cheers go up from the British fleet and the signal is given, "Form in open order in line ahead!" while the dispatch vessels are ordered to observe night and day and report events in the Straits of Dover.

At this moment the strength of the opposing forces is as follows: British, 62 battle ships, 647 guns; French, 59 battle ships, 683 guns, the British outnumbering their enemy by three ships, while the number of guns and weight of metal are on the side of the French.

The transports carrying the French troops have not yet left harbor, and it is intended they shall do so only when victory is assured the French fleet, then they are to sally out and land at some fixed point in the British Islands, unknown to any one except the French naval authorities.

The night of October 20th is an anxious one; few in either fleet close their eyes. For many years no great battle has been fought upon the ocean, and this one will decide whether all the naval powers have made vital mistakes, or which has evolved the best system out of the various problems that have been offered for solution, and is therefore to remain the principal naval power.

The 21st of October is ushered in with pleasant weather and a moderate breeze from the north, which is not sufficient to cause

the ships to roll more than six degrees. At daylight the French fleet is seen standing toward the British fleet in four lines, distant twelve miles, and making a speed of ten knots. The British Admiral signals: "Prepare to form line of battle; head to the northward in groups of three." The fleet is then lying in order line ahead, and when the signal of execution is hoisted the ships close up in groups of three line abreast, a cable's length apart.

At this moment there are coming from the direction of Portsmouth eight vessels low in the water, with apparently no guns, and running at a speed of twenty knots an hour. Close behind them follow twelve dispatch vessels with platforms projecting over their sterns. The British Admiral has taken his station on board a fast dispatch steamer fitted with masts for signaling. He is accompanied by twelve swift tugs to carry orders through the fleet, for a rule has been adopted that the Commander-in-Chief of a fleet shall observe his command from a vessel not in line of battle in order more easily to direct the movements.

When the French ships are within a distance of four miles signal is made to the twelve small steamers (with platforms on the stern) to form in line ahead between the French and English. At this moment the French Admiral makes signal, "Form in column of twos, speed eight knots." Thus while the English, contrary to custom, await the French attack, the latter stand on as if intending to penetrate the English centre. Neither fleet has what may properly be called *rams*,—both trust to the underwater "snout" which caused the sinking of the "Grosser Kurfurst" and the disabling of the "König Wilhelm." The French remember how Lord Rodney "broke the line" of the French fleet in 1782 and captured the best part of it, and perhaps will try this grand manœuvre upon the English, or at all events bring their antagonists to close quarters, when superiority in guns will give them great advantage.

When the French are within three miles, the small steamers with platforms are signaled to "proceed," and they steer rapidly towards the French, and the French Admiral signals, "Lower the torpedo nets." When within a mile of the French fleet, the steamers turn suddenly and run in a zig-zag course towards the British fleet, at the same time commencing to lay a net made of strong ratlin-stuff, with wire rope at the top and supported by cork buoys painted the color of the water. The French not

understanding this manœuvre open on the vessels with four-inch Hotchkiss guns. As soon as the net layers have performed their task and got out of the way, the British open upon the advancing enemy all along the line, and in the confusion on board the French ships, owing to the damage inflicted by the shots, they hardly notice the nets, and continue their course, firing rapidly and enveloped in smoke.

The leading French ships soon find their propellers fouled by the nets and their speed decreasing, the ships in the rear crowd on those ahead and in shearing to avoid collision also foul their propellers. The six headmost ships are thrown into confusion, and signal is made to those astern, "Slow down, obstructions ahead." Now is the time for the English to act. Signal is made from the Admiral's vessel, "Right and left wings close upon the enemy, centre divisions stand fast." With a graceful movement the two wings close in upon the van and centre of the French fleet and rounding-to side by side with the Frenchmen there ensues such a combat as the world never before witnessed.

As the two fleets close with each other the French torpedo boats emerge from both sides of the line, and when within one hundred and fifty yards of the English send their torpedoes rapidly out, but the former have their steel nets down and it is like firing peas at an iceberg. Then the English open on the torpedo boats with their four-pounder Hotchkiss and thirty-six-pounder rapid firing guns, four of the torpedo boats are blown up, others are disabled and the remainder retreat to their ships. The English have refrained from encumbering themselves with this weapon of war, which many costly experiments have demonstrated to be useless. They know that auto-mobile torpedoes cannot pass through their steel nets and are satisfied that their own weapons of the same kind cannot pass through the French nets, so have left them behind in the dockyard.

The French van is now in confusion, the centre is enveloped by the wings of the British fleet and the rear is out of action. The French Admiral makes signal to his rear to advance in single column on the starboard and port side of the English fleet and open their batteries, which is done in good order. At the same moment the English centre forming in two columns line ahead bears down upon the French, the starboard column attacking the rear on the port side, the port column attacking the confused van.

Simultaneously the eight peculiar long, low vessels start off with a speed of twenty-six knots, rasping alongside the outer French ships. An explosion takes place and a huge column of water rises high in air—a French ship staggers under the blow, her crew rush for the boats, in five minutes she has disappeared beneath the water. The next torpedo vessel touches the "Trident." The shock is not so great, but the ship hauls out of action and is attacked by three British frigates of the reserve, which keep up such a cannonade that the Frenchmen cannot stay at their guns, being mowed down by the rapid firing guns of the English. In half an hour the "Trident" surrenders.

By this time the French are maintaining a heavy fire on the torpedo vessels with their six-inch rifles and secondary batteries, but they are proof against that weight of metal and pass on to the iron-clads of the second class, four of which are shattered by their torpedo blows and haul out of action in a sinking condition.*

In time of battle mistakes are liable to occur, and a torpedo vessel, curiously called "Cleveland," in honor of the distinguished man in whose Presidency this class of vessels was first designed, strikes the barbette ship "Collingwood" under the counter, causing her to haul out of action leaking so much that the pumps can hardly keep her afloat. One of the French Admirals remarks: "How stupid of the Englishmen to be hoisted by their own petard."

I here take the opportunity to say that the torpedo boat mentioned is a purely American invention, made to grapple with an enemy's ship and blow a hole in her bottom. This torpedo is fitted with an adjustable bar worked by steam, which is swung under the bottom, moving away nets and other obstructions while going at a speed of twenty knots an hour. The discomfiture of the French ships shows with what effect this vessel operates.

An hour after the two fleets join battle there is a blaze all along the line. Scarcely a breath of wind is blowing, and the smoke hangs in thick clouds over the combatants, obscuring everything. The gunners can only fire at the flash, and cannot tell whether their shots hit the enemy. Who can tell what is going on behind that wall of fire and smoke? What chance is there for tactical manœuvres? It seems to a looker on as if the result will be "the

*In an hour the "Alma," "Belliqueuse," "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Montcalm" are at the bottom.

survival of the fittest." Blow after blow falls with the weight of Thor's hammer, yet after four hours of steady fighting neither side seems to be materially injured. The English torpedo boats can no longer operate for fear of injuring their own ships. They remain outside the line awaiting their opportunity. The French torpedo boats have long ago given up the idea of sinking anything, and retire behind the line of frigates, where the Admiral watches anxiously the result of the engagement.

After the fourth hour the "Rodney" emerges from the smoke lashed to the French ship "Formidable," which with her three seventeen-inch guns has made sad havoc with the "Rodney's" hull. A seventeen-inch shell penetrates her machinery and destroys her motive power. The captain of the "Formidable" considering the "Rodney" as good as captured tows her outside the line where the fight continues and the rapid firing thirty-six-pounders and Hotchkiss guns are brought into play. There is no science displayed—nothing but the brute courage of the combatants. The seventeen-inch guns of the "Formidable" are too much for the thirteen and a half-inch guns of the "Rodney," but the Briton bears his punishment bravely.

The line of battle is now extended a length of four miles; those in the rear have little idea of what is going on in the van or centre. Signals cannot be seen, as the atmosphere is everywhere dense with smoke, though the firing is not so incessant as in the beginning. At the end of the fifth hour two tremendous explosions fairly shake the ocean, and the firing on both sides suddenly ceases, it is the silence of calm after a great storm. The smoke clearing gradually away reveals the hulls of the contending ships struggling to release themselves from the debris of battle.

Three British and three French ships lashed to each other recommence hostilities as soon as they can ascertain their position. Those ships still in the smoke do not fire, as they do not know what to fire at. The British Admiral sends out a tug to ascertain the cause of the explosions, and six other tugs to direct the commanders of divisions to get their ships clear of the smoke, and form a new line of battle. At this moment the line of battle is badly disarranged; no one has seen its shape for three hours.

On their return the tugs report that the explosions are from the "Nelson" and "Marengo" blowing up while lashed together, and that several ships on either side are badly damaged. The British

Admiral wonders if he will not lose all his best ships before the battle is over, and anathematizes the man who invented steamships and iron-clads, sighing for the good old days of Rodney and Nelson.

In another half hour the British ships begin to struggle into line to the northward, keeping between their enemy and the coast of France so as to cut off retreat. Oh, what a battered line of battle! The British Admiral is in despair. "My God!" he exclaims, "this will be considered a French victory." The only firing at present is that between the six ships that had paired off, the "Alexandra" with the "Richelieu," the "Iron Duke" with the "Foudroyant," and the "Temeraire" with the "Friedland."

When the French Admiral examines the British ships as they fall into line, "*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaims, "but we have beaten them; we will land in England and the Nile, and Trafalgar will be avenged!" Then, as his own ships come out from the cloud of smoke, "Malheur! I miss six of my ships, and four more are entangled in a net. We shall be fortunate if we return safely to France. Make signal to form in line of battle; we will try steam tactics, this brute force is disgraceful!"

No fleets like these can fight for five hours at close quarters without being considerably damaged, and, suffice it to say, the battle is not renewed. The fleets retire to a respectful distance from each other, including the six belligerents, who have kept up the contest the longest.

Now reports come thick and fast from the chiefs of divisions to the respective commanders-in-chief, and what sad accounts of things there are. "We must land our troops in England," say the Frenchmen, "or lose every vessel!" "Work all night," say the Englishmen, "we will not make so many mistakes to-morrow, we are learning wisdom, these are not the ships with which Nelson fought. The French guns are too much for us; why have not the Admiralty built proper rams, for those are the largest kind of projectiles?"

The reports from both fleets of bursted guns, broken gun-carriages, breech-bolts blown out, boats smashed, turrets jammed, bulwarks broken, spars demolished—beggar description, they can only be appreciated by the profession, yet the death list on either side is not great, and few of the ships are disabled in their machinery. Curved steel decks have, in many instances, deflected

the huge shells and saved vessels from destruction, and both British and French officers are satisfied that in the adoption of this device they have made no mistake, and that to make an armor-clad invulnerable below the water-line it will be necessary to thicken the curved deck so that magazines and machinery will be out of danger, and a ship with all her guns disabled may still have a chance of escaping. Nothing can destroy her but a properly constructed torpedo boat, and this has made its appearance on the 21st of October, 1894, and has disabled every vessel with which it has come in contact.

The night is spent by the belligerents in repairing damages, especially to the great gun-carriages, which seem to have carried away most of the fastenings, so that the commanding officers of many of the ships may well exclaim, "I have no heavy guns left." Up to and including the six-inch rifles, the gun-carriages stand well, but from that point up, it is generally admitted, the carriages are too weak for the guns. The conclusion arrived at by the officers in either fleet is that the present armor-clads cannot stand the blows of the sixteen and one-half and seventeen-inch rifles any better than wooden ships stood the battering of the forty-two-pounder and eight-inch shell guns, but they are in for it and must fight with the weapons supplied to them.

Here, in the first great battle of recent times, all the lessons taught in the schools of technology are thrown overboard, tactical science ignored and two fleets have entered into a combat in which, like untrained soldiers, they have clubbed each other, with the result that both parties are badly damaged, although both owe it to themselves to keep their vessels in compact form, not to let them foul with their opponents and to decide the contest by methods more worthy well trained scientific officers.

The night after the battle the British and French fleets are lying eight miles apart, repairing damages. The three British forge ships, large steamers fitted with all the appliances of the machine shop, go from ship to ship, to put the gun carriages and machinery in serviceable condition. In this work are engaged over four hundred mechanics, so that by eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d a great deal of the damage had been repaired. No attempt is made to efface the marks of the heavy blows given by the French seventeen-inch shot and shell, which do not much interfere with the fighting qualities of the ships.

But what a sad spectacle to see this mighty fleet, the pride and shield of Britain, so battered and torn!

It is not encouraging to those who have put so much faith in steel hulls, proving to their own satisfaction that the great rifle gun is *king*, and that in action it is only a matter of time when the hull must give way before its crushing and penetrating blows. The French, as badly shattered as the British, are meanwhile doing their best to repair damages, in no wise dispirited by the many fissures in what they had considered their impenetrable ships. It has not often happened to them to lie undisturbed so near a British fleet. It is evident that the new system of warfare places nations nearer an equality.

The night after the battle two large steamers, which have eluded the vigilance of the British lookout ships, join the French fleet. These steamers bring with them forty eight-inch rifled guns prepared for firing melanite shells, together with a large quantity of ammunition. These guns are provided with the latest improved carriages, with steel shields and circles for the guns to work upon. Two hundred expert workmen accompany the guns to put them in place. The two transports run alongside the ships of war, transferring to them their ordnance and stores. This accession causes great rejoicing among the Frenchmen, who now are confident of victory when the attack is renewed, and the French Admiral determines to adopt a system of tactics to confuse the British and enable the French gunners to crush their ships at long range with melanite shells.

The French have been a good deal demoralized by the attacks of the British torpedo vessels, which have inflicted serious loss on their fleet, but as the attacks are not repeated, the French conclude that all the damage has been done, and that the torpedo vessels have been defeated in their plans. The true reason, however, for the torpedo vessels not continuing their attacks is that the British have laid their ships on the outside of the rear of the French, and the torpedo vessels cannot get at the enemy without putting themselves between the fire of the heavy guns of both parties. Both parties are glad to rest from battle, and so they work away repairing damages until eight o'clock of the following morning.

At about that time it is reported to the British Admiral that a fleet of twelve armor-clads are coming through the Straits of

Dover. Later it is reported that the strange squadron is standing towards the French fleet and passing through their line. Later it is reported that the strangers are Germans, and are standing towards the British fleet. This is a great relief to the Admiral, who has run up the signal for battle and for his reserves to close up and cover the fleet.

The German Admiral passes with his squadron all along the line of battle where he sees the battered armor-clads, and cannot repress his astonishment that vessels built with so much strength and at such vast expense should have received so much damage in so short a time. "Ah!" he exclaims, "the gun is king; now we will fire from our Krupp a one thousand eight hundred pound shot capable of penetrating twenty-six inches of steel. Worse than this, Krupp now makes a gun of one hundred and fifty tons, with a shell weighing a ton and a half, having an initial velocity of one thousand nine hundred feet per second, giving a striking force of fifty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirteen foot-tons! What is to become of future fleets?"

The German Admiral steers for the British flagship, runs up the English flag at the fore, and fires a salute of fifteen guns, then he goes on board the British ship.

"Ah! My good Admiral," exclaims the German, "you have fought a great battle, but cannot land your fish, neither can the fish escape. Prince Bismarck sends his compliments together with these vessels. You cannot afford to risk another battle, with the chance of being crippled, for the French will then land where they choose in England. They have still a reserve of fifteen armor-clads fitting out in Cherbourg; you have none. Since the encounter the French have received forty melanite guns."

"Yes," replies the British Admiral, "but I have my eight torpedo vessels, and have already sunk six of their ships and can sink all the rest when once I meet them again in line."

"But the melanite guns will destroy your torpedo boats and then the French will land. Take my advice, let the Frenchmen go into Brest or Cherbourg. They will not be able to get out again for months. You can beat them at repairing, sending in one-third of your vessels at a time."

This is, perhaps, good counsel, but the British Admiral cannot be induced to follow it; he must capture that fleet or perish in the attempt!

"Ah!" continues the German officer, "the true policy is not to get a fleet battered to pieces if you can prevent your enemy from attaining his object when he is in all respects your equal if not your superior. You will accomplish what you aim at, and that is a tactical victory. To invite a battle and, perhaps, defeat, will endanger your island, you cannot afford to risk that."

The German Admiral takes his leave and it seems as if his arguments have more effect on the French Commander-in-Chief, who on the approach of night gets his ships under way and returns to Cherbourg. The British lookout ships follow, but the armor-clads are obliged to remain behind. One of the American-built torpedo vessels evertakes the rear of the French fleet, and running alongside the "Flandre," one of the largest ships, brings her ponderous bar with a hundred-pound gun-cotton torpedo under the enemy's bottom, and in five minutes the "Flandre" is at the bottom of the Channel.

This is the end of hostilities for the time being between the fleets of Great Britain and France, for both parties must repair damages before undertaking further operations. The French are not satisfied that they can successfully operate at sea in face of the British torpedo vessels, and the reserve of fifteen armor-clads is not considered sufficient to enable the fleet to undertake the landing of troops in England under existing circumstances. This engagement between great armor-clads shows that war vessels in 1894 are yet far from perfection.

Our impression of what the future line-of-battle ship should be, will perhaps seem extravagant to those who have been engaged in devising war vessels. The best way, perhaps, to test the question would be to put one of the strongest armored vessels under fire of two seventeen-inch guns for half an hour. The experiment would be worth all it would cost, for it might save many battles in the future.

The commerce-destroyers of to-day are well adapted to their purpose, and in case of war between two maritime nations, the commerce of both would probably be swept from the ocean.

No ship has yet been constructed that would serve the purpose of a *ram*,—that is, could run with great speed into an enemy's vessel and sink her without material damage to herself, or could receive the heaviest shell without being crippled. The

fleet that has the swiftest ships, other things being equal, will probably win, for such ships can always choose their position at sea.

The torpedo of the last decade has shown itself to be practically useless. The American torpedo vessel now under advisement, will, no doubt, become a powerful adjunct in time of war, as steel nets will afford no protection against them.

The object of a navy is for the protection of coasts and to make war on an enemy; unless it is equal to both these requirements it is defective. The great gun is the prime factor in war, for it will command not only an enemy's coast but all his seaboard cities. Last, though not least, fleets will be twice as formidable through a perfect system of drill, so that the most complicated manœuvres can be executed on the water the same as by a well drilled army on land. One or two fleets will be sacrificed owing to defects in the system of Naval Tactics, but the time will come when tactics will be perfected and the manœuvring of a fleet will be "a thing of beauty."

Skill in handling large numbers of vessels, in gunnery and managing torpedo vessels, will be essential to excellence in future fleets. In this will be included the use in battle of nets constructed for the purpose of impeding the progress of ships in line, as elsewhere mentioned in this article.

The first step towards the rehabilitation of all the naval powers will be the introduction of a class of vessels of the line that shall be practically unsinkable by shot or shell, and at the same time carry a good supply of the heaviest guns. The gun vessel is the most important in war, for it combines more than any other class, and these ships should be built to possess the greatest speed and endurance, and offer a uniform resistance all along the line of battle, as did the ships of the British navy in the days of old.

Iron has usurped the place of the oaken walls, but as yet it does not appear that the iron ships are *proportionally* as effective considering the change in material of hulls and the greater size of ordnance, as were the ships of the Wellington class.

In the naval wars of the future the United States will not probably play a conspicuous part. This country seems to possess none of that fitness for naval power of which her early history gave promise. The United States government waited twenty years after the close of the civil war before commencing to rehabilitate the

navy, on the plea that it was desirable to see what the powers of Europe were going to do, apparently not remembering that the best steam and sailing vessels in the world were the results of American genius in the days when it took the initiative. Americans have abdicated the position which their vast resources entitle them to hold, and have not had the energy to keep their mercantile marine from being driven from the ocean by foreigners, who, as common carriers, take on an average one hundred and fifty millions of dollars out of the country yearly in payment of freights.

Our coasts and seaboard cities are unprotected, and our navy is a by-word even among the Chinese, who, since our Civil War, have seen nothing better than the "Richmond," the "Brooklyn," and such like vessels of the past which are unfit to be sent abroad, yet we could, if we would, soon be equal to the best of European navies in line-of-battle ships and heavy guns, since, as I maintain, there is not one perfect line-of-battle ship in any navy.

As yet the only fair test of the endurance of modern armored ships is the engagement between the fleet under command of Admiral Seymour and the defenses of Alexandria. On that occasion the following British ships took part: Outside squadron, "Alexandra," "Inflexible," "Sultan," "Superb" and "Temeraire."

"Alexandra," 9,480 tons displacement; main deck battery, eight ten-inch rifles; spar deck battery, two twelve-inch, two ten-inch rifles; total, twelve guns.

"Inflexible," 11,880 tons displacement, two sixteen-inch rifles in each turret; total, four guns.

"Sultan," 9,290 tons displacement; in casemate battery, eight ten-inch rifles; in upper deck casemate, four nine-inch rifles; total, twelve guns.

"Superb," 9,170 tons displacement; in casemate, main deck, twelve ten-inch rifles; in bow and stern batteries, four ten-inch rifles; total, sixteen guns.

"Temeraire," 8,547 tons displacement; in casemate, four ten-inch, two eleven-inch rifles; in turrets, two twenty-five-ton guns; total, eight guns.

Inshore squadron: "Invincible" (flagship), "Monarch" and "Penelope."

"Invincible," 6,000 tons displacement; casemate, main deck, six nine-inch rifles; spar deck battery, four nine-inch, four sixty-four-pounder rifles; total, fourteen guns.

"Monarch," 8,320 tons displacement; in turrets, four twelve-inch rifles; in bow, two nine-inch rifles; in stern, one seven-inch rifle; total, seven guns.

"Penelope," 4,470 tons displacement, eight eight-inch rifles, three forty-pounders; total, seven guns.

Five wooden gunboats, composite built: "Bittern," "Condor," "Beacon," "Cygnet," and "Decoy."

"Bittern," 1 7-inch, 2 40-pounders; total, 3 guns.

"Condor," 1 7-inch, 2 64-pounders; total, 3 guns.

"Beacon," 2 64-pounders, 2 20-pounders; total, 4 guns.

"Cygnet," 2 64-pounders, 2 20-pounders; total, 4 guns.

"Decoy," 2 64-pounders, 2 20-pounders; total, 4 guns.

Guns in outside squadron	52
Guns in inshore squadron	28
Guns in gunboats	18
Grand total	98

I think every naval officer will admit that had the old wooden line-of-battle ships of the Trafalgar and Wellington class taken the place of the armor-clads at Alexandria, they would have silenced the forts in an hour with little damage to themselves. The British vessels were not seriously injured, but the perforations of the Egyptian shells showed what trouble would have occurred had they been charged with dynamite. Here is a new element that has not been used in battle, but there is little doubt from experiments made in this country with the Graydon shell against iron turrets, that a new aspect will be given to future wars by the use of this powerful explosive. The value of the Graydon shell has been demonstrated by experiments that should satisfy the most skeptical. Some trials of this projectile conducted by officers of the U. S. Army, show its destructive effects against iron. Perhaps two or three small vessels, each armed with one long-range dynamite shell gun, will soon be able to destroy the largest armor-clad of the present day.

The following is the account of the experiments: "The gun used on this occasion was a seven-inch Ames wrought-iron, muzzle-loading rifle, weighing twenty-three thousand pounds, and the weight of the charge of powder was twenty-three pounds. The projectile was of steel, open at the rear and closed by a bronze

plug, the same general form as used in the service; its weight being one hundred and twenty-two pounds and the charge of dynamite exploded being two and two-thirds pounds." . . .

"The first shell struck the target twenty-four inches above the horizontal joint and thirty-three inches to the left of the embrasnre, and, although it was a glancing shot and not a "point on" shot, as was desired to test the penetration, it made an indenture three inches deep, exploding with great violence." . . .

"The roof (of the turret) was lifted off, breaking seven bolts, each one and three-fourths inches in diameter, used to assemble the same, and five bolts three and three-fourths inches in diameter, used to bolt the front and rear plates together. It also made a crack ten inches long in the front plate and about eighteen inches long in the rear plate."

"The wreckage was very marked, in fact, almost complete, the roof alluded to above, which weighed thirty thousand nine hundred pounds, being torn off and blown twenty-five feet to the rear by actual measurement."

"The two seven-inch plates of the turret proper were also torn apart a distance of five inches, breaking off the bolt heads which secured the plates together."

In regard to the Zalinski pneumatic gun I am not prepared to give an opinion, as it has not yet been tried under the difficult circumstances that will attend its use on shipboard. Its insufficient range is calculated to weaken confidence in the invention, but if it does succeed there will be another factor which, although not equal to the Graydon dynamite projectile, will still make its mark in the naval wars of the future.

It may posssibly be that Americans, who at present are so far in the rear in regard to naval matters, will ere long come to the fore with inventions which will give them the superiority, and they may be prepared in a *cheap way* to inflict on an enemy so much damage that it would not be worth while for any one to meddle with us.

The naval wars of the future will most likely be carried on among European powers. The United States will have but a small share in them, since the latter will not be willing to maintain a navy sufficient even to protect their coasts and seaboard cities. They will prefer to do as they did once with the Barbary Powers, pay tribute! Future naval battles will be something to appall the

stoutest hearts. Civilization will stand aghast at the awful spectacle, the bottom of the ocean will be strewn with wrecks, mammoth guns and the bodies of men, commerce destroyers will carry ruin and desolation in their wake. The horrible implements of destruction have so multiplied that the results we have indicated cannot be avoided. The only consolation is that the next great war may be so terrible that future conflicts will be less likely to occur, and the world will therefore remain at peace.

DAVID D. PORTER.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

In the freedom and expansion of American life there is a tendency to excess, which appears everywhere; in American humor, in American enterprise and speculation, and, to sum up, in the American boy. He can hardly be called a new species; his faults and merits are those of the young Caucasian everywhere; but in him they exhibit an ebullition which, as in some liquors, may be developed by a little more than ordinary warmth and movement, or by a removal of pressure.

A lack of moral pressure, in the way of judicious discipline, is often the cause of Young America's most conspicuous and most exasperating foibles. Perhaps more than any other boy in the world, he is allowed to grow up, doing about as he pleases. Among the wealthier classes, this laxity of family government may be the result of the father's immersion in business, and of the mother's devotion to what is called Society; or it may come from their excessive parental pride: in their eyes the smart child can do no wrong. His impertinence is laughed at, and the perversity that should be brought to terms by firm measures, is soothed with sweetmeats, coaxed with candies. This faulty training exists quite as much among our hard-working people, with whom it often takes a different form through the tired mother's fretfulness and discouragement, or from the changing moods of the father. If the parents are cross, the boy keeps a wary eye to windward, expecting squalls, and knowing that his lightest misconduct will be visited by heavy retribution. If they are good-natured, he is bold in his disobedience. Here is an authentic instance of a Western farmer's method of enforcing parental authority:

It is Sunday evening; he is smoking his pipe on the back porch, while young Josh, his namesake and heir, is playing with the dog in the yard. Old Josh takes his pipe out of his mouth and remarks that it is time for young Josh to go for the cows.

The junior makes no reply, but keeps on teaching Congo to give his paw. Then the senior repeats his observation, to which he manages to give a little more the tone of a command.

"I tell ye, Josh, ye must go for the cows!"

"I do' wanter!" grumbles young Josh.

"Quit yer foolin', an' go along!" says old Josh.

"I shan't," snarls back the junior.

"I tell ye to go!" exclaims the elder.

"I tell ye I won't," mutters the boy.

"Wal, never mind," says the father; "mebby they'll come home."

But even in families where good sense and gentle firmness govern the house, the boy may yield to vicious propensities in himself, or to bad influences from without, and run a course that may well cause his friends to despair of his future. His character seems to contradict all that is known of the laws of heredity, if we contrast it solely with the sober respectability of his parents, and do not look farther back. Whether man has emerged from monkeydom, may be a question. But that civilization has been evolved from savagery, there can be little doubt. And as the race has risen from ruder conditions, so the epitome, the individual, begins with the native wildness of the stock, and develops later whatever sweetness of humanity he may be capable of. The man is an enlightened being, the boy is a barbarian. He inherits not only the mild parental possibilities, but also all the cat-like or tigerish traits which enabled his progenitors, in the dim past, to make the struggle for existence. Sometimes it seems as if his humanity were as thin as his jacket, and fitted him as loosely. The wild animal is underneath; strip him and you will find the stripes. Perhaps even the sedate deacon, his sire, wears a not much more thickly woven garment of moral conformity and polite goodwill.

So I do not quite despair of the worst boy of whose daily doings I have some slight knowledge. He may be a model of good behavior at home, like a sheep-killing cur I once knew that was never observed to cast a carnal eye upon his master's flock, but would even defend it from other dogs, while he joined them in doing slaughter on neighboring premises. Wouldn't his confiding friends (I am speaking of the biped) be amazed if they could see

a chronicle of his deeds for a single day? In chestnut-time he is up early; in melon-time he is out late. Heedless of the notice, "No trespassing," he helps himself to nuts before the owners are awake, and regales himself on melons after the weary gardener has gone to his virtuous sleep. Broken boughs and a litter of empty burrs tell of his depredations; or he may be tracked by a trail of rinds to the corner fence. There he has sat with his fellows and finished his feast, as a number of scattered rinds bear witness, but beyond that he cannot be traced. It is he who pelts the school-girls with apples in autumn, and with snowballs in winter, generally from behind some wall or hedge. It is he who shouts up the doctor's speaking-tube, and then darts out of sight in the nearest alley. It is he who drives honest John Chinaman wild with his mischief, throwing rubbish into his laundry, and then tripping his heels with rope when he runs out to catch the marauder in the street, which they have darkened by turning off the gas at the lamp post. It was he who helped to get the minister's horse up the stairs and the hayloft, from which he could be got down again only by means of a staging built up to the window on the outside of the stable.

We go to the French language for the label, *enfant terrible;* but the piquant article itself we find nearer home. I believe the American *enfant terrible* can "give points" to any other *enfant terrible* on the face of the globe. He is not only capable of speaking the most disagreeable truths at the most inopportune moments, but he does not hesitate to resort to fiction when it will suit his purpose better. At a seaside hotel, last summer, a young lady wished for her gloves, which she had left in the parlor, but did not like to go for them, because two young gentlemen who had paid her some attention were sitting by the table. So she asked her younger brother to get them. He refused, and she finally went for them herself. The boy followed her; so did the eyes of the young men; when, as she was taking the gloves away the imp of perversity drawled out:—

"I offered to get 'em for her, but she wouldn't let me. I suppose she wanted an excuse to come in where the fellows are."

Though one of the mildest tempered maidens that ever suffered from the malevolent wit of a younger brother, one could see by the sparkle of her eye that, if his neck had been a chicken's, it would then and there have got wrung.

Why is it that in the boy of the family so much more naughtiness commonly crops out than shows itself in his sisters? How often do we see mother and daughters making silent, cheerful sacrifices to the headstrong selfishness of the son! His restlessness, his unreasonableness, and, what is worse, his unscrupulousness, are taken as matters of course, and borne with and forgiven. "He is a BOY!" explains everything, as if he belonged to a different order of creature from themselves. The father may be as mildly mannered and as conscientious as the mother, but the boy is nearer barbarism than the girl, for the reason that the fight for existence has fallen chiefly upon the male of the race, and that kindliness is earlier developed in the sex that keeps the home.

It is fortunate when this effervescence of boyish force finds an outlet in useful occupation, or even in innocent sport. Giving a boy a gun, a fishing-rod, a bicycle, or a set of mechanical tools, may save him from so many things. A sail-boat may quench the ardor of his desire for a seafaring life, a camping out in the wilderness may cool his fancy for going to fight the Indians. Only do not let these curative experiences be too costly. A few years ago some youngsters in the suburbs of Boston conceived the not very original idea of going West and becoming cow-boys. Before undertaking the real thing they thought they would have a little practice as amateurs. They would lasso a cow. The leader, the Buffalo Bill of these juveniles, having to act the double part of horse and rider, tied a clothes-line to his own waist, and made a loop of the other end, which he threw over her horns as she was quietly feeding in the pasture. It took her some time to find out what the fooling meant. Then she made things lively for that boy. The part of the lasso-thrower was successful; but the part of the horse was a failure. He was thrown to the earth and dragged; one continuous streak of cow and rope and foolish boy flying across the brambly field, and over walls and fences, to the amazement of spectators, and to the especial profit of nobody but the village surgeons, who were sent for after the rope—along with three ribs—had got broken. A general impression seemed to be left upon the youngsters that there was not so much fun in lassoing a cow as they had expected.

There are undoubtedly better ways than that of letting off a boy's superfluous vitality and giving guidance to his activities. There is probably some sphere of usefulness which the most worth-

less ne'er-do-weel could fill, and would be happy in filling, if we could only discover it. Few parents understand their own children: it seems that they will never give over trying to force the round pegs into the square holes. The boy with an aptitude for mechanics must be sacrificed to the parental pride, sent to college and pushed into one of the crowded professions; a born naturalist is spoiled to make a poor man of business. The teacher who can discern and draw out the latent genius of his scholars has the rarest gift for his vocation. I remember reading a few years ago, in an educational journal, the experience of a schoolmistress with the most intractable of her pupils. Nobody had ever been able to do anything with him; punishment had no effect; appeals to his pride and ambition, and notes to his mother, were equally unavailing. So she set herself to watching him; perhaps by patient observation the key to his character might be obtained. One day she saw him catch a fly; and for the next fifteen minutes he was absorbed in a minute examination of the insect, his usually dull and listless countenance lighted up with the keenest interest. There was certainly one avenue to his intelligence she determined to test it.

"Boys," she took occasion to say, not long after, "what can you tell me about flies?" She called upon the brightest members of his class and found that they could tell very little. Then came the turn of the dullard. For the first time in his life his enthusiasm was kindled by something going on in school. He forgot his indifference, and became eloquent, giving a brief description of the wings, feet, eyes, head and habits of the fly, to the astonishment of teacher and pupils. Talking with him afterwards she learned that it was his fondness for the woods and fields and of the study of insects and birds that distracted his attention from his books, and distressed his mother with the belief that he was wasting his time. His new teacher took a different view of the case, put books of natural history into his hands, and led him by degrees to see the necessity of preparing himself for his favorite pursuit by learning something of grammar, geography and mathematics. So the dunce of the school became one of the best scholars, and in later years eminent.

The prevailing modes of teaching have not always been the best that could be devised for educating, that is, drawing out the latent energies of the young. How many capable graduates we

have known who have passed from the academy or the college to find that all their book-learning has left them unfitted for the first step in the business of life! Crammed with unassimilated knowledge, they have not been taught to *think;* there is nothing that they can *do.* Industrial and practical art training, which is now assuming an important place in our educational system, promises to be of the very greatest use in developing and molding such minds.

The effect upon a boy, especially if he has been what we call a "bad boy," of turning his energies in the right channel, can sometimes be likened only to the supposed miraculous conversion of sinners. His restlessness is curbed. The new purpose shines in his countenance and beams from his eye. All his views of life are suddenly changed. It is no longer a mere frolic, to be enjoyed in the fleeting hour, at all hazards, but something deep and vast and serious, full of perils, but also full of glorious possibilities. The brier of his wildness puts forth the bud of wisdom; prudence bridles impulse. Happy the son, and happy indeed the parents, when such a transformation takes place. Is not every reckless young spendthrift of golden days capable of such a conversion? All over the land despairing parents are anxiously asking the question: "Cannot the good in our boy be reached? Will he never turn from his wayward course?"

But we must not judge the army by its stragglers and hangers-on. While there is always a ragged edge of the incompetent and the vicious on its borders, the great body of boys in this land, as in any other land, marches steadily forward to an assured future. In these ranks are the statesmen, the judges, the great poets, the great orators that are to be. In this land, as in no other, exist opportunities which may make the lowliest lad of the present the foremost man of the coming time, a truism which it is well enough for both sons and fathers sometimes to reconsider.

I almost repent calling the boy a barbarian, now that I think of some magnanimous boys I have known. What unconscious heroism in common life; what devotion to the humblest duties; what uncomplaining sacrifice and plodding services, for the sake of mother and sisters and home! Small heroes of that sort exist, obscure and unrecognized, all over America to-day.

The most remarkable instance of conscientiousness and generosity in a child which ever came to my knowledge was exhibited,

not by a girl, but by a boy. He was, however, a very youthful specimen; Willie, aged five or six. He had a cake, a portion of which his cousin Minnie coveted. She accordingly reminded him, as she was fond of doing when she had a point to gain, of what "the Bible says" about doing to others as we would be done by. "Now, you know, Willie, if I had the cake you would want half of it." Willie hesitated a moment between inclination and a conviction of duty, then said honestly: "I should want all of it." With tears in his eyes, but resolutely choking down his grief, he handed over to her the entire cake, which she walked off complacently nibbling.

Boys will put upon one another and quarrel among themselves; but let one get into trouble, through no special fault or meanness of his own, and see how generously they will stand by him and combine to help him out. Their efforts on his behalf may not always be wise; I can recall cases in which they were curiously inadequate. In the town where I live there used to be a card factory, at the door of which was a heap of leather shavings. One day half a dozen school-boys might have been observed to gather up handfuls of these trimmings and carry them to a neighboring shed. There, after a sufficient quantity had been accumulated, one of their number, whom we will call Jacob, removed a portion of his clothing and loosened his vest, while his companions plated him all over and stuffed him full of scraps and parings, bound in place by kite strings, and finally buttoned firmly under his trousers and jacket. He was to be the recipient in school that afternoon of a flogging of which his mates did not approve, and this was the coat-of-mail with which they ingeniously provided him. Their intentions were excellent, but the result was not satisfactory. Jacob, on re-entering the school-room, seemed to have grown astonishingly rotund during his dinner hour, and perhaps there was something in his gait (he moved with careful circumspection in the fear of dislocating his armor), which excited the master's suspicions. A preliminary shaking, as he was hauled up for punishment, prepared for the catastrophe, so that when his thrashing began the rain of refuse leather down his trousers-leg, and out of his sleeves and waistbands, was something phenomenal, and long to be remembered. What added weight to his woe was the inconsiderate laughter of his mates, whose mistaken kindness had thus exposed him to a double dose of the birch.

Boys will laugh at such things despite all the dictates of honor and humanity. Excessive mirthfulness is characteristic of the American shaver. But it is a pardonable fault. Not so his lack of reverence, which is perhaps his most notorious and most discreditable failing. When his laughter springs from that, as it so often does, it ceases to be innocent. One often wonders if there is anything in heaven or on earth so sacred that the lawless urchin will not make fun of it. Deference to superiors, respect for parents, veneration for years and wisdom, these are qualities of which he knows little or cares less. It is a radical defect; not simply a source of annoyance to others, but a flaw in his moral constitution. Nor is it confined to the juvenile trifler alone. The spirit of national independence has gone into the boys' heads. If the American youth does not press forward and unlock the golden gate of life, to which art, science, literature, all the shining avenues of enterprise are but the splendid approaches, it will be chiefly for want of

"The master-key of knowledge, reverence."

Other tendencies to excess in our life and manners are especially perilous to the American youngster. The rage of speculation, the hurry to get rich, the passion for display, social excitement and extravagance, cast an early blight upon his purest aspirations. Caught in the furious whirl of fast living, he has little opportunity for the culture of what is most delicate and precious in the heart and mind. The example of successful bad men relaxes his moral sense; he comes to think that obligation is nothing, that duty is an illusion, and life itself a lottery in which audacity and unscrupulousness bear off the prize. When he sees even good citizens, for party purposes, condone the practices of corrupt wire-pullers and political Pecksniffs, how can he continue to believe in the sacredness of pledges, of honor in public and private affairs? It behooves fathers to be honest, sober, prudent in their own conduct, and chary in their choice of teachers and law-makers, if only for the sake of the influence exerted upon their sons.

When Mr. Emerson contrasted the not over-luxurious habits to which his children were brought up with the pinching circumstances of his own childhood, he expressed some misgivings, thinking the cold and bare-floored attic a safer nursery than warmed and carpeted chambers for hardy character and high

thoughts. But it is not easy to conceive of a mind like Emerson's being rendered effeminate by early conditions of affluence, although they may afford temptation and opportunity to a boy innately vicious. Early days of hardship are sometimes, no doubt, a useful discipline, and every brave boy will make the best of them. But Washington was a born aristocrat, and it is a question whether Lincoln and Garfield might not have been as well fitted for their respective careers if they had had a less severe fight with fortune at the start. Of the young volunteers who flew to arms at the outbreak of our civil war, it was found that those who had been gently nurtured were not only among the bravest in battle, but the most cheerful and uncomplaining amidst the miseries of hospital, bivouac and march. It depends more upon what a boy has in him, than upon his surroundings, whether he will leave life a failure or make it a success.

There was never any better stuff in the world for the shaping of men than there is in the American boy of to-day. Even when wicked he is not often mean in his wickedness; he might be the hero of Plutarch's story of the Lacedæmonian lad, who, having stolen a fox, held it concealed under his cloak while it tore his bowels out rather than have the theft discovered. With all his failings, which are many and manifest, he has courage, gayety, endurance, readiness of wit and potency of will. Give direction to these forces, deepen his conscience and elevate his point of view, and the future of the American boy, the future of America itself, is secure.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

SHALL WE BANISH SILVER COIN?

A ROYAL Commission was "appointed to inquire into the recent changes in the relative values of the precious metals" in September, 1886, and after two years of labor, the Commission—not being able to agree upon all the questions submitted—made a triangular report. Part I. was signed by the twelve Commissioners; Part II. by six of them; and Part III. by the other six. The six who signed Part II. were Lord Herschell, Mr. Fremantle, Sir John Lubbock, Sir I. H. Farrer, Mr. Birch, and Mr. Courtney. Part III. was signed by Sir Louis Mallet, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chaplin, Sir W. H. Houldsworth, Mr. Barbour, and Mr. Monatgu.

Part I. contains a historical survey of the subjects treated, and a large amount of exceedingly valuable information, admirably arranged, but without recommendations.

Part II. is long and elaborate, abounding in valuable statistics and other useful information, showing an intimate knowledge of the evils arising from the present disturbed relations between gold and silver—frankly admitting the importance of some kind of re-adjustment, and conceding that the trouble *does not arise from the scarcity of gold in relation to silver;* but the report is inconsistent in its parts, fertile in untenable objections, inconsequent in its conclusions, proposing plans of relief quite inadequate to the conditions, wholly impracticable, and absolutely bewildering to any honest seeker after light upon this recondite subject.

From its scope and drift, one might easily imagine that the six Commissioners were all retired Lord Chancellors, intellectually convinced that international bimetallism was the only remedy for the evils under which Great Britain and her Indian Empire now suffer, but dreading lest the introduction of silver might diminish the purchasing power of their gold pensions; and just here we cite from the report.

"Section 128. It must be remembered, too, that this country is largely a creditor country of debts payable in gold, and any change which entailed a rise in the price

of commodities generally, that is to say, a diminution of the purchasing power of gold, would be to our disadvantage."

Already at Sec. 107 the six Commissioners had said :

"We think that in any conditions fairly to be contemplated in the future, so far as we can forecast them from the experience of the past, a stable ratio might be maintained if the nations we have alluded to were to accept and strictly adhere to bimetallism, at the suggested ratio. We think that if in all these countries gold and silver could be freely coined, and thus become exchangeable against commodities at the fixed ratio, the market value of silver as measured by gold would conform to that ratio, and not vary to any material extent."

And at Section 119 they say :

"* * * We are fully sensible of the benefits which would accrue from the adoption of a common monetary standard by all the commercial nations of the world, and we are quite alive to the advantage of the adoption by these nations of a uniform bimetallic standard as a step in that direction."

But immediately after this sensible admission, terror of some adverse opinion seems to have seized the six Commissioners, and they exclaim :

"The change proposed is tremendous, and we cannot but feel that to a great extent it would be a leap in the dark.

"The public mind certainly is not prepared for it at present, and the very novelty of the proposal would excite apprehensions, which in themselves might not be without their danger.

"We speak of the novelty of the proposal, because, though it has been for some years publicly advocated with great ability and earnestness, it has not found any thing like general acceptance, and those accustomed to the existing system have often been disposed to put it aside as a chimerical proposal, unworthy of serious consideration.

"Under all these circumstances, whilst fully impressed with the difficulties of the present situation, and more especially with those which affect the Government of India, we are not prepared to recommend that this country should proceed to negotiate with other nations a treaty embodying a bimetallic arrangement. We feel that the matter needs much more discussion and consideration in the financial world and by practical men than it has yet received, and that we are not in a position to advise with any confidence that the change could be made safely, or without the risk of creating evils exceeding those which we at present experience."

Then swiftly another dread shadow arises before their minds which they thus describe:

"A further danger to be apprehended is that the nations who were parties to the bimetallic arrangement might not continue to adhere to it.

"It may be difficult to suggest any motives which should make it their interest to secede ; and it may be capable of proof that any country violating the international compact would subject itself and its people to loss and serious inconvenience, but unhappily, enlightened self-interest is not the only motive of the political action of nations, nor is self-interest always enlightened. A desire to inflict injury may often exercise as potent an influence as self-interest, and the idea that the financial

position of one country might be endangered with a resulting advantage to other countries might well afford a sufficient motive for action."

To us on this side of the Atlantic, it seems a trifle Pharisaic, and not quite courteous to suggest, that the other Christian "nations who were parties to the bimetallic agreement might not continue to adhere to it."

This has a flavor of the earlier days, when England despoiled India and complacently assumed that She was the one nation of commercial honor. If treachery to treaty stipulations is indeed "a danger to be apprehended," then no international treaty, upon any subject, should ever be made.

But after conceding, in strongest expressions, the evils resulting from the fall of silver, and saying much in favor of international bimetallism, they propose a scheme of relief likely to startle the solid men of England.

THIS IS THE SCHEME.

"Section 134. Before passing on to other proposals, there is one which we recommend for adoption without hesitation.

"We refer to the abolition of the duty on silver plate, to which we have drawn attention in Section 173. We do not suggest that it is likely to have any very extensive result, but, so far as it operated, it would be beneficial and a step in the right direction."

But lest, peradventure, this plan should not bring immediate relief from all the evils incident to the fall of silver, they propose the following, which they "*think the best:*"

"Section 137. WE THINK THAT THE BEST SUGGESTION in relief of the tension of the existing situation is to be found in the issue of small notes based on silver. These might become the substitute for the half-sovereign, and if they came into general use they would afford a remedy for those difficulties in relation to that coin, to which public attention has been prominently called.

"Twenty-shilling silver notes might also be issued. If these were put into circulation they would probably pass largely into use, without any alteration of the law of legal tender; and we are inclined to think the mint or bank might safely be required to issue such notes to some fixed amount, in exchange for silver bullion taken at the average market price; or the Government might issue them upon condition of retaining silver capable of being coined into an equal number of shillings. The market thus opened for silver might check the decline in price of the metal, besides producing an economy in the use of gold."

After reading these plans, which they "think the best," and finding that the six Commissioners concede the principles and admit the facts for which bimetallists contend, we are surprised to find them "letting I *dare* not wait upon I *would*," betraying the

timidity of the politician, instead of the courage of a statesman. The wind-up of Report II. is in these words :

"Section 138. Though unable to recommend the adoption of what is commonly known as bimetallism, we desire it to be understood that we are quite alive to the imperfections of standards of value, which not only fluctuate, but fluctuate independently of each other ; and we do not shut our eyes to the possibility of future arrangements between nations which may reduce these fluctuations. One uniform standard of value for all commercial countries would, no doubt, like uniformity of coinage or of standards of weight and measure, be a great advantage. Butwe think that any premature and doubtful step might, in addition to its other dangers and inconveniences, prejudice and retard progress to this end."

"We think also that many of the evils and dangers which arise from the present condition of the currencies of different nations have been exaggerated, and that some of the expectations of benefit to be derived from the changes which have been proposed would, if such changes were adopted, be doomed to disappointment.

"Under these circumstances we have felt that the wiser course is to abstain from recommending any fundamental change in a system of currency under which the commerce of Great Britain has attained its present development."

Part III. is brief, consistent and earnest for the establishment of bimetallism by a congress of all the great commercial powers.

In America, we wonder how these "best suggestions" and the wavering and inconsistent views reported in Part II. will strike Mr. Goschen, the eminent Chancellor of the Exchequer; and how they will be received by that class of Indian officials and suffering agriculturists whose continued sufferings—largely consequent upon the fall of silver—constrained the Queen in her address to Parliament a year ago last September to say:

"I deeply grieve to add that there is no mitigation of the suffering under which large portions of the agricultural community continue to labor."

THE FALL OF SILVER.

We have now to consider what has caused the fall of silver, and what influence its exclusion from free coinage has had upon the trade and agriculture of England, India and the United States.

It is related that a plain man called the attention of Sir Isaac Newton to an apparent fact, confronting, one of Sir Isaac's theories; that the great philosopher, having made examination, said, "The theory must give way, there is no arguing against a fact."

I propose to call attention to certain facts of authentic history and to give certain dates bearing upon the causes of the fall of silver, the depression of trade and the fall of prices, and to prove

the fallacy of certain theories which have deluded so many sensible men on the subject of gold and silver. The fall of silver commenced in 1873, and its tendency has been downward ever since.

The tables of Pixley show that during a period of forty years next prior to 1873 the average price of silver in the London market was about 61 pence per ounce, with but little range of variation during the whole forty years; and that during the short period of thirteen years from February, 1873, to July, 1886, there was a variation of $17\frac{5}{16}$ pence, and that on the 19th of May, 1887, silver fell to $41\frac{5}{8}$ pence.

How happens it that for forty years next prior to 1873 the price of silver was nearly stationary, and that within the short space of thirteen years thereafter it had fallen close upon nineteen pence per ounce ?

For a time it was claimed that the cause of the fall was to be found in the superabundant product of silver and the scarcity of gold ; but examination of the facts proved that theory to be entirely fallacious. There has been no scarcity of gold, and when, in 1879, the silver dollar was at a premium of 5.22 over the gold dollar, the gold in proportion to silver was greater than ever before known, and during the twenty-five years next following 1850 there was added to the world's stock from the mines 3,317,625,000 dollars of gold and but $1,395,125,000 of silver. Thus, three thousand three hundred and seventeen million six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in gold were added—a greater addition than had before been made since Columbus discovered America.*

There is but one enduring CAUSE OF THE FALL OF SILVER, and that is the cessation of the demand for it in the standard coinage of the mints in the Christian world.

On the 23d of November, 1871, after Germany had conquered France, and Bismarck had exacted a thousand million dollars in gold indemnity, he commenced the execution of his scheme of new coinage in Germany, and on the 9th of July, 1873, was ordained by law the national gold standard with the gold mark as the unit of value. Before this the metallic currency of Germany was silver. She then commenced the coinage of gold, called in her silver in exchange at the ratio of 1 : $15\frac{1}{2}$ and threw

* Tables of Soetbeer.

her silver upon the market. Then Denmark, Norway and Sweden changed their currency to gold and threw their silver also upon the market, and the Netherlands did the same.

Then France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece at first restricted their silver coinage and soon ceased to coin it at all, and what is truly amazing, the great American Republic, producing nearly as much silver as all the world besides, by the Act of February 12, 1873, stopped its coinage entirely, made the gold dollar the sole unit of value, and thus helped to degrade its own great product of precious metal. Every nation in Christendom now has free coinage for gold, and not one of them allows free coinage to silver. Does any one need to look further for the causes which have depreciated silver and appreciated gold?

Every one familiar with financial history knows that for centuries prior to 1873 gold and silver, *both*, have formed the currency of the general commercial world, and *together* measured the value of commodities, and that more than half the money of the world is silver. (Estimated in the Treasury Report of December, 1875, at 54 per cent.)

That from the early development of commerce in England, until 1816, the unit of value was silver, and that the English pound was silver.

That from the foundation of the government of the United States until February 12, 1873, the silver dollar, *of the same weight and fineness as now*, was a unit of value, full legal tender, and that its coinage was free.

That during a period of forty years next prior to the passage of said act of February 12, 1873, the same silver dollar had ruled at a premium over gold.

That until about the date last mentioned, every important government in Christendom, except England, allowed free coinage to silver, and that since that time not one of them has permitted its free coinage, but all have given free coinage to gold.

That from 1873 until 1878, the United States did not allow its mints to coin a single silver dollar.

That England changed the coinage act in 1816, made gold the unit of value and allowed it free coinage, but allowed no legal tender to silver in a greater sum than forty shillings.

That so soon as the Act of Congress of February, 1878, requiring a limited coinage of silver (on government account only) was

passed, the gold advocates loudly predicted that even this limited coinage of silver would drive all the gold abroad, cheat the laborer of his hire, and bring general disaster upon the country.

That the silver bill of February, 1878, has now been in operation more than ten years, and every one of the gloomy predictions of the gold men have proved to be false.

THEORY THAT SILVER WOULD BANISH GOLD.

The gold theorists, even so late as 1886, insisted that the continued coinage of silver *must* drive out gold; but the coinage went on and the gold increased.

For more than ten years the mint has been stamping the silver dollar, and the result will amaze the the gold men.

Turning to the Mint report of 1887, page 86, we find that at the close of the fiscal year (July 1), 1877, there was but $167,501,472 of gold in the country, and from the tables made up to November 1, 1888, we find at that date **$711,705,050** OF GOLD IN THE COUNTRY.

France ought to have given us some heeded lessons upon that subject. She is a compact country, her territory is less by twenty-seven thousand square miles than the single state of Texas. She has long had between five and six hundred million dollars in legal tender silver, and the gold in the Bank of France has been habitually larger than that of the Bank of England.

On the 9th day of last August the Bank of England held 20,009,615 pounds gold and no legal tender silver, while the Bank of France at the same date held 44,269,764 pounds of gold and 48,940,762 pounds of silver making 93,210,526 pounds of coin, against but 20,009,615 pounds in the Bank of England.

But the gold men had another pet theory, that under the "*Gresham Law*" the gold would surely be driven away by the silver.

Probably not three in a thousand of those who talked with easy flippancy about this law, knew who Gresham was, when or where he lived or what his law was;—had they known, they would have seen, that the Gresham Law had no application to Bank of England notes, American greenbacks or silver dollars, but related only to mutilated coin in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

This accumulated rubbish was disposed of by Lord George

Bentinck and Mr. Thomas Baring, to be found in Parliamentary Debates, Vols. 90 and 95, thus stated:

"The common opinion is that if there is an over-issue of bank notes it will drive the gold out of the country. That was the fundamental position of the famous bullion report in 1811, and it has been the basis of all our subsequent legislation on the subject. But in this case the very reverse took place; for when it was known that notes would be freely issued *hoards* of gold *immediately* made their appearance, and the stock of bullion in the bank instantly began to increase. The notes came out, and, what was directly *contrary to the theory*, the gold came back at the same time."

Theorists upon physics and metaphysics, theology, law, and finance have done infinite mischief in times past; but in this more enlightened age, gaseous theories are exploded at the touch of facts.

When it was found that they could not stop the coinage of the dollar, the gold advocates insisted that the silver would not circulate, that the disgusted people "*would not have it.*"

The President's message, lately issued, states that on the 30th day of November, 1888, 312,570,990 of the silver dollars had been coined, and all but 14,181,654 were in actual circulation, $60,970,990 in silver dollars, $237,418,346 in silver certificates.

THE PROPOSITION OF THE GOLD MEN.

The plan of the gold advocates is to banish legal tender silver—full one-half of the metallic currency of the world—from use and retain the gold only.

Can upright men think it would be *honest* for the Government to reduce the mixed currency of some twelve hundred millions to a single gold currency of six hundred millions, and thus compel mortgage-debtors and others, whose debts were made under the larger currency, to pay in full, when every dollar of the currency exacted by the creditor was worth two which he loaned to his debtor?

There is not a bond, greenback, or other obligation of the United States which the silver dollar cannot lawfully discharge. When these obligations were issued the silver dollar was at a considerable premium over the gold dollar, and neither on their face or in the statutes authorizing their issue is gold mentioned at all.

SUPPLY, DEMAND AND PRICE.

Supply and demand do not alone determine the price of commodities.

The amount of money in circulation is an important factor in determining price.

If we have five hundred million legal tender silver this year, and the same amount of gold, and the supply and demand for wheat in the great markets of the country is one hundred millions of bushels, and the price is one dollar a bushel, and next year the supply and demand is precisely the same, but at the beginning of next year the government demonetizes one-half the currency, does any one think that the *price* would remain the same?

When between 1872 and 1874 silver coinage was stopped in the mints of Christendom, and large quantities of silver coin ceased to be money and became merchandise, the diminution of the coin circulating medium was large, and depression in price followed as inevitably as night follows day. To fill the vacuum caused by the banished silver, gold was called in, and this increased demand for gold increased its purchasing power and diminished the price of the things purchased. It is a principle from which there is no departure, that if you destroy any part of the lawful currency you increase the purchasing power of the part which remains.

BIMETALLISM.

A bimetallic system of currency requires an open mint, free to coin any gold or silver which may be brought to it, and the right on the part of a debtor to discharge his liabilities in either of the two metals at a ratio fixed by law.

Such was the general condition in continental Europe and in the United States until 1873, and the ratio was 1 : 15½ in Europe. The ratio in the United States was 1 : 15, until fifty-five years ago we changed it to 1 : 16, and a premium on silver remained constant until 1873, when by the Act of February 12 in that year the mint was forbidden to coin or issue another silver dollar, and the gold dollar of $25\frac{8}{10}$ grains was made the unit of value. In June of the following year the dollars already issued were demonetized. Thus stood the coinage law in the United States until the new silver coinage Act of 1878.

Before the combined raid upon silver, one hundred cents of silver held a steady premium above one hundred cents of gold, and if by international treaty bimetallism is restored, there is no reason to doubt that the silver dollar of to-day will forthwith be at par with the gold dollar.

It has been claimed that a single gold currency was much more stable than a bimetallic currency.*

Objection is often made to bimetallism on the ground that we cannot have two standards of value. Bimetallism does not contemplate two standards. There is not a gold coin in circulation which is not composed of two metals melted together. One-tenth of every gold coin in the United States is copper; British gold coin is a little finer. But the English sovereign and the American gold dollar both are composed of two metals; yet each is a single standard of value—the *law* makes them so.

The paper note of the Bank of England and the American greenback are both legal tender; neither has any intrinsic value, yet in payment they can discharge any debt; this is done by the fiat of law.

If you melt gold and silver together in the ratio of 1 to 15½, and the law decrees that a coin of 400 grains struck from the melted mass shall be a standard and unit of value, it would be a single standard, and not a double one. But since gold and silver have their different uses, and some Oriental nations coin silver only, it is more convenient to keep the two metals separate; but by legal fiat make 1 weight of pure gold the equivalent at the mint with 15½ weights of pure silver. That does not make a double standard; the standard can remain as it is. If gold should suddenly become sufficiently abundant to supply all that is needed in the arts, and to furnish coin to the rapidly increasing populations, *so as to keep values on the same basis as they have been settled for centuries by the use of both silver and gold in the currency*, then there would be no necessity to unite silver with gold; but since there is no such abundance of gold, and 54 per cent. of the money in use is silver, to banish it from the currency would confuse the values of the world.

* The writer of this article, in conversation with Baron Rothschild, on the 4th of March, 1877, suggested that a single gold currency was more stable than one composed of gold and silver.

The Baron replied that the contrary was the fact, and cited England and France in confirmation of his statement, that where there was but a single standard the fluctuation was larger; that when gold was drawn from England to the Continent for any cause, all the solicitude concentrated upon the single gold standard—gold being the sole legal tender, and no one knowing to what extent it would be drawn away, all the panic and alarm fell upon it; but with a double currency like France, if gold was drawn to England it caused no panic in France, because she had a large reserve of legal tender silver upon which she could fall back, and which, of course, would not be drawn to a gold country; and repeated that a bimetallic currency was more stable than a single currency.

THE FALL OF PRICES, THE DEPRESSION OF TRADE, AND THE SHRINKAGE IN LAND RENTS.

Simultaneously with the fall of silver commenced the fall of price, and the two have run parallel since early in 1873.

The introduction of machinery, easy transit, and the lesser cost of production, has had something to do with the fall of commodity price; but the primal and by all measure the larger cause of the fall of prices is the stoppage of the free coinage of silver in the mints of every considerable government in the Christian world.

We have already shown that scarcity of gold did not cause the fall of silver, and that there is far more gold in the world in proportion to silver now than there was in 1851, when silver was at a premium of 3.42 per cent.

THE GOLD TRUST OF ENGLAND.

There are no silver mines of importance in the British Empire, but gold mines of vast production. To keep up the price of this metal by artificial means, she formed a trust long before the oil or sugar trust was formed in America. She gave free coinage to gold and not to silver, and the Act of Parliament—*VII.* and *VIII.* Victoria, Chap. 32—*compels* the Bank of England to purchase all gold bullion offered at three pounds seventeen shillings nine pence per ounce standard. Of course by this powerful trust gold is appreciated, and silver being banished from coinage increases the demand for gold.

It would be desirable to have England join us—with the great commercial nations of Europe—in an international convention upon the silver question. But if Germany comes in, England is not at all necessary. She was *outside* before the Franco-German war, and ever since 1816.

THE UNITED STATES.

It is not at all necessary for the United States to have any ally in this great measure. We have grown so fast that we are unconscious of our strength. But we are beginning to realize our financial resources. Let England stick to her gold monometallism, oblivious to the changes wrought by the Franco-German war and the consequent banishment of silver from the mints, and before the year 1900 she will be likely to find that her gold has largely

departed and that London is no longer the money centre of the world.

We are told that dealing with a gold country, we must pay our debts in gold—so;—but I trust that we have no member of Congress so ignorant as not to know that every year we produce from our mines more gold than we need to pay our balances, and that we receive more gold from Europe than we send there; and further, that we are by far the greatest producers of silver in the world. If England owned our mines of silver she would protect silver as she now protects her gold.

Instead of trying to enhance the value of our great product by giving it free coinage,—as would England,—we strive to degrade it by exclusion from our mints.

OUR COURSE IS CLEAR.

Repeal the compulsory Coinage Act. Gradually pay off the interest-bearing bonds and the greenbacks. Allow free coinage, but restrict the coinage of silver to our own product until the other commercial nations join us in a treaty.

Upon the deposit of gold or silver coin, or gold and silver bars, let notes issue of convenient denominations, payable on demand. Thus the holder of every note would be absolutely secured by a metal deposit; the government would issue no more interest bearing bonds in order to make a basis for national currency, there would soon be no paper money not secured by gold or silver, dollar for dollar; the only necessity for circulating notes at all would be the convenience. The gold and silver now in the country, and yearly coming from the mines and from other sources, would be ample, and under the system of free coinage no more would be mined than it was found profitable to mine, and no more would be coined than was needed; the currency could only expand as the silver and gold increased, and the past history of the world demonstrates that a currency composed of gold and silver only will not become redundant. It is superfluous to add that no unhealthy inflation can possibly arise from the issue of notes secured by an equal deposit of bullion or coin. Four lines of amendment to the Banking law would allow the banks to go on the same as now, obtaining their currency like other people. The mint report of this year shows that we have abundant gold and silver on hand and coming forward to

accomplish this. England never concerns herself about the currency of other nations; much less need we. It is no more important to keep gold coin in the country than to keep silver coin, provided the silver is of legal tender and sufficient in amount to perform all the functions of needed money, *as in France*, where the currency *per capita* is about twice as much as in the United States. No considerable amount of gold coin goes abroad except to pay balances, and with a reserve of legal tender silver circulated by notes the shipment of gold would cause no more panic than the shipment of wheat.

Suppose we had seven hundred millions of legal tender silver and the same amount of gold, what matters it whether the silver or the gold goes abroad? It seems to have escaped the attention of most men, that, for the long period from 1834—when we changed the mint ratio of silver to gold—down to 1873—when we stopped the coinage of the silver dollar—the *silver*, being all that time at a premium, went abroad and the gold remained at home.

No one can give a reason, founded upon any fact, why, if the European ratio of gold to silver, 1 : 15½, were established by international convention, our silver dollar would not be fully equal to our gold dollar in the markets of the world.

It is to be regretted that the Royal Commission were not in favor of an international treaty upon the subject of silver, and the regret is the deeper when we see how plainly a large majority of the Commission had such well conceived ideas upon bimetallism, which they had not the courage to express, because, as they say, "the public mind is not prepared for it at present, * * * and those accustomed to the existing system have often been disposed to put it aside as a chimerical proposal unworthy of serious consideration." And at Section 115 they remark that "self-interest is not always enlightened;" the truth of which statement is strikingly illustrated by the course which England has taken.

Several times within the last ten years faint lights of "better times a-coming" in England have glimmered in men's minds, but they have all flickered and gone out, and each succeeding year trade has been depressed, farm rents have fallen, labor strikes have been frequent, all the industries have seemed paralyzed, and Ireland is verging upon revolt, and India is in a deplorable condition. New light, even from "self-interest," cannot be expected to dawn upon men in their dotage, bred under a system

effete, by reason of new conditions developed in the march of events.

STRINGENCY IN THE MONEY MARKET.

To those engaged in trade, manufacturing, farming, or in any honest and useful industry, no greater calamity can happen than a tight money market, sudden, and caused by artificial contrivance. Illustrations of this abound in the Parliamentary Debates and in the writings of Lord George Bentinck.

Of all the subtle devices which the wit of man has contrived to despoil the community of their property, nothing equals the contrivance of laws which *limit the currency to gold* and require all debts to be paid in legal tender money.

When the currency is small, it is always easy for a few large corporations and rich money-lenders to combine and lock it up, and thus throw down the price of stocks, wheat, cotton, and other commodities, work a *corner* on the currency, and force those who have bills falling due to sacrifice their property to sustain their credit. Thus the market is made tight and extortion easy.

Money is not a commodity—wheat is; but wheat is not a legal tender and will not pay debts. Mr. Thomas Baring mentions the fact that in 1864 a merchant in Calcutta possessing £20,000 in gold, became bankrupt because he could not change it for silver rupees, the only legal tender in Calcutta.

Lord George Bentinck, discussing the effect of this power in the Bank of England to contract the currency, presents examples of its baneful influence. In his published letters to Croker, dated November 3, 1847, he says:

"But I will give you two or three practical examples of the working of Peel's Bank Charter Act. The act was conditionally suspended last Monday week. The week previous a manufacturer, holding £100,000—$500,000—North Western Railway debentures (guaranteed five per cent. for five years), required bank notes to meet his liabilities. He went to Samuel Jones Lloyd and desired to have his debentures discounted. Samuel Jones Lloyd refused. The manufacturer replied: 'I must *have* money.' The banker rejoined: 'I can't do it—but stay; strike off twenty-five per cent. and I will, but I give you but five minutes to consider.' The wretched manufacturer had no choice but to submit to the extortion or to suspend payments. Samuel Jones Lloyd gave him £75,000 Bank of England notes, and became possessed of £100,000 ($500,000) North Western Railway debentures. On Monday following, the restrictions of the bank charter being suspended, the Bank of England was set at liberty to discount such security at eight per cent. for three months. Jones Lloyd, consequently, on Monday, could have gone to the bank and have rediscounted for £200 what he himself four days before took $125,000 for discounting. *Is not usury like this enough to make one's blood boil?*

Many cases as bad as this, only of lesser amounts, can be cited

in England, but Samuel Jones Lloyd, taking advantage of the tightness of the money market (which he had aided to bring on), extorted $125,000 from the distressed manufacturer; and died a few years ago, under the title of Lord Overstone—one of the richest men in England. That all may clearly understand the full meaning of Lord George Bentinck's statement about quoted, it may be well to remark, that in England, since Peel's Bank Charter Act of 1844, there is a restriction imposed by the Act that no note shall issue upon any commercial paper, however good, but only upon the actual deposit of gold; but the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer together are sometimes induced to lift this restriction in emergencies, and allow the bank to discount commercial paper, and issue Bank of England notes without any gold behind them.

NO NEED OF A TIGHT MONEY MARKET IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is estimated that we have already more than eleven hundred million dollars of metallic currency, which is all the time increasing.

Give free coinage to gold and silver both; upon the coin and bullion issue legal tender notes (like Bank of England notes) of such denominations as we need, and those engaged in honest callings may defy the extortioners to cause a stringency lasting eight and forty hours. The amount of the currency, the rail, the cable, the telegraph and the swift steamers would render a *money corner* impossible.

Gold and silver mines are worked at great expense, and the product is always limited. Inflation comes of paper money (so-called). The amount of its pernicious issue is only determined by the power of the printing press and the will of the government. Not so with gold and silver. Here nature's law intervenes and municipal laws are powerless.

Within the last half century, populations over vast territories, and the business and trade of the world have largely increased, and the needs of a large currency have also increased; but the yield of the precious metals from the mines has only kept pace with these needs, and to banish one of these metals from monetary use would bring calamity. It is inconsiderately said that the modern facilities, through checks and clearing houses, dispense with the necessity of much currency. This is a fallacy; checks and clear-

ing-houses are very useful labor-saving contrivances; but so long as legal tender money can alone pay debts, they do not diminish the necessity of a large legal tender currency. The checks of paupers and insolvents, or of those who have no money behind their checks, do not pass current long. Paper credits, unprotected by money, are always pernicious; when distrust comes—as come it will—these credits shrivel like a scroll in the furnace, bringing panic and disaster in consequence.

EXCLUDE FOREIGN SILVER FROM OUR MINTS.

Tax all foreign silver the same as silver plate, and none could come in.

The object is to prevent the flooding of our mints with foreign silver. Some of our most eminent statesmen think that we can alone maintain free coinage of silver without limit, and that foreign silver cannot come here to be coined. If that is so, then the restriction could do no harm, and would be the safer course at least. It is said, with much show of reason, that foreign silver could not come here to be coined, because at our mint it takes sixteen ounces of silver as the equivalent of one ounce of gold, whereas at the European mints it requires but fifteen and a half ounces—a difference of three per cent. at least—which (adding freight and insurance) would work exclusion.

Any one familiar with the silver market of New York, knows that the difference in ratio, etc., will not work exclusion of foreign silver if we give it free coinage.

Mexico produces at least thirty-three millions of silver per annum. The Mexican dollar * has a slightly larger intrinsic value than the American silver dollar, and yet thousands and thousands of Mexican dollars are sold in Wall Street for *less* than seventy-five cents to the dollar, *payable in silver certificates!*

This gives an idea of fiat value,—that is a value imposed by law,—which makes the entire value of every greenback and a considerable part of the value of every coin issued by the United States.

THE EFFECT OF THE FALL OF SILVER UPON THE PRICE OF WHEAT AND OTHER BREAD-STUFFS.

Silver coin is the sole legal tender in India, and the coinage is free. Before the fall of silver, ten rupees of India were worth a

* The Mexican dollar weighs 27.073 grams and is 902.7 fine. The United States dollar weighs 26.729 grams and is 900 fine.

pound in London, and at that rate paid the vast annual debt of India to England. The fall of silver brought down the rupee rapidly. This stimulated the raising of cotton and especially of wheat, for remittances to London; the cheap silver is taken to Calcutta, converted into rupees, exchanged for wheat which is exported to England, and coming in competition with American wheat, puts down the American product and lowers the price of all farm products in England and Ireland, and land rents fall in consequence.

In 1879 the export of wheat from the United States was one hundred and fifty-three million bushels. The export from India for the same time was but four millions.

In 1886 the export from the United States had fallen to fifty-seven millions and the export from India had risen to thirty-nine million bushels; and the average price of American wheat fell from one dollar and twenty-four cents per bushel in 1879 to eighty-four cents during the last half of 1886.

When farm products cannot pay for the raising, tenants cannot pay rents. When landlords cannot collect rents, they cannot live on land incomes.

Since the great fall in silver, Council Bills drawn in London upon the Indian Exchequer are sold as low as 1s. 4d. the rupee. Before the fall the rupee brought 2s. To cover these bills silver is purchased at the low price of the London market and sent to India for coinage; thus the purchaser of wheat in India gets for 32 cents what before the fall of silver cost 48 cents; of course he can undersell, in the European market American wheat, and depress the agricultural products of Great Britain, Ireland and the United States, besides placing India in a lamentable financial condition, as all the members of the Royal Commission concede.

In America, bimetallism is assured. The platform upon which Gen. Harrison has just been elected President contains this declaration: "The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, and condemns the policy of the Democratic administration in its efforts to demonetize silver."

EDWARDS PIERREPONT.

IS HOUSEKEEPING A FAILURE?

YES and no. Often within the limits of income proposed, housekeeping is kept up at exaggerated expense. Comfort clashes with petty economies and inefficient service, and it is a mere question of time whether health breaks down in the process. Pretension must answer for much of this wreckage of life and life's hopes, for the unwritten spirit of the genteel housekeeping of to-day is "Give us the elegancies of life, and we will do without the necessaries." Too much is attempted in the way of decoration, elaborate service, expensive in time and effort more than money, and a general scale of living exhaustive to the last dollar of income and energy of nerves. People all try to be alike, and one cannot tell by any lack of elegancies or appointments whether his friend's income is twenty-five hundred or ten thousand dollars. All houses of this class have more or less cathedral glass, painted dinner services, niello tripod lamps and apostle spoons. King George found roast mutton and apple pie a dinner fit for royalty every day, an example to which ordinary republican families cleave with great steadiness, but they contrive it shall be set upon French ingrain damask and plate fit for a court table in looks, and sixpence worth of wafers for supper will be tied with satin ribbon, on a laced napkin with ten dollars worth of orchids and adiantum to lend their countenance. Orchids, it seems, are positively economical flowers, as they keep in condition for weeks, which is their recommendation to the housekeeper of thrifty elegance.

One would sometimes rather have more broiled bird than so much wafer napkin, and must regret that he cannot eat ribbons. In the estimates of the polite housekeeper, food eaten makes no show at the end of the year, while painted lamp shades and embroidered cushions are things of substantial credit. Wherefore, she spends as little on marketing and as much on furnishings as consists with existence. A steady eye is kept laundryward, and bath towels and fresh linen are as strictly limited as the school

fund. Cleaning of carpets, draperies and toilet covers is put off as long as possible, instead of keeping perennial freshness. You do not think of pulling a flower out of the vases, or of asking for a cup of coffee out of hours, however late you work nights, or how much nerves long for it. There is apt to be a sad monotony in the fare, which is not always "toujours perdrix" by any means. The ex-cook, who married the coachman, will have salmon and asparagus for her Sunday dinner in her cosy Eighth Avenue flat, two weeks before "the family" think of affording it. She and Michael do not find good living lost as long as they must work by it, and they have no hands to pay for that bit of dinner, incomparably cooked, save their own. The legend remains of the rich young New Yorker, patron of clubs and swell boarding hotels, who decided to keep house himself, and was reported to all inquiring friends as "gone to keeping nigger boarding house on Fifth Avenue." The story is too true to die.

There is gnashing of teeth and gnawing of moustaches as the American family man reads the standard English advice, to estimate the rent not over one-tenth of the income. One-tenth! When no one this side the water dreams of sharing less than one-fourth his income with his landlord. Is it any wonder that literary men and others on modest salaries of $3,000 to $5,000 feel compelled to keep their wives and children in Canada or the Genesee country, where living is cheap, while they themselves fare as bachelors in the city? But high rents and pretentious habits are not so prohibitory of housekeeping as the desolating plague of servants. I do not say poor servants, for, like certain brands of cheap wines, all that can be said of them is that some are not so poor as others. The first-class servant from an intelligence office may be set down as an expense of not less than $10 a week, ordinary waste and breakage included. The trouble is not so much that she is high priced, as that she will not work at any price at all. The frowsiness she quickly spreads through a house, the chipped china, ragged damask, careless vestibule, giving a bad name to the rest of the house, not belied by fluffy chambers and smoky scented parlors, takes away all attraction from the idea of home. It is a roost rather than a nest, and the family learn to feel never so much at home as when abroad. Inefficient servants have nearly broken up the home life of America.

But if housekeeping seems a failure, boarding is no less so. It

is existence on its lowest terms. Whether the subject is a young man on a salary, condemned to his crevice of a hall bedroom, or a family in a luxurious suite of an apartment hotel, with name of distinction, one has a sense of being kept in a portfolio, under lock and key, or else of being always at the wings, waiting the cue to come before the public. The expensive suites seem like upholstered sepulchres. Boarding tends neither to health nor long life. The halls and unventilated parlors, stuffy with the presence of crowded humanity; the flavor of the food kept in unsavory refrigerators; the fish and meat gone stale in the hot, rancid kitchen while waiting to be cooked; the aphides swarming on the lettuce; the rust on the celery, hourly make war with digestion, lower the vitality and charge the system with malaria. The hostess is in the hands of her servants, and cannot compel careful attendance when she would.

Not to dwell on these uninviting realities, the fact is that one wants a home to have life worth living. Individuality has this sacredness about it, that by being good to ourselves we learn to be better to others. Each person has his special tastes and needs, only ministered to in the space and privilege of home. One wants a place where he can blow eggs for his cabinet, or make a scrap-book without imposing on somebody's good humor for the paste, or have a mustard plaster nights without knocking up two or three sets of persons to get it. One wants a place of his own for the great crises of life. We must have homes to be born in, and to die in. Boarding-houses are as prompt in dismissing prospective nativities as they are in getting rid of small-pox. One can hardly cavil at their decision, but it is hard upon inexperienced women, and not a few young husbands face the most perplexing question of their lives in providing for such a flight into Egypt. Who rears a family should have a home.

If life has one dreary episode, indescribable and inconsolable, it is illness and mortality under a roof not one's own. The grisly summons is hard to bear at best, but to see the slender chances of life lost one by one for want of the commonest cares, a cup of broth at the right moment, a fire for a collapsed sufferer, delicate food for supply of strength, or quiet for a fevered patient wild-eyed at every clamorous bell and careless foot, distills a slow anguish drop by drop that any mortal is wise to spare himself and his friends.

A hundred notable instances prove that even in our hot-bed society it is possible for men and women who understand themselves to make bright, enjoyable homes, where life goes on velvet by comparison with the clipped comfort of hired homes. It needs study, shrewdness, much observation and device. To live in human society requires the principles of a gentleman and the keenness of a pettifogger. One must be prompt and careful enough to extort the consideration of cool landlords, able to cope with plumbers, and provision dealers, quite hardened to decline paying dishonest charges, and to return goods which are not what they pretend to be. Servants, even in the present bumptiousness of labor, can be coolly and steadily dealt with till they perforce learn their duty; and the whole essence of the trouble with servants is, not that they are not well paid and well treated generally, but that mistresses have not the tact and decision to demand what belongs to them, or decline imperfect attendance. Women are apt to be either tyrannical mistresses or abject ones; to impose upon servants, or endure the worst imposition from them. House management is not to be taught in schools, like frying cutlets, but it is an art to be learned by practice, and is the pleasantest alternative to literary, social, and charitable pursuits, and no woman who ever learns it can ever bear to hear housekeeping pronounced a failure.

The item of expense remains, which is the marrow of the matter to many families. If they will put pretension and imitation of other people aside, and be content to live prettily in fresh surroundings, and wholesome, comfortable, cheery ways, they can do so for less money than it takes to board in a second-rate way. More than this, it is not safe to profess. Perhaps it is enough to ask, unless one would live like the elder Trollopes, keeping a footman, with wine daily on the table, while the children never knew what it was to have a penny in their pockets. But this hardly suits Americans as yet.

SHIRLEY DARE.

IT seems strange to a person who has had a long experience of both these methods of life that there should be any hesitation in choosing between them; yet there are thousands of people in our country, of moderate means, who spend their lives in houses not their own, who certainly have reasons, such as they are, for so doing.

They allege as the most urgent argument that boarding is cheaper than keeping house. This idea is not the result of investigation, or experience, but springs chiefly from the fact that it is always more satisfactory to pay a fixed sum at fixed periods than to be always liable to a demand as the need arises, or to be encountered twice a year with numerous and various bills which the masculine head of the family cannot always comprehend. And it is true, to a certain extent, that boarding, as far as mere board and lodging go, is cheaper than a house of one's own, because it costs less *per capita* to provide food for ten people than for two; there is less waste in large joints of meat than in small ones, and there is always a certain discount made to the wholesale purchaser of supplies which is never made to the small buyer. But against this should be set off the unwholesomeness of air and food in boarding. No one who has lived at such a place can forget the closeness of its atmosphere; the odor of cooking that permeates the house and saturates even its upholstery; the vitiated air in its halls and parlors that comes from the open transoms of bed-rooms whose occupants dare not open their windows, not understanding that "night air" is, as Florence Nightingale says, the only air there is at night, and infinitely better than that which is exhausted by rebreathing over and over.

And while the food, as a general thing, may be fairly good, it is impossible to accommodate it to the varying needs of so many consumers. People cannot all eat the same things; there are certain kinds of viands absolutely deleterious to some constitutions; some that are needful to the health of others; there are delicate people, particularly women, everywhere, and in a hotel or a boarding-house they must either eat the ill-cooked morsels set before them, or satisfy their hunger, which is not real hunger but exhaustion, in their own rooms, on such substitutes as crackers, candy, or the wholesomer refreshment of fruit. Bad air and improper food entail illness, a doctor, perhaps death; none of them economic but the last.

Again, in a boarding-house, women are obliged to dress better than in their homes, or, rather, to dress more. This is not a real necessity except in their own eyes, but becomes so to them. The plain and neat attire in which a woman may prettily and properly appear at her own breakfast table, the average woman would consider quite beneath her when she has to meet twelve or fifteen

people who will criticise her aspect, and condemn or admire it; herein is another and not a trivial occasion of expense. The superior social life of a boarding-house is sometimes alleged in its favor, but a moment's candid examination of that plea shows its futility; indeed it is one of the great objections to such a life that it becomes impossible therein to choose your own society.

It cannot be asked of those who take people to board in order to make their own living that they should exercise any power of selection among those who apply to them, except so far as their social respectability and financial solvency are secure; nor can the ordinary boarder always confine herself to her chamber in order to avoid others of the incongruous family whom she does not approve or like. In this, as in most other things, the burden of life falls more heavily on women than on men; for a man is absent all day at his business, and the evening offers to him a thousand amusements which are never open to single women, nor to the married unless their husbands choose to indulge them in such recreations.

Another argument in favor of boarding is that it allows women more leisure and relieves them from the cares of house-keeping. But is leisure the best thing for women? How do they employ it in such a life? I know there are many and honorable exceptions, but the average woman of the period has nothing to do but to dress, gossip, visit, or devote herself to that trivial amusement called shopping, which too often means wasting the time and destroying the patience of employés in shops by looking at goods these *quasi* customers never mean to buy, and inspecting bric-a-brac they cannot purchase, merely as a pastime.

And are not the cares and duties of a home the legitimate business of a married woman? Where is her life more full, more appropriate, more contented, if she be a genuine woman, than when, like the Shunamite, she "dwells among her own people"?

Then comes the most vital question of all, is a home-life or the life of boarding-houses and hotels best for children? Who does not recall with horror the pert, ill-bred, noisy children they have too often encountered at such places, with nothing modest, gentle or child-like about them? They have been deprived of all the sweet securities of home, the training of family life, the tenderness and strength of family associations; they have been unwelcome from their birth, tolerated instead of cherished, nay, how

often the ranks of coming infancy have been more than decimated that the wives who evade motherhood may enjoy their languor and leisure, and "take their ease in their inn"!

Is not the character of too many of our modern women, who spend their lives in a homeless condition, an unanswerable argument against a life of boarding? If there is a sadder thing than "a man without a country," it is a woman without a home; and the fact that it is so frequent a spectacle is due greatly to the indolence and false pride of our women. If only they would be content to live according to their incomes, to avoid fashion and society, whose extravagance they cannot copy or compete with, and live simply, frugally, humbly, while they can afford nothing further; if they would learn and practice those homely virtues that make home what it should be, the centre of life, and light, and blessedness in living; if they would bear their children with joyful acceptance as gifts of God, and train them in their families to obedience, unselfishness, and true service to their kind, what a social revolution would begin among us! What a generation of strong men and good women would rebuild our deteriorating country!

The family is an institution of God, the archetype and foundation of all human government; out of the family as it should be come good citizens, noble women, patriots, and saints; they do not spring from the social hot-beds of hotels and boarding-houses; they grow in the fair fresh gardens of home, the only trace left us of that beauteous and fruitful field wherein the first family of earth were set "to dress and to keep it." Now, even as then, we want to taste forbidden fruit, that is as tempting to-day as ever, and turn ourselves out into the wilderness of this world to herd with the tribes of folly and idleness. It may be said, and said reasonably, that there are thousands of single women who are obliged to board, because they are wage-workers, and must spend their time elsewhere at their several occupations; but why is it not possible for a few of these women to hire a small tenement, and take turns at keeping house in it? I think it would be more economic, more wholesome, more agreeable far, than occupying garrets or hall bed-rooms in third rate boarding-houses; and I think with a little energy and enterprise, a little economy in feathers, candy, thin shoes, kid gloves, and gallery theatre tickets, it could be done. Who will be the reformer here?

Oh ! had I a thousand girls to educate, poor or rich, I would teach them cooking and content, instead of French and the piano; I would say to them every day and everywhere, "Make for yourselves a home ; no matter how poor, how small, how limited ; if it be only two rooms on a fifth story, *have a home.*" It is a woman's sole refuge and rest, her poor crown and kingdom, perhaps, but still a kingdom and a crown. It is the one way to live that has "the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow to it." Its sorrows come of our own faults and follies ; but even then we have the sacred seclusion of a home to suffer in ; the charity, the comfort, the shelter of a home to die in ; and those who have fed on the husks of boarding, but come out at last into the Father's house of home, re-echo with all their hearts and minds the refrain of the old and justly popular song,

"There's no place like home!"

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

IT may be safely and deliberately asserted that the duties of the American matron, who is also house-mother, draw more heavily upon mental, moral and nervous forces than do the stated tasks of any other class of well-to-do women on either side of the ocean. This we premise in view of the responsibilities inseparable from the position, the magnitude of the issues involved, and the meagre facilities afforded for the right performance of the work.

Our matron is not only manager, overlooker and forewoman of her dwelling, but usually caterer for the appetites of her family, and almost as usually cook in departments where the light hand and delicate task are required. Her marketing directed, if not done by herself, comes to her, an amorphous mass, from which are to be evolved order, palatableness and dainty variety. From attic to cellar she performs the heaviest part of each servant's work in planning, inspecting and revising. She is nominal comptroller and virtual co-worker with minds unregulated by the influences that have formed her's, and hands whose deftest motions are clumsy when compared with the manipulation behind which are brains and judgment. Her plans may be orderly and fair to see, and in theory flawless. As carried out by her so-called confederates, they are frequently ghastly caricatures of the originals.

That, in the face of all drawbacks, she so often creates and maintains a home worthy of the name proves that executive and administrative ability of no mean order is an essential among the qualifications for her office, and that she possesses these much oftener than her detractors have the fairness to admit.

From Solomon's reign down to the incumbency of our latest president, the price of this woman has been above rubies. In the fact that she is alive upon the earth at this day, looking diligently after the ways of her household, although seldom heard in symposia on topics like that which stands as our caption, lies the hope of the national home.

A glance at the history of the plaintiff in the case now before the public, while it enhances our respect for the woman who has dared and done, gives full explanation of the failure of our malcontent. She begins life as a raw, inexperienced girl, or a mere theorist in practical housewifery. She is fleeced and bullied by servants, bewildered by babies and hectored by the husband who cannot comprehend her "unbusinesslike methods." (Who, by the way, ever taught her any "methods" at all?) Cookery, as preached and illustrated by the accomplished professor of the art with whom she "took a course" in anticipation of her marriage, resembles actual experience in her kitchen as "Die Walküre," under Damrosch's management, the rudimentary exercises of a child's piano practice. From the inception of the undertaking it is a long pull, a strong pull and a pull up-hill.

Life, in the most modest of middle-class households, differs materially from that of thirty years ago. The twenty-four hours of the day are an exact and inexorable quantity; incomes have not kept step with fashionable luxuries; cellular tissue cannot grow fast enough to supply immoderate waste. There is twice as much to be done as of old, and "hired help" is a steadily-weakening reed. The stout-armed maid-of-all-work, who cooked, washed, ironed, waited at table, and made up the beds of a family of seven, has given place to two or more specialists with nerves and notions of their own for each household where there are "three in fam'ly." The modern home, with all the labor-saving machines invented, ostensibly, for the housekeeper's relief, is a complex machine. Like steam plow and churn, it requires a skillful engineer to run it, and these Castle Garden does not furnish. The wife, tried beyond strength and patience; the husband,

whose labor barely provides the family with lodging, food, and clothing; the children, eager for novelty, unite in declaring the whole system a failure, and agree upon the alternative offered by hotel or boarding-house.

With regard to the least objectionable of these, I would here record explicitly my opinion that home is to be found in none of them. Luxury in many, comparative indolence in all, are attainable. The sacred pale which excludes the public and secludes the household—the boundary within which character grows into individuality, which is yet fostered and enriched by the holiest influences known to earth—is leveled. People who eat by contract and in herds, and whose very bed-chambers are not secure from prying eyes and intrusive feet, soon begin to dress, look, talk and *think* for the vulgar many, rather than the beloved few. Boarding-house gossip springs up as naturally from promiscuous association, habitual and continued, as fungi from artificial deposits kept at a certain degree of heat and moisture.

What other occupation has the average woman, thus situated, than to observe and discuss her neighbors, when she has dressed herself and children for the inspection of friends and the envy of rivals? The professional laborer and the active philanthropist may defy the deteriorating influence of the caravanserai. Work, with a noble, definite end in view, is a catholicon even in infected districts. But, were there no other tenable objection to the life of the feminine occupant of a family hotel, the palpable waste of the time, energies and opportunities of a rational creature, who, from morning until night has nothing to do but amuse herself, should condemn it. Worse, if possible, is the effect of the boarding-house upon children. If kept within the bounds of their own apartments, they mope, or romp like caged things. If allowed the range of the premises, they are spoiled and lawless. The mere circumstance of being always dressed "for company" begets self consciousness, consequently, stiffness or affectation.

I wish there were time and space for the discussion here of the comparative expense of the two systems. So sure am I, as the result of observation and experience, that—taking into consideration the increased cost of dress; the temptation to divers forms of extravagance not encountered in the quiet home-circle, but which assume the imminence of obligation to follow the lead of others,—not to mention extras peculiar and inevitable to this

mode of existence, and but too familiar to all who have boarded in public or private houses,—the economy of the experiment of the retired housekeepers is more than doubtful.

What is the life worth living? One of labor and sacrifice for the highest good of others, or of personal ease and irresponsibility? At the hardest, and in the least propitious circumstances, is our housewife's lot more arduous than her husband's daily toil in warehouse, shop or office? Marriage, housewifery and motherhood are the triple vocation of at least seven out of ten women. Let each bring to the mission the systematic industry and indomitable resolution that would ensure success in business projects, and the whole face of the subject would be changed. It must not be overlooked that the outcry over the failure of housekeeping does not come from the small body of what are known as professional women—those whose work in specific lines brings them assured incomes. It would be folly for the author who can earn a hundred, fifty or even twenty dollars a day at her desk, to make her own fires and puddings. The physician whose revenue is double that of the author, can conscientiously employ a salaried housekeeper. If the teacher craves a home it must be kept for her by mother, sister or other friend.

Yet let me observe in justice to some of the world's noblest workers, that among the best-ordered households in this and other lands are those of literary women. I believe the exceptions to the rule to be extremely rare, notwithstanding popular prejudice on this head. The drill of studious application to a given subject, of logical thought and methodical division of time, tells in this, as in every department of labor.

No! the wail against the intolerable servitude of housekeeping arises from the vast body of mediocre apprentices,—who will never become adepts in the really noble art of Home-making. It is rather the lack of learning and what learning does for the whole being, than the spread of "higher education," that breeds the revolt against time-honored customs. Untrained mistresses are unfit to direct untrained servants. *There* is the tangle at which a thousand fingers, kindly and meddlesome, are picking.

And the remedy of the crying evil?

A readjustment of the comparative values of life; the acceptance, with wedlock, of the grave, solemn responsibilities that enter into the relation; a steadfast determination to conquer cir-

cumstance, to bring our work up to our standard instead of girding peevishly under the burden; to count as earth's best good, the Blessedness of giving, rather than the Happiness of receiving.

In her wonderful "Story of Avis," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps tells how the young artist was sent to Alta Mura "to ask what he wants done with you."

"Are you ready, young lady," he had said, "to spend two days copying a carrot that hangs twenty feet away from you against the wall?"

"Two hundred, if I must!" said Avis.

"She stooped to her task with a stern, ungirlish doggedness, * * * abandoned herself to the drudgeries involved in mastering the *technique* of art with a passion which added to the fire of the artist something of feminine self-abnegation."

Do we dignify home-making or painting by the illustration and suggested application? MARION HARLAND.

THE conviction that well-to-do American families find housekeeping a failure, would seem the natural result of a close observation of the boarding-house system of our large cities. In many of the finest blocks the boarding-houses outnumber the homes, and of the cheaper neighborhoods this is equally true. When it is remembered that as a rule a private house contains but one family, while the boarding-house may contain two or three, it would seem that a far larger number of people are boarding than keeping house. People with incomes varying from one to four thousand dollars a year, who have been accustomed to the smaller luxuries of city life, have very little choice in the matter; from many of them, the reply to the question, "Is housekeeping a failure?" would be, "No, but an impossibility." The low-priced but respectable boarding-houses that accommodate vast numbers of families whose income is from a thousand to fifteen hundred a year, afford a semblance of luxury, in place of the undignified struggle to keep house in such cheap rooms as they could pay for. For very little more than would hire very simple lodgings and pay for food, they obtain a share of several advantages which, borne by one family alone, would take a very much larger income to support.

They have servants, live in a house of more pretension and

in a better location than they otherwise could, and have much more variety of food. Although these advantages may be little more than nominal, there is a great deal in a name, and many people would rather be uncomfortable with certain surroundings, than comfortable in confessed poverty.

But it is not lack of means to keep house that drives people to board in the expensive neighborhoods. There we find young married people, and, unfortunately, old married people, who have kept house, and taken to boarding, people who pay for confined quarters and meals at a general table as much as would maintain a small house and necessary service comfortably, and in cases where a private table is enjoyed, the prices paid are so high that it would certainly seem to answer in the affirmative the question, is housekeeping a failure? when the known discomforts of boarding are preferred to it and so dearly paid for.

But very rarely do we meet with boarders who prefer boarding. In all large cities there are gay and frivolous women who shirk the cares of housekeeping as they do of motherhood, and to them the fashionable boarding-house or hotel offer an escape from all duties, and leave unlimited time for the pursuit of pleasure. The far greater number of boarders, however, are not of this class. We find good housekeeping mothers bringing up children in boarding-houses; but, as they will tell you, not from choice. Ill health is sometimes her reason, but far more frequently we are told that the house-mother could not bear the burden of servants any longer; worn out in patience and in all hope of better things, she and her family deprive themselves of home and its pleasures, and are enduring a life full of discomfort, but free from care, rather than struggle further with the question of domestics.

To all but the few pleasure-loving women before alluded to, boarding offers no advantages compared with home.

The man with an income of from seven to ten thousand a year—and with less than this it would be impossible to board with elbow-room in a fashionable location—can provide his family with a good house, good furniture, good food, good clothes. But it too frequently happens that the help necessary to make all these blessings enjoyable is not to be purchased for money; that the housewife becomes worn out in her efforts to take care of her house, tormented, not aided by the servants she pays to assist

her, and, weary of the struggle, often to save tottering health, the dear home is broken up, and the care-free refuge of a boarding-house sought as a poor makeshift. But it must be remembered that before we pronounce housekeeping a failure, it must be given up from choice, and the boarding-house accepted as a better and pleasanter way of living, not as now, as a disagreeable necessity.

But city life is not necessarily American life, nor is the life of citizens confined to cities, and such are the high rents in many of them that a very large part of their business population reside in the suburbs, the well-to-do in the fashionable, flourishing suburban towns, and those whose incomes are very small, but who prefer a humble home to boarding, choose the growing villages, where cottages rent for two to three hundred dollars.

Here we see the happy home life of America; not, perhaps, happier that that of cities, but much easier of observation.

The doors of a city home close on its inmates and we know no more. In the pleasant suburban life we see the busy man at home after the day's business is over, enjoying his flowers and his shady lawn, or driving his family in the pleasant summer evenings. Everywhere there are evidences of the happy home life. In the smaller villages it is the same. One sees the clerk or book-keeper enjoying his smoke on his own porch, surrounded by his children. Contrast this free and wholesome life with the cribbed and confined one of a couple of rooms in a boarding-house, and it will not surprise you to know that a very large majority would say that housekeeping for them was very far from a failure.

The families who live in larger houses, and are dependent on servants for cleanliness and comfort, may be less enthusiastic; the house-mother may tell of vexations and over-wrought nerves, and speak of flying to the hotel or boarding-house to escape the necessity of employing servants; or, if her experience has been fortunate, she may indignantly deny the possibility of comparing the two states of housekeeping and boarding, the last being to her motherly mind only a means of shirking responsibilities on the part of idly disposed women.

But the families who look on the possibility of breaking up home at some future date, the date is generally very remote, and only in case the last straw should be added to the burden, will rarely speak of it as a pleasant change, but as of some terrible misfortune, to be avoided if possible.

It is very difficult to generalize from the limited experience of any one person ; but so far as the writer's observation goes housekeeping is never a failure. To a very few married people the boarding-house offers advantages over housekeeping. To professional people where wife as well as husband have their time remuneratively employed, the ready meals and absence of all care as to house or rooms is a boon, and a homelike abiding place worthy of appreciation.

To the entirely incapable girl-wife, married soon after she leaves school, who after a few short months of difficulties and wasteful effort, or no effort, boarding may offer a refuge from worse discomfort, and as has been said, to those married people of very small income who shun living in the cheap neighborhoods that must be their choice if they wish to keep house, boarding is an economy, and so far an advantage over housekeeping, to which, however, nearly every such family looks forward as the goal of their hopes, when circumstances improve.

CATHERINE OWEN.

No ; emphatically, no. This is the way in which I would briefly answer the question, "Is housekeeping a failure?" Of course, hundreds of housekeepers fall by the wayside and are glad to take refuge in boarding-houses ; yet what of that ? Because there are many failures in the iron business shall we pronounce the entire trade a failure ? There are failures on the stage ; but shall we say the dramatic art is not worth preserving ? Failure follows failure in literature ; yet who would ask all authors to throw away their pens for that reason ? In all these cases there is a bright side as well as a dark one. So also in housekeeping.

What does boarding do for men and women ? It makes them selfish, and narrow-minded, and petty fault-finders. It is inconceivable that a person can, after some years, come out of such a life in possession of the same admirable qualities that are likely to develop in one's own home. Men may not be affected to the same extent as women, because they come more in contact with the world in their business, but nobody can estimate how much the growth of a woman's character is retarded by the aimless life in a boarding-house. Lovely traits that would be fostered in the home are nipped in the bud elsewhere. Throughout the land there are hundreds of thousands of homes where all that is noble

and amiable in men and women is cherished : mutual love and forbearance; kindness and charity ; hospitality and generosity ; thoughtfulness for the welfare and comfort of others. Who will say this of the boarding-house ? Who attempt to match the home-makers with an equal number of people that are satisfied to live in indolence in hotels ?

My work—the teaching of cooking—has taken me into many of the States in our great union and given me an opportunity to study many phases of life. I have been in the homes of the rich, the middle class and the poor, and it seems to me that I have always found those people who keep house to be the happiest in my circle of acquaintances. Assuming this to be a correct opinion, somebody may ask why then so many folk are pleased to live in hotels and boarding-houses. But is the hotel or boarding-house really their first choice ? Many couples, particularly those newly married, are deterred from keeping house by two reasons : lack of money to establish themselves as they would like, and secondly, the inexperience of the wife in the discharge of household duties. When there are but two in the family it is cheaper to board, and thus it comes about that desire is often driven off the field, and grim necessity rules. Again, it may be that there are funds enough, and experience enough, but that the wife and mother is not strong enough to bear the burdens of a housekeeper. It is, therefore, not always by choice that people flock to boarding-houses. Probably a majority of those who patronize them long for homes of their own.

Mismanagement and indolence are two of the great causes of failure in housekeeping. People do not always begin in the right way. They frequently use so much money in the first year as to become disheartened. Unable or unwilling to economize, they surrender their house and turn to somebody to make a home for them where the expense shall not be so great. But they would rather keep their house, much rather; and, were they courageous enough to resolve on retrenchment, all might be well in the end. It is the first years that are the most trying. Estimates of the rent, cost of furnishing, fuel, lights, service, and some few other things can be made, but the little unexpected expenses are a source of surprise and discouragement. When retrenchment is discussed the average husband is apt to urge a reduction of the expense of the table, yet he is quick to object to any change

which will deprive him of the food he likes or thinks he requires. A concession here by the husband and there by the wife, and instead of failure we should have success in housekeeping. If either be indolent, however, the fault must be overcome, or a perfectly happy home is not to be expected. Something which should be provided or done to conduce to the comfort of the family is missing or postponed. In time the eyes are turned toward the beacon set upon the boarding-house, and another failure in housekeeping is to be recorded.

Despite all evidence to the contrary, however, I am firm in my belief that housekeeping in general is not, all things considered, a failure. The finest suite, in the finest hotel in town, offered for exactly the same price I pay to maintain my modest home, would not tempt me to make an exchange. Surrender the comfort, freedom and happiness of a home of one's own for luxury and laziness in a hotel? Not I! and how can any sensible woman do it if she be well, have sufficient money to carry on the house, and know how to direct domestic affairs? Let the reader pause for a moment to think what it is to have a long illness at a hotel or boarding-house; to be distressed by noise made by thoughtless and unsympathetic fellow-occupants; to be able only with difficulty to get some few simple dishes which you crave. On the other hand, if you are ill at home what a difference! There is no noise to disturb you, for the members of the household, longing for your recovery, go about silently and are ever on the alert to prevent you from being annoyed. You hunger for some particular food, and loving hands prepare it and bring it to your bedside; not to be served, bear in mind, in the unattractive dishes made expressly for boarding-houses, nor yet in those of finer quality, though possessing no charms for you, which are found in hotels, but rather in the various dainty bits of china and glassware which you prize and with which so many pleasant recollections may be associated. You become tired of seeing pictures and furniture always in the same place, and changes are speedily and cheerfully made. Gradually you become stronger, and go from one part of the house to the other, sunning yourself in a cosy corner if the weather be cold, or enjoying the flowers in your garden if summer has come. There is no restraint, save such as the doctor and nurse may impose; your house is your castle, and what may benefit or please you will be

done. Is there any place to afford the same amount of restfulness as a well-ordered home?

It seems to me that the successes in housekeeping greatly outnumber the failures. I was almost on the point of putting them in the proportion of ten to one. Possibly even that would be too low an estimate. The degree of success varies, of course. Some housekeepers win your admiration by one thing, some by another. There is no reason to doubt that many could make their success more pronounced—I cannot refrain from writing this, even though it may appear irrelevant—by showing a little more consideration to their servants. Kind words cost nothing, and a gloomy day may be made bright saying them. Fear of fostering familiarity should not deter one. Reciprocity of friendly feeling is desirable; anything like familiarity may easily be checked.

The, to me, unfortunate necessity of jotting down my views on this subject at scant notice, prevents me from expressing them so well, so compactly, and, above all, so earnestly as I would like. For to stand up for the home, as against the hotel and boarding-house; to be ready at all times to give encouragement to those who are inclined to keep house, yet are uncertain whether it is the best thing to do; and to respond invariably and unfalteringly "No, no," to the question which forms the topic of these papers, are duties which every woman should be glad and proud to do.

MARIA PARLOA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

UNCONSCIOUS SUICIDE.

A NUMBER of cemeteries drain into Brooklyn's sources of water supply.

Long Island City pumps its water out of an underground frog pond.

Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, and Hoboken secure their water from the dirty Passaic River.

Albany and Kingston have muddy supplies of water.

Philadelphia pumps up Schuylkill sewage.

St. Louis is burdened with mud and filth from the Mississippi, which has rotted its water pipes. The same is true of cities deriving their water supplies from the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio to an alarming extent, such as Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans.

Boston's water system is polluted by a poisonous vegetable growth.

Chicago sewage so completely invests lower Lake Michigan that in summer time the hydrant water actually smells of the filth. In winter, the water, being taken from a considerable depth, is void of oxygen, the life-giving gas, and under the high pressure of the pumps remains a dead liquid, injurious to the health and productive of malaria and winter cholera.

New York might have tapped Lake George for less money than the total expense attending Croton water, which has cost upward of $80,000,000. Croton water, politically and physically, is probably the most corrupt supply extant. Mineral matter is always visible in it; in the summer it is impregnated with a green and poisonous vegetable matter.

Grand Rapids, Michigan; Waukesha, Wisconsin, and a few other and small places are probably the only ones known having perfectly pure water supplies. At Grand Rapids, the Hydraulic Company's works, and those at Waukesha, are fed by enormous springs, cases exceptional and singular in the water-works history of this continent.

Nearly all farm wells in the rural districts receive the drainage of the barns.

Not long ago, the State Board of Health of Illinois condemned nearly all the wells and water-works supplies in that State, a sweeping condemnation which might be followed in other States with an enormous decrease of mortality, if pure supplies could be substituted.

There is simply one remedy for this general and unconscious means of suicide prevalent in our municipal life as a nation; and that is for cities to turn over their water systems to private enterprise where it belongs, and where, under our constitution, it rightfully belongs. Private incorporations under their charters can be compelled to provide pure water and can be proceeded against criminally

for any failure in that direction. A city can grant such a restrictive charter that it need not accept a water supply, at the outset, which is impure. By actual statistics it costs cities from two to five times as much to build and run their own water and gas works as it does when such enterprises are in the hands of individuals. By giving such enterprises to their citizens, they also get rid of the chief sources of corruption and theft. The English doctrine is that municipalities shall not enter into any business that private individuals will undertake. The theory of all governments, like ancient Rome, Russia, etc., is to monopolize or at least control all these matters. The water-works of Rome were built by slave labor and run by the government. This was largely true of Paris, St. Petersburg, other continental cities, in China and Mexico, while free London is supplied by private companies. The popular American cry seems to be for the government to own the railroads, telegraph and telephone systems. This is an encroachment on the theory of our institutions, and any legislation, including inter-state commerce, which goes beyond the province of police control, is a step toward the governments of ancient Rome and modern China. Napoleon's ideas of government left nothing for the people. Henry George's theory, carried to its last analysis, is to bring a Chinese state of affairs, with a fountain in a monarch, with everything vested in the people in common from a socialistic point of view. The result of this in time would be a race wholly devoid of ambition for personal aims. Henry George should remove to China, where is a true exemplification of his theories. Unless our municipal, State and National governments are made to give the enterprises to private individuals which they have usurped from the people, we shall not only continue to have impure water, enforcing unconscious suicide on all citizens, but also, in time, a centralized government wherein the citizens are void of personal ambition and all is one mass or family, with a central figure, like the Emperor of China, pulling the string.

WILLIAM HOSEA BALLOU.

II.

ZOOLOGICAL GAME PRESERVES.

THE rapid development of the South African colonies is playing havoc with the supply stations of our zoological gardens. Gnoos and sable antelopes have retreated to the wilderness of the upper Zambesi; baboons are no longer found in the neighborhood of Cape Town, and before the end of the next twenty years the agents of Barnum & Co. will have to fall back upon the villages of Brahmini, Hindostan, where some fifty varieties of monkeys still enjoy all the privileges of a New York ward politician. Their impudence and digestive abilities make them a fearful nuisance, but their daily offenses are condoned on religious principles, for the sake of their sainted relative, the god-ape Hanuman. They levy a regular tribute on the produce of every farm, but are always on the lookout for extra bonanzas, and invade even the camps of the British garrison towns, where they congregate at the tent wagons of a new commissary sergeant like office-seekers at the sanctum of a new Mayor.

F. L. FREMONT.

III.

OUR RODENT RIVALS.

PROFESSOR BURMEISTERS, in his work on the Fauna of Northern Brazil, describes the frightful insect-plagues of the Rio Negro, and remarks that "men should not presume to call themselves the lords of creation till they devise more

effectual methods for fighting mosquitoes and swamp-flies." But even in the tropics swamp-flies and gnats can at least be locally abolished by a thorough system of drainage, and the terrestrial supremacy of man, after all, encounters its most formidable rivals in the tribe of rodent mammals. Individually the largest members of that tribe are hardly a match for a half-grown boy ; but their lack of relative powers is more than equalized by the versatility of their mental and physical faculties, and above all by their irrepressible fecundity. The colonists of New Zealand are the Yankees of the South Sea, as plucky descendants of North British ancestors as ever framed a pontoon bridge or constitution, but after the experience of the last fifteen years are forced to acknowledge that the rabbits thus far have proved too much for them, and that at all events the odious little quadrupeds have given them ten times as much trouble as the biped Maoris. In the course of the last fifty years the aboriginal population has decreased from 210,000 to less than 40,000, while during the same period the rabbit census shows an estimated increase of 12,500,000 per cent. In many parts of the North Island the plague has assumed dimensions defying such remedies as traps and poison, *i. e.*, the largest possible number which the resources of the colonists would enable them to destroy in that way would represent less than the current increase of the survivors. All the available cash of the island, invested in strychnine and steel traps, would barely suffice to check that increase, and would utterly fail to abolish, or even to visibly abate, the nuisance. Ferrets are doing their best, but their propagation fails to keep up with that of their enemies, and bounties have led to a rather unexpected result; scores of tramps, having conceived the plan of eking out a comfortable subsistence by *promoting* the increase of the remunerative pets, are now killing out their natural enemies and obliterating decoy trenches and pitfalls, very much after the plan of the enterprising editor who hired panders to keep up his stock of Pall Mall sensations. Aroostook County, Maine, is threatened with a similar experience by the phenomenal increase of rats, and, judging from recent reports, the city of Norwich, Connecticut, too, is being grievously terrorized by the results of nightly ratification meetings. Rats by thousands and tens of thousands congregate in the neighborhood of the wharves, and often, as by common agreement, make a dash for a warehouse or plunder a freight car, with the co-operative will of a New York boodle syndicate.

A less concentrated, but more permanent, plague is that of the Alleghany flying squirrels, the "winged weasels," that slip through every cranny of an old country-house and develop an appetite that could digest Crabbe's "Treatise on Speculative Theology." They will gnaw up an oiled pair of cowhide boots in a single night. Their needlelike teeth penetrate horn and caoutchouc. They are ravenously fond of bacon, but in stress of circumstances will carry off bagsful of hard corn and pignuts. In Eastern Tennessee their ravages often oblige housewives to hang up their stores of provender in bundles dangling from the upper rafters of the ceiling; but all precautions are in vain against the talents of a marauder that can climb, dig, jump, gnaw and crawl, as well as run and fly. The owl-eyed little pests are of semi-nocturnal habits, and make their nests in hollow trees; but even the total destruction of the sheltering forests would fail to exterminate the night-squirrel, for in well-settled districts its wriggling youngsters—seven or eight of them, twice a year—are often found in haystacks or under the floor-planks of old barns.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

IV.

WHY AM I A MISSIONARY ?

THIS question is not one bounded by denominational lines, but can be answered by almost every Christian church in almost the same terms, as a non-mission church may be called a non-Christian church.

I. I am inspired by the encouragements presented. The Christian world is earnestly engaged in the work of foreign missions. It has become an established part of church work, engaging its best talent both at home and on the foreign field. The latest available statistics tell us that the following sums are being contributed annually for this great work:

32 American societies contributed	$3,011,027
28 British societies contributed	5,217,385
27 Continental societies contributed	1,083,170
Total, 87 societies, contributed	$9,311,582

With this large sum,

American societies are employing	986 men and	1,081 women.
British societies are employing	1,811 men and	745 women.
Continental societies are employing	777 men and	447 women.
Total	3,561 men and	2,273 women.

These societies have the following visible results as testimony to their faithfulness in their appointed work:

Members pertaining to American societies	242,733
Members pertaining to British societies	340,242
Members pertaining to Continental societies	117,532
Total membership in heathen lands	700,507

This is larger than the membership of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and the amount expended is nearly the same that said church spent at home last year for her own current expenses. But foreign missions have not only gained this large number of converts from heathenism, they have also the following educational work to report:

American societies have in schools	124,813 children.
British societies have in schools	434,774 children.
Continental societies have in schools	67,154 children.
Total	626,741 children.

In addition to all this, missionary ships, freighted with "The Word of Life," sail on many seas and steam on the lakes of Central Africa. Hundreds of papers, in almost as many languages, "drop their leaves for the healing of the nations." Moreover, modern missions are yet in their infancy. The past has been a time of seed sowing. The oldest American society, the American Board, was born in 1810, and of the British and Continental societies, all but six were established within the last eighty years.

II. There is grand inspiration in the history of the cause. Missions have always been important factors, in the providence of God, in giving to the world the civilization it now enjoys. St. Boniface is known to every student of ecclesiastical history as the Apostle of Germany, who did an untold amount of good in checking the tide of barbarism and heathenism that was rolling from the north down on to the ruins of the old empire. He died like a true soldier, receiving the mortal blow from a heathen while holding above his head the gospels he had so loved to preach. The work of Augustine in England, under commission from Gregory the Great, as recorded by Hume, is another picture of the same kind. The labors of St. Patrick in Ireland, though distorted by distance and tradition (the illegitimate offspring of history), show him to have been a blessing to his people. The work of Columba among the Celtic Picts and Scots of Caledonia is still bearing fruit, and our own fair land is still debtor to that work. Now, the methods that destroyed the cruel heathenism and bloody barbarism of the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries are again vindicating their divine origin by breaking

caste and cruelty in India, witchcraft in Siam and Laos, cannibalism in the islands of the sea, the conservatism of China, and the ignorance of Spanish America.

III. There is goodly fellowship in the work. Missions have given to the world the lives of such men as Robert Moffat, of South Africa; Dr. Livingstone, his son in law, of all Africa; Robert Morrison, of China; Henry Martyn, of Persia; Adoniram Judson and his wives, of Burmah; Schwartz, of India; Egede, of Greenland, and a host of others as worthy of canonization as any saint in the Roman calendar.

IV. Because missions, by the blessing of God, their author, can and do regenerate nations. They have reduced scores of languages to writing, and have given a literature to many lands. In Japan, where twenty-five years ago there was not a single paper in circulation, there are now more than in all the rest of Asia combined; more than in Russia and Spain together. She is casting away her old cumbersome alphabet, if such it can be called, and adopting the Roman letters. She is filling theatres with thousands hungering and thirsting for the Gospel. The Bible will do for Japan and other nations what it has done for England and America.

V. I am a missionary because, while our Saviour taught us to pray "Thy kingdom come," He also said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Praying and working must go together. That church is not truly evangelical (evangelizing) which preaches the Gospel in but one language.

MARION E. BEALL.

V.

SIBERIA AND LAND-TENURE.

THE critic, like the judge, should examine with strict impartiality, subordinating his personal predilections to an honest endeavor of arriving at a just conclusion, whether it is an agreeable one or not.

But how often do we find, rather, "the wish father to the thought"? This at any rate appears to be the case with Mr. G. T. Ferris, in his article entitled "Practice vs. Theory," in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, wherein he attempts to demonstrate the inadequacy of the land value tax by a citation from Mr. George Kennan's "Siberia," published in the current *Century*.

He assumes that the citation in point is analogous to a practical application of the theory.

That it is not such a case Mr. Ferris acknowledges further on by allowing the exceptions.

Substantially, the objection advanced is that insecure tenure is subversive of the best use of land, to which Georgism replies—Amen.

Herein rests the strength and potency of Georgism, so-called. It is the ultimate of the theory—it compels the best use of the natural bounties or land.

It is evident to the most superficial observer that no one can afford to waste the opportunities the land offers and continue to pay its rental value to the community in the form of a tax, especially as the tax would be the same in amount, whether the most was made of the opportunity or not.

The occupier must put it to its best use or be eaten out by taxation, just as at present the State sells the property, improvements and all, should the owner fail to pay his taxes; only we now levy a tax on land value *and improvements*.

The scheme is to shift the tax from improvements and concentrate it and all other taxes upon the value of land alone.

Ownership of land does not insure its best utilization. There is land in this country which has been owned by one family since the time of George III.,

who gave away to the original head of the family what he never saw or possessed, and which is yet in its virgin condition; not that there are none willing to use it, but because the *owner* will not permit any one to do so.

Under the George theory the occupier is secure in his tenure so long as he pays his tax, which, if he is a lessee, he pays anyhow, and if an owner has already paid in a lump sum. The only difference is that the State would receive what now a private individual pockets.

It is the present system that gives only an insecure tenure to the occupier, as is evidenced by such words in common use as rack-rent and eviction.

Mr. Ferris is unhappy in his assertion that Henry George regards government possession of land as a specific cure for social and industrial evils.

Henry George, and every one else, holds that the government, being a representative of the people in their corporate capacity, cannot have powers delegated to it which the citizen never possessed, and since he holds that private property in land is unjust, as a sequence governmental property in land must also be unjust.

The idea seems to pervade some people's thoughts that somebody must *own* the land. This is not at all necessary; all that is essential is that somebody *use* it, and, if it have an added value, due to population and social conditions, justice demands that that product be paid to the producers of it—the community; by so doing we could dispense with all the present iniquitous taxes which burden production and exchange, and thereby retard development.

Critics would be less liable to misstatement and consequent error as to what the theory is if they would first study it as expounded by Henry George in "Progress and Poverty."

BENJ. DOBLIN.

VI.

MUTILATIONS OF SHAKSPERE.

THE POET INTERVIEWED.

THE works of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Euripedes, and of Aristophanes come down to us out of the theatres of Greece as those poets gave them to the world, and, so far as we have any record, the players of succeeding centuries continued to present them textually. So it fares with the Roman dramatic writers; we can find no trace in history or in contemporaneous criticism that any of their works underwent, during the centuries that followed their production, any reformation. The change of times, which the Roman poet claims would cause a change in the minds of men, did not seem to affect those monuments of literature. Regarding other arts, we do not find the paintings and sculpture of our great masters are subjected to alteration by the hustle and bustle of their successors. On the contrary, they are preserved with costly care. How would a new edition of Dante, of Cervantes, or of Milton, interpolated, mutilated and remade by Mr. Napoleon Tate be received and considered? What then is there in the works of Shakspere, that Messrs. Colley Cibber, David Garrick, John Kemble, during the last century should have found it proper and necessary to treat them as architects treat ruins, when they pull them down to use their materials for new structures. It is significant that these reformers of Shakspere were actors. And it is to actors of the present day we owe the new acting edition of the poet. The actors of the last century cut and curtailed sundry plays so as to leave projected the figure of the tragedian who performed the principal role. Cibber worked with that object for Betterton and the group of tragedians that figured during the beginning of the eighteen century. Garrick and Kemble tailored to fit themselves. With the advent of Macready, there came a

brief conservative period, when efforts were made to restore the great Elizabethan poet, and to remove the crust of pigment which defaced his works.

But this movement degenerated into a spectacular show. It seemed necessary to envelop the poet in overwhelming vestments and sensation scenery. The more recent productions by Henry Irving and by Charles Kean are mere puppet shows when compared with the grandeur of the Macready revivals of "The Tempest," "As You Like It," "Henry the 5th," and "Lear." But, as I remarked at the time to Douglas Jerrold who sat beside me to witness one of these revivals, "This is not reviving Shakspere, it is laying him out in state."

I can understand now how very unjust this sneer was! The profusion of great actors at that time rendered us blind to their merits. Macready, Vandenhoff, Phelps, Warde, Elton, Anderson, Helen Faucit, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. W. Clifford, Miss Vandenhoff. Ten great tragic artists all in one cast! But, in truth, the poet disappeared under the trappings and the splendid escort. Nevertheless, the passion for the original text of Shakspere, for his restoration, was very sincere on the part of the public. In obedience to its impulse, Phelps produced "Macbeth" at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and, returning to the original stage directions, caused *Macduff* to enter in the last scene of the tragedy bearing the head of *Macbeth* upon a pole. This ghastly object proved too much for the public stomach. We should remember, however, that in the time of Shakspere the people beheld the heads of culprits exposed in a row on Temple Bar. Such spectacles, being familiar, had lost their horror. If a row of nude female figures, such as we may see nightly in any burlesque, had been exposed in a similar fashion at the Globe Theatre at Bankside, in one of Shakspere's plays, there is no doubt that the Elizabethan public would have revolted. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* During my short lifetime I have remarked that the sense of decency has shifted from the *ear* to the *eye*. Fifty years ago language on the stage was unrestrained, and frequently we heard gross and blasphemous expressions. Such would not be tolerated to-day; but the dancers of that period wore their skirts down to their ankles, and Madame Vesties, in her burlesque characters, wore tunics which did not disclose the knee. Nowadays, the ear is sensitive; so if the public can discover a phrase to which a double meaning can be applied, it is saluted with censure, while a nude exhibition is applauded, which a few years ago would have produced upon the spectators the effect of the head of *Macbeth*.

Could we interview Shakspere on the question of his mutilation by his various undertakers, the ghost might deliver himself in this wise: "If I must be disemboweled and embalmed to be retained on the stage, it is very little matter to me by whom the operation is performed! Mr. Cibber and Mr. Garrick and Mr. Kemble are not more entitled to remodel me than are Mr. Irving and Mr. Kyrle Bellew! I feel under many obligations to Mr. Alma Tadema, of London, and to Mr. Worth, of Paris. But, in truth, while walking in ghostly hours the other night in Paris, I wished to enter a *bal masque*, when I perceived on the door a notice that no one could enter without a disguise and a mask, part of the entertainment being that each personage should remain unrecognized. 'It is in this fashion,' quoth I, 'that I enter an American theatre.'"

"But I cannot fairly complain of mutilation! My fellow-managers and the actors of the Globe treated all the plays we introduced there in a similar fashion. Such works were not held in much respect by us. The gothic drama, which at that time was coming into existence, was a shapeless, and sometimes a monstrous, thing; its chaos contained a heap of fine materials, but all was confusion and disorder. If it had not been so the actors would not, during three centuries, have

been employed as we see them to-day in changing, cutting, and adding to our works, which had little or no symmetry of form. If, by accident, we treated a subject like Othello, or Romeo and Juliet, which shaped itself because the action was composed of consecutive incidents, all necessary to each other, you will find there has been no attempt to reconstruct, or to take any literary liberties with such works. If no one has taken liberties with Sophocles or with Molière, it is because their plays were perfect in design. Ours represent packages of jewels, which may be reset to suit the prevailing fashion of the period. If you will consider the English mansions, and even many of the churches that remain as specimens of our taste in architecture, they will be found to contain half a dozen styles stuck together. The Norman will be found to be patched with Elizabethan, eked out by the false classic of Charles the Second. Can you imagine any Greek or Roman building, say the Parthenon at Athens, restored or completed by the addition of an Arabesque peristyle or a Gothic wing?"

Then you do not object to actresses such as Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter appearing as your heroines?

"If Venus concescended to appear as *Rosalind*, and Hebe consented to perform *Juliet*, I should be there to see, and delight in, their efforts. The boys who originally played *Cleopatra* and *Lady Macbeth* squeaked through those plays in a grotesque manner. So *Cleopatra*, foreseeing that she will be made an object of derision in Rome, to which city she will be brought a prisoner, to be shown to the populace as an Egyptian puppet, exclaims:

> "The quick comedians
> Extemporally will stage us and present
> Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
> Shall be brought drunken forth and I shall see
> Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness—"

But did you find the ladies equal to the task they undertook?

"I could not see for looking! Mine eyes were made the fools of the other senses, and were worth all the rest."

By the way, before you go, may I inquire if you wrote "Antony and Cleopatra"?

"The muddle of minds and new styles of expression that you may perceive throughout the play answers the question. I had a hand in it."

I recognize it in the description by *Enobarbus* of the galley of *Cleopatra*.

"Wrong again," replied the poet, "that was written by Ben Jonson. I added the last five lines."

And so ended my interview with the spirit.

DION BOUCICAULT.

SOUTH END.

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OLD TIMES IN CALIFORNIA.

BY GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

THE rise and development of California and of the Pacific States and Territories seem to have more interest to the present generation than the slower, steadier growth of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Colorado, etc. The Southeastern States of our Union, though making large progress, have seemingly withdrawn from competition with the Great West.

There are plenty of histories of California, and all I now propose is to supply from my own memory some episodes illustrating the American method for a State or group of States to pass from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. In 1846 there were two distinct Californias—Upper and Lower. The name of California is generally supposed to come from the two Latin words, calor (heat), fornax (oven). This name might properly apply to Lower, but not to Upper California. Upper California has a temperate climate, and was first colonized by pious people from Mexico, who solely aimed to christianize the native Indians. When our ancestors were fighting the French in Canada (1756), and afterwards fighting for the Independence of the Colonies from the Dominion of Great Britain (1775-83), these pious people were employed in founding the missions of San Diego, San Luis Rey, St. Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, Maria de los Angeles,

San Fernando, Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Inez, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, Soledad, Monterey, San Juan Bautista, Santa Clara, San Francisco de Asiz, San Rafael and Sonoma. The Indians of the Pacific Coast were a most submissive race, were taught agriculture and some of the ruder arts, and the period from 1756 to 1830 is, or was, described as a sort of Elysium.

In 1821 the Republic of Mexico fought for and gained her independence from Spain, thereby becoming sovereign of both the Californias. The missions named were soon after "secularized"—that is, were reduced to civil instead of religious rule. The authority of the priests thereby became limited to their churches, schools, gardens, orchards, etc., and Mexico granted their other or surplus lands and privileges to outsiders and immigrants. Old soldiers were thus compensated for services to Mexico, and as a rule these new settlers, or rancheros, devoted their time to the rearing of horses, cattle, and sheep. There never was or can be a better description of California in that epoch (1830–5) than is contained in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," accessible to every reader.

In 1846 the United States declared war to exist with Mexico, and I, as a Lieutenant of Captain C. Q. Tompkins's company of the Third Artillery, was sent in the U. S. store-ship "Lexington" to California, around Cape Horn, 198 days buffeting with the winds and waves, yet arriving, January 29, 1847, at Monterey, the most speedy and convenient route possible at that day. There was no city of San Francisco then. Our orders were to occupy and hold Monterey, the capital of Alta, or Upper, California. We found there a lieutenant of U. S. Marines (Maddox), and a midshipman (Baldwin), who transferred the public property to us most gracefully, and our Company F, Third Artillery, Captain C. Q. Tompkins, became masters of the situation.

The frigate "Independence" lay in the harbor, commanded by Commodore William Bransford Shubrick, a native of South Carolina, one of the most accomplished gentlemen I have ever met. I happened to be on board of that frigate dining with the ward-room officers when the sloop of war "Cyane," Captain Du Pont, was reported off the harbor coming in from San Diego. In that sloop was General S. W. Kearney, of the regular army of the United States, who, with a small escort, had come across the con-

tinent with orders to command the land forces, leaving the navy equal control at sea.

Thus wisely and properly the division of power was adjusted, order and system resulted, and from that day to this Upper California has grown by the natural law of American development, whilst Lower California yet remains *in statu quo*, a province of Mexico.

In 1847, only forty-two years ago, there was no such thing as a mail in California. Letters came straggling by chance ships from China, Valparaiso, Callao, and the Sandwich Islands.

The Adjutant General of the army, afterwards from Washington, sent across land, by Kit Carson, F. X. Aubrey, and Roubideaux, a few official letters once a year by way of Fort Leavenworth, Santa Fé, Los Angeles, etc., starting usually in September of each year and reaching our headquarters at Monterey in May of the following year. That was the surest and most expeditious way we in California could receive letters from our Eastern friends in 1847, 1848, and part of 1849.

As soon as General S. W. Kearney had established his headquarters in Monterey (March, 1847), he ordered the quartermaster, Captain Folsom, at Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) to establish a semi-monthly mail from San Francisco to San Diego, a distance of 500 miles. Captain Folsom divided the route into four parts—San Francisco to Monterey, Monterey to "Dana's" (Nepoma), Dana's to Los Angeles, and Los Angeles to San Diego. This was the first regular mail-route ever established on the Pacific Coast. General Kearney, in May, 1847, returned to what we then called the United States, leaving Colonel R. B. Mason, First Dragoons, in his place, and me as his Adjutant General. All reports, messages, etc., came to me, and I had a small adobe house, with a negro boy, "Jim," who was supposed to take care of me. The mail-rider from Monterey to Dana's was an old trapper, Jim Beckworth, a counterpart of Jim Bridger, except that Beckworth was a cross between a *voyageur* of Canada and a Crow Indian, and was, in my estimate, one of the best chroniclers of events on the plains that I have ever encountered, though his reputation for veracity was not good.

Some time in the fall of 1848 I was seated in my room at Monterey when Jim Beckworth came in with his saddle-bags of mail, and exclaimed: "Leftenant, they killed them all, not even

sparing the baby." "Jim," said I, "what the devil are you talking about? None of your lies now!" "I tell you, Leftenant," repeated Jim, "that they killed them all, not even sparing the baby."

After overhauling the mail of letters from San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, etc., most of which it was my duty to forward by another express messenger to Yerba Buena, I naturally turned to Jim Beckworth. "What is this you report?" With an earnestness not to be mistaken, he reiterated: "Leftenant, I tell you that Reed at San Miguel is killed, all his family and servants, not excepting the baby." He then told me, with a vividness of detail not exceeded by Dickens, how he had received his mail at Dana's, had ridden to San Luis Obispo, and so on to San Miguel. Approaching this mission at night, he observed the absence of the usual lights. Still he drove his two spare horses into the interior corral, hitched his own to a post, went as usual into the kitchen for his supper, and saw the Indian cook, as he supposed, on the floor asleep. Trying to arouse him, he found his own hand covered with warm blood. Then, fully alarmed, he regained his horse and went on to the nearest ranche, some five miles off, gathered a few friends, and returned to the mission. Hiding their horses in the orchard, they crept up to the Mission of San Miguel and gained the kitchen; the body of the cook was gone, but it had left a trace, which they followed to a back building, where were piled, along with old beams and rafters, the dead bodies of Reed, his wife, children, and servants, all murdered, and meant to be consumed, along with the mission itself, by the murderers. The whole scene was so horrid that Jim Beckworth, though he had spent his whole life with Indians and hunters, confessed that he was *scared*, that he regained his horse down in the orchard, and did not stop till he reached me, ninety miles away at Monterey. Satisfied that he was telling me as near the truth as Jim Beckworth could, I took him to the quarters of Colonel R. B. Mason, commanding the Department, where he repeated the same story. Colonel Mason instructed me to go up to the Fort on the hill and order Lieutenant Ord to take a detachment of soldiers, to proceed with all possible dispatch to San Miguel, to ascertain the facts, and to pursue the murderers to the death. This event occurred during the Mexican war, when the military power in California was superior to the civil, though we

tolerated Judges of the First Instance, Alcaldes, etc., to administer civil justice among the people, who universally spoke the Spanish language and respected the old Mexican laws. Also, at that date, everybody travelled on horseback, usually with three horses to one rider, two driven ahead and one under saddle. Thus our habit was to make ten leagues, or thirty miles, a day, and if necessity required as much as a hundred miles a day, always at a gallop, without baggage or food, except "jerked beef" and "pinole" (parched corn) tied to the saddle. Lieutenant Ord, with his detachment, was off before midnight, reached San Miguel, ninety miles, the next day, found Jim Beckworth's story true, got the trail of the murderers, which led south by Santa Inez, back of Santa Barbara, and at the Rinconada, twenty-five miles south, he overtook the party, who proved to be four deserters from the sloop-of-war "Warren," lying in the harbor of Monterey. They had a running fight, in which Ord lost one of his men, killed the ringleader, and captured the other three men. These three confessed everything, and, as usual, threw off the crime on their dead comrade, their "nameless leader."

Gold was discovered at Sutter's Sawmill, Coloma, early in 1848. In the autumn of that year, no story was too big to be swallowed. Soldiers and sailors believed that men at the mines were shovelling gold in bags by the ton, and they deserted their posts and their ships to share in this "bonanza." Four men deserted from the United States sloop-of-war "Warren," at Monterey, with little or no knowledge of geography, but impelled by the universal greed for gold. By some means they got horses, only worth from $5 to $8 apiece, and on an evening of October, 1848, found themselves near the old mission of San Miguel. This mission had been leased from the padre, or priest, by an Irishman named Reed, with a native wife, half a dozen children and servants, a few horses, cattle, and sheep. He had been to the mines with a flock of sheep, which he sold at a gold ounce—$16—apiece, when a few months before they were only worth $1.25 apiece.

These deserters unsaddled and picketed their horses in the valley, where the grass was good, walked up to the mission, and were received by Reed, as always, most hospitably. The mission was, like all others in California, built in a quadrangle, enclosing a space used as a corral for cattle, horses, or sheep. The front

included the church, the residence of the priest, and of the *gente de razon*, the quality or better class. The sides of the quadrangle sheltered the neophytes, the workmen and women of the mission, and the rear building, facing inwards, generally served as work-shops, store-rooms, etc., etc. About the middle of the main front was a gate closed at night, making the whole defensible. All the buildings were habitually of one story, except the church, were of adobes (sun-dried bricks), with tile roofs, dirt floors, and barred windows, projecting or porch roofs inside. Such was the mission of San Miguel in the fall of 1848.

When these four men came, Reed received them in his accustomed manner, gave them supper, and invited them to share his hospitality. In one corner of his room was a fireplace with chimney, not usual at that date, and behind in the same room was a pile of wood with an axe. In that same room was an ordinary *seaman's chest*. Sitting by this fire smoking their pipes, Reed naturally inquired: "Boys, where are you going?" Their leader answered: "We are deserters from the sloop-of-war 'Warren,' anchored at Monterey, and we are bound for the gold mines." Reed said: "You are on the wrong road; you should have gone by St. Juan Bautista, by Pacheco's, etc., to the Stanislaus." The leader said they had taken this the longer road to avoid the chances of capture.

Then a general conversation ensued about the gold mines. Reed said he had been there, and the miners were making piles of gold. He had sold sheep for $16 not worth more than a dollar and a quarter a few months before, and intimated that the *seaman's chest* contained the results of his speculation. The leader of these deserters went back to the wood-pile, seemingly to replenish the fire, but took the axe, approached Reed from behind, and clove his skull. Then ensued pandemonium. The mother and her babe in the next room, the children begging for their lives, and, finally, the servants, including the cook, *all—all*—were murdered. Then came the sound of Jim Beckworth, with his two extra mail horses. The deserters naturally hid themselves, but when Jim had found the cook with fresh blood, and had departed, they searched the mission for gold. The seaman's chest contained little or no gold; only some presents of calico which Reed had bought for his children. They then dragged the bodies to the rear building, piled them up with old rafters, intending to burn

the mission, and thereby efface all traces of their guilt. The opportune return of Jim Beckworth, with his posse of rancheros, again disturbed them. They regained their horses and fled south.

As before stated, Lieutenant Ord, afterwards Brigadier-General E. O. C. Ord, of the regular army, overtook them at the Angustura Pass, below Santa Barbara, killed the leader, took the other three back to Santa Barbara, and delivered them to the Alcalde, Lewis Dent, brother of Mrs. General Grant.

They all made full confessions, had a fair trial, and were sentenced to be shot. They *were* shot, Lieutenant Ord and his detachment present, but not assisting ; and no men ever better deserved death than these three. When Lieutenant Ord returned to Monterey and reported what he had done, Col. R. B. Mason, a strict constructionist, doubted Ord's right to assist in what he construed as an unlawful act ; but I always contended that my orders to Ord to follow the murderers "to the death" were Colonel Mason's orders, and were absolute and final. At all events, time has settled this question forever.

California, from 1848 to 1888, passed through all the phases of civilization which England did in the past thousand years. In 1846 it was an outlying Mexican Province. At that time there was not a shod horse in California, not a tavern, hotel, or even a common wagon road. We travelled by trails, on horseback, sleeping by the roadside, eating jerked meat or game shot with our rifles ;—and now California has *better* hotels, *better* markets, more convenient appurtenances for travel than London, Paris, or Vienna, and as good stores, factories, and machine-shops.

When I first rode into Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, in 1847, I could not command a roof, a common meal, or even buy oats, barley, or hay for my tired horse. *Now,* anybody can obtain a good carriage, hotel, and room as luxurious as can be found in the world. By the law of virtual velocities this transition has been sudden, violent, and necessary. The existence of San Francisco on the Pacific coast was demanded by the civilization of the whole world,—a necessary link between Europe, America, Japan, China, etc. Mexico was not equal to accomplish this task, and we of the United States have the right to claim the perfect fulfilment of a noble task in the grand march of civilization which must encompass the globe.

But it is not of this problem that I now want to treat, but of episodes which have marked its progress up to the present moment, leaving to others to fulfill Burns's prophecy that "man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be."

The recent death of Admiral Baldwin in this city recalls to my memory a most interesting incident, and one illustrative of the development of civilization on the Pacific Coast.

As soon as the United States had become possessed of California, arrangements for a more perfect communication with it were begun, even before the discovery of gold had attracted world-wide attention. A contract was made for a monthly steamship line from New York and New Orleans to California by way of Panama. The first of these steamers, the "California," reached Monterey, February 23, 1849; the next, the "Oregon," in March, and the "Panama" in April. Thereafter we had a monthly mail to the "United States." Of this line Wm. H. Aspinwall & Co. became the owners. Subsequently a rival line was established by way of Nicaragua, of which Mr. Vanderbilt was the chief owner. Being in San Francisco in the autumn of 1853, and having business in St. Louis and New York, I took passage by way of Nicaragua in the side-wheeler "Brother Jonathan," of which Lieutenant Baldwin, U. S. Navy, was the captain. He may have resigned from the Navy before that date, but he was every inch a sailor, a gentle man, a type of the school in which he had been reared, and the same who, when a midshipman, had been relieved by us of the command of that block-house at Monterey in 1847.

Our voyage down the coast was uneventful, with about one hundred and fifty first-class passengers going home from California and about four hundred and fifty steerage passengers. When off the coast of Lower California, one morning, Baldwin and I were standing on the hurricane deck near the pilot-house when we noticed some commotion and unusual noise among the steerage passengers on the deck below,—the spar deck,—and presently a strong, stout man, who had a rope around his neck, was shoved forward by a crowd of angry men, and one of the steerage passengers had shinned up the jack-staff at the very bow, where was a cross-jack, over which the rope was passed, and in five minutes more that man would have been struggling as from a gallows. Baldwin called out, "What are you men about?" but not the least attention was paid to him. He was then at his prime, about thirty-

one years of age. He jumped to the lower deck, seized a handspike from the rail, and felled three or four of the ringleaders, all the time calling on the steerage passengers to desist, and for his mates and crew to come to his help. At last there was a pause, and one of the steerage passengers spoke to him : "Captain, this man is a gambler, a rascal, a thief duly convicted, and we mean to hang him." Baldwin replied : "This is a United States ship. I am Captain and you are passengers. That flag which is at the peak is sacred. No violence shall be done one of my passengers without my consent. Take off that rope and leave me to be the judge." "No ! Captain, we respect you, but we intend to hang this man." Through this delay the mates, crew, and cabin passengers had come to the relief of the captain ; the noose was taken from the neck of the trembling man and he was safely escorted to a lower state-room, and there securely guarded. Then the angry men told Captain Baldwin that the man he had rescued from certain death was a well-known gambler of San Francisco; that he was the owner of a nugget of gold nominally worth about five hundred dollars; that, being "short," he had offered it for sale to his fellow-passengers, and had finally put it up to raffle,—fifty chances at ten dollars a chance ; that it had been won by a young lad from Illinois, who was returning home as poor as he went, and who was so overjoyed at winning this prize, which he could take home to his grandmother, that he went around to show it to his fellow-passengers. I remember his coming to me, his face beaming with satisfaction, but he afterwards showed it to a doctor who was more suspicious, and who with his knife-blade detached some pieces of quartz, and developed the fact that the "nugget of gold" was only lead coated with gold by electricity. The boy was correspondingly indignant at this palpable swindle, aroused the passions of his fellow steerage passengers, and these would have hung that man in another five minutes had not Captain Baldwin interposed. The gambler claimed that he had bought the nugget in San Francisco, had, himself, been imposed on, and showed a bill of sale. After some negotiation, Baldwin consented to an investigation, which resulted in a regular "miners' court" on the hurricane deck of the "Brother Jonathan." An old gentleman named Kelly, the same who owned Kelly's Island in Lake Erie, famous for its grapes, was chosen as judge, a good jury of twelve men was impanelled, a prosecuting attorney

was appointed, and the prisoner was allowed to choose his own counsel. Baldwin had the awning spread, and chairs and benches for the court, witnesses, and spectators, of whom I was one; and I have rarely seen a more dignified court. The testimony was full and complete, the arguments of counsel were really brilliant, the charge of the judge dignified; and the jury retired. In due time the foreman sent word that the jury had come to a verdict. All again assembled on that hurricane deck, and the verdict was rendered: "Guilty; the worthless nugget to be cast into the sea; the money the gambler had actually received to be given to the Illinois boy (about $350), and the gambler to be punished with hickory withes as soon as he got ashore in Nicaragua." The result was that Captain Baldwin maintained the honor and discipline of his ship, the boy got the net proceeds of the lottery, and as there is not a "hickory withe" within a thousand miles of Nicaragua, I infer that that gambler got off without a beating.

It is matter of history that I, individually and officially, opposed the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco in 1856, because I believed the time had passed for such extreme measures; that the courts, especially Judge Norton's, were better qualified to try the cases which caused so much feeling than any which could be devised by the Vigilance Committee; and I knew that the Governor of the State, J. Neely Johnson, was resolved to execute the lawful sentences of the courts.

Absolute and perfect obedience to the Constitution of the United States is, and should be, the duty and pride of every good citizen. The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth amendments guarantee to the vilest criminal protection till duly convicted, and to no single man or community is given the right to set aside these fundamental principles of eternal justice.

In due time the "Brother Jonathan" reached San Juan del Sur, and we all scrambled to get across to Greytown and home. I have seen none of these people since; but with Baldwin as Midshipman, Lieutenant, Captain, Commodore, and Admiral, I have been associated ever since; and but a few weeks ago I saw the casket inclosing his body lowered into an honored tomb.

If our Government will continue to encourage such men, no American need entertain a doubt of the future of his country.

Wholesale murders, mobs, miners' courts, and vigilance committees have long ceased in California. We go there to-day in

palace cars, with every luxury and comfort, in less than one week, knowing that for a reasonable consideration the Palace, Baldwin, Cosmopolitan, and Lick hotels will receive us, and give better entertainment than the Grand of Paris or Langham of London. Justice and law are as well enforced there as here in New York, and all the manufactures, trade, and business are conducted on a scale which fully measures the demand.

Such transformations have not occurred in the same time since the creation of the earth, and seem more like the fables of the Arabian Nights than a reality; yet these things are the creations of American energy. Nothing but the folly of man can check this progress, and the modern Ku-Klux and White Caps should take warning, and join in this general advance by honest, persistent methods rather than by spasmodic attempts. Let them reform themselves and take the beam out of their own eyes before seeking the mote in others,—a measure sanctioned by high authority.

W. T. Sherman.

ASSASSINATION AS A POLITICAL ARGUMENT.

BY LOGAN S. ROOTS, OF ARKANSAS.

JOHN M. CLAYTON was no ordinary man. Both his head and heart were large and active, his abilities were not inferior to those of his honored brothers, and as to elements of personal popularity he was richly endowed. For as many years as he would accept the office of sheriff of the wealthy and populous county in which he resided he was elected by large majorities. Not only did all the Republicans vote for him, but his majority was augmented by the votes of many of the most pronounced and respected Democrats, including such as that of the Democratic Congressman.

In the last election he made the race for Congressional honors with his fellow-townsman, the Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, of eloquent tongue and illustrious lineage. The official announcement of the result of the election gave Breckinridge the certificate by a majority of 846. Numerous unlawful acts contributing to this result were committed, and Clayton felt it to be his duty to institute a contest for the seat in Congress, to which he and many others believed that by the votes cast he had been fairly elected.

At the town of Plummerville, in Conway County, on the night of election day, the ballot box, containing about five hundred majority for Clayton, was carried away by four armed masked men. Other events subsequently occurred in this vicinity which gave warning that Clayton's contest might become a dangerous undertaking; but John M. Clayton, when warned of the danger, said he was not willing to believe it existed, but, in any event, he believed it his duty to uncover the facts; therefore he would attend the taking of evidence, even if it were at the risk of his life. Some days had been spent in investigating; Clayton looked after his own interests, Breckinridge being represented by a resident attorney. The testimony proved facts favorable to Clayton.

While on this mission, on the night of the 29th of January, in the midst of apparently peaceful surroundings, Clayton was, without apprehension, passing the evening with others in his room at his boarding-house, while outside his window a stealthy assassin waited his opportunity with deliberate murderous intent. Just as Clayton was in the act of sitting down at a table near the window to write a letter to his motherless family, a gun was fired; a crash was heard; the Clayton-Breckinridge contest was ended; a soul was sent unshriven before the final Judge; a pure heart was expending its last throbs in wasting, through the ghastly wound made by the cruel assassin, the blood from the speechless form of John M. Clayton.

And now the Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW invites me to express my views of the cause and effects of this murder, and the best means of preventing similar occurrences. There are peculiarly embarrassing environments to me in touching upon this atrocious crime, which, together with the inconsiderate haste that the early date of going to press makes necessary, causes me to approach the subject with misgivings as to my ability to write what shall prove satisfactory to either reader or writer.

As to the cause, I prefer simply to present the honest editorial views of the two leading Democratic Arkansas daily papers, as follows:

THE FRUIT OF FRAUD.

The cold-blooded assassination at Plummerville on Tuesday night is the fruit of ballot-box robbery. The story is a short one and it may do some good to repeat it. At the September election there were notorious frauds upon the ballot in this State in several counties—the worst by far being perpetrated in this, the capital county, where the safe in the county clerk's office was robbed of nine ballot-boxes, which, if counted, would have elected the entire opposition ticket, with the exception of county clerk and county judge. This flagrant outrage was followed by the stealing of a ballot-box in Howard Township, Conway County, at the Congressional election in November. This township was known to have cast a large majority for the Republican candidate, Hon. John M. Clayton. In the investigation which followed, Col. Clayton went to Plummerville to take testimony in the case and was assassinated in cold blood.—*Arkansas Democrat.*

THE FRUIT OF CORRUPT POLITICS.

The foulest blot on the page of Arkansas history is the assassination of Col. John M. Clayton. . . .

Colonel Clayton was proceeding quietly to gather testimony on which to base his contest for a seat in Congress. The nature of the inquiry he was prosecuting was not of the sort that leads to violence or provokes crime. The voters of the township were merely being put through an inquiry as to how they voted on the sixth of November. There had not been the least rupture between any of the parties concerned; so that the hand that committed this act was impelled to do it by motives as coolly and deliberately formed and carried out as ever plotted assassination.

This foul act follows the stealing of the ballot-box in that township on the night of the November election as naturally as darkness follows the setting sun. It is a political crime that would not have occurred had Colonel Clayton not been there prosecuting a political contest. It is the natural development of corrupt politics, and it is shocking enough, and horrible enough, and damaging enough to the State of Arkansas and the whole South to cause a revolution that shall root out the last vestige of crime from our politics, let it cost what it may.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

I desire, however, to say that the mass of the people of Arkansas have never had any sympathy with election frauds; there is always before the eyes of the beneficiary of lawlessness a vail that modifies the heinousness of a crime. Politicians who have been beneficiaries of fraudulent practices in the management of elections have consoled themselves with the idea that in each particular instance the end justified the means. This state of mind, in my opinion, is with them a disease like color-blindness, that may exist while the system otherwise is in perfect condition, and when the afflicted does not realize the infirmity.

I shall not discuss the responsibility of party leaders, who have reasons for what they do, and who, though they may not instigate the crime, can by a word create a sentiment that would prevent the enjoyment of the fruits of election frauds. I have lived with these Arkansas people in such intimate relationship, and have enjoyed so greatly their warm friendships, that I must enter my most emphatic contradiction of the theory, that many seem conscientiously to entertain, to the effect that this murder is proof that the Democratic party of Arkansas, severally and collectively, premeditate, plan, and promote such crimes.

The effects are manifold and immeasurable. As the murder of Lovejoy in Southern Illinois retarded the progress of that region for a quarter of a century, and largely contributed to the circumstances which gave to that end of Illinois the appellation of Egypt, so will the unfortunate, atrocious murder of Clayton inflict injury upon Arkansas that will not be fully eradicated during the present generation. But terribly cruel as is the crime, the effects are not all evil. It is a sin from which there are good results. So appalling was the crime, so prominent the victim, that the whole Nation is shocked, and Arkansans realize, as they never would without some extraordinary occurrence, that as certainly as rivulets flow to the river and the river to the sea, so surely will unrebuked irregularities lead to unbridled lawlessness and appalling crimes.

A Democratic United States Senator, whose ideas on other than political subjects are so pure and correct that I would, on leaving the world, appoint him, with perfect confidence, executor to manage my estate and care for my wife and daughters, told me since the election that the people of the South would not permit unworthy persons to hold office, either county, State, or National. He made this statement with such peculiar emphasis as to leave no doubt whatever that he believed the Guiteau plan of "removal" was to be practised; and now that so good a man as Clayton has been thus "removed" from contesting for the Congressional seat, that Senator has announced his abhorrence of the crime in such a manner as convinces me that he concludes it will not do to trust to the murderer to decide whether or not the Republican selected to office is an "unworthy person." He may see that if the same person is to be judge and executioner, he may attempt now to remove one of the opposition party, and at the next election feel justified in murdering the member of an opposite political faction in his own party; and, if so, he would be likely to select a prominent leader—for it is written, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." A small crevice in the dike, left unchecked, leads to certain devastation; and if this harrowing crime convinces the Democratic leaders of the South that irregularities in elections lead to results which, in their own estimation, are more appalling than the holding of office by persons whom they consider unworthy, great good will be the result.

No person, who has not lived in the South, can possibly appreciate the force with which appeal is made to race prejudices; nor can he possibly understand the intensity of the feeling aroused by the fear of negro domination. If he could, he would then be able to form some conception of the force of an appeal to the white race to do whatever is necessary to prevent the ascendency of the party with which the negro largely votes. In Arkansas, however, where the percentage of negro population is smallest, and of the white Northern-born population largest, of all the States south of Mason and Dixon's line, reason is gaining ground in its contest with prejudice. In the last election, the candidate for Governor nominated by the Wheelers, and voted for by the Republicans, received such a large vote that he fully believes he was rightfully elected. Business enterprise is also

causing thousands to break loose from the dictates of prejudice, and to work to promote a free ballot and a fair count. The encouragement of manufactures; the incoming of Northern life, energy, and capital to enjoy and utilize our genial climate, great wasted water-powers, wonderful undeveloped minerals, unsurpassed, fertile, uncultivated lands, and other unexcelled natural resources, are aiding to redeem the State. If this great crime shall arouse the people to the realization of the disastrous results of prejudice, it will accelerate the progress of the various movements prompted by reason and enterprise.

The bold and praiseworthy manner in which the Democratic press has commented upon the crime is, necessarily, having a greatly beneficial educational influence. The Governor has exhibited a determination to do all that an earnest Christian executive can do. The Legislature has passed an enactment enabling him to offer a reward of five thousand dollars more for the apprehension of the murderer than he was able to do under pre-existing laws. The individual citizens have subscribed funds liberally to give encouragement to the efforts to apprehend the murderer, and though the immediate community may appear to present only blunt sensibilities, yet the great mass of the people of the State are in sympathy with the movement to make the crime odious.

Usually, when a disease is properly diagnosed, the remedy is easily ascertainable ; but this is not the case with the general subject that this special incident presents with painful forcibleness to the thought of every intelligent patriot, regardless of geographical location.

The cowardly murder of Clayton was committed by a person whose first stifling of conscience for political purposes did not embrace assassination. At the polls the judges of election had been interfered with, without denunciation by the people of the community. The ballot-box was stolen, for which no person was arrested ; and, finally, when the assasination followed, the people in the vicinity naturally did not realize the enormity of the crime.

The citizens of Arkansas are not naturally lawless. When there is a real heart-felt belief that it is as much a crime to steal a ballot-box as to steal a horse; as much a perjury to swear falsely concerning election returns as to swear to any other false statement ; when fraud-tainted and blood-stained claims to office shall

not be valid, and when all transgressions, great or small, affecting elections, which would be crimes, if done for the accomplishment of results in other walks of life, shall be considered as crimes when enacted for political purposes, then the disease will be entirely eradicated.

Some thoughtful persons believe that the great panacea is the education of the ignorant masses. I, too, believe that the troubles increase with the decadence of a sincere love of popular education. We have excellent free schools in Arkansas, which are eagerly patronized by our laboring people, and certainly merit all the assistance obtainable. Yet the Legislature of 1883, by an overwhelming majority, recommended the passage by Congress of the act extending National aid to the free schools of the Nation; whereas the Legislature now in session has, by a practically unanimous vote, declared its sentiments against Federal aid to free schools. I do not believe that education can be, solely, a complete remedy, but I believe it is the Nation's duty to exercise liberality in combatting illiteracy, and in every other proper method to promote the elevation of its citizens.

Colonel Shepard is eminently correct, and has struck the popular chord, when announcing in the *Mail and Express* that General Benjamin Harrison is right in saying that such things as the stealing of ballot-boxes and the killing of John M. Clayton must be stopped; but when he says, "If you want one million men to stop them, you can have the Boys in Blue in thirty days' time," he states another truth, which, however, under the circumstances, needs addition, in my opinion. Of course, all our soldiers now dress in blue; but if an army is efficient to enforce obedience to the laws, it will come alike from those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue. The people of the South will say that crime must be punished, anarchists and other murderers must be convicted and hanged, alike in Chicago, Ill., and Plummerville, Ark., and no million men will be needed in one case more than the other. But the obdurate fact is that, no matter how willing the patriotic people of all sections are to enlist for the war, it may well be doubted whether the President can utilize an army for the purposes suggested.

There are physicians and there is a remedy which can, with certainty, cure the disease and absolutely prevent a repetition of such crimes as the especial one under consideration. The Demo-

cratic leaders' influence in the premises can be absolutely controlling. Futile will it be for them to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" If they WILL it, from that hour such crimes will be impossible. Their simple wish on this particular subject would be as potential as the fiat of Deity. I cannot but believe that that wish will be uttered. It seems to me the ultimatum is the speeding of a section of our country towards savagery, or the acceleration of its progress to unexampled prosperity.

At the last election a man of remarkable equipoise and noted steadfastness in always doing the right, as God gives him to see the right, was, against great odds, elected to be Chief Magistrate of the Nation; and no other cause did more to secure that result and to elect a United States House of Representatives in sympathy with him than the great, prevailing, heart-felt desire to have American citizenship become, as it should be, the most prized title in the world. No intelligent persons think that the President-elect will be a Louis XVI. or a Charles I.; but they do believe that upon the incoming of the new Administration, "with malice towards none and charity for all," he will be simply the President of all people of all politics in the greatest Republic on earth, under which not only the life of every citizen will be held precious, but the rights of all citizens, of whatever creed, color, or locality, will be maintained so sacredly as to demand love and obedience at home and respect and admiration abroad, and they will thereby become the recipients of blessings from the Supreme Ruler of all nations.

LOGAN S. ROOTS.

WAS CLAYTON'S MURDER A POLITICAL CRIME?

BY SENATOR JAMES K. JONES, OF ARKANSAS.

SINCE the assassination of President Garfield, no crime committed in this country has caused more deep and wide-spread feeling than the recent murder of Colonel John M. Clayton, and nowhere has this crime been so strongly condemned and keenly felt as in Arkansas.

The entire press of the State is teeming with denunciations of it, and each issue of every paper is demanding the apprehension and punishment of the assassin. Immediately upon the announcement of the terrible event, town-meetings were held, amid the greatest excitement, in all parts of the State, and expressions of the strongest condemnation of the outrage, together with the most vigorous demands for prompt and effective action by the officers of the law, came up from every quarter.

The Governor immediately offered the largest reward for the apprehension of the criminal permissible under the law, and the Legislature promptly passed an act authorizing the offer of an amount fivefold as large—the largest, in fact, ever offered by the State for the arrest of any criminal; and this has been supplemented by rewards offered by individuals and commercial bodies.

The coroner assembled a jury at nine o'clock on the morning after the killing and made a careful examination of the body, its position, surroundings, and the tracks about the window, making every effort to follow up each clew that might lead to detection. Witnesses were sworn and examined, their evidence was taken down, and every effort made to find the offenders and bring them to justice. The dead body of Colonel Clayton was, from the first hour, in the charge and keeping of his attending friend and lawyer. The reported coolness of the people of Plummerville towards his brother, on the next day, was but the unwillingness of a feeling people to obtrude themselves upon the grief of a stranger. Complaint has been made that the sheriff was not promptly on the ground; but in these accusations no mention is made of the fact that his deputy was there, and that on the night of the killing the

sheriff himself was some thirty miles away from the scene of the tragedy, employed in the discharge of public duties, off the railroad, away from any telegraph line, and that it was impossible for him to know anything of the murder until a messenger could reach him on horseback.

The State's attorney for the district went personally to the locality, and has given his counsel and aid to the sheriff in the investigation of the crime. The sheriff has provided himself with every means possible, and is doing all in his power to ferret out the mystery and make known the offenders. The details of this work, of course, cannot be made public now without endangering success; but everything possible has been and will continue to be done.

The Governor and other high State officials, and citizens from all parts of the State, singly and in bodies, attended the funeral; every one present was impressed by the manifestations of deep and earnest feeling on the part of the assembled thousands, and the sincere sympathy expressed for the family of the deceased. By far the greater part of the vast assemblage on that solemn occasion was composed of Democrats, between whom and General Powell Clayton there had existed for years the bitterest political antagonisms. This great gathering and the strong feeling manifested there and all over the State show how completely the people were startled by this horrible crime, their intense feeling toward the guilty, and their profound and tender sympathy for the afflicted family of the dead. This feeling was intensified by the consciousness present in the heart of every one that this base and horrible murder, while inflicting the greatest wrong and suffering upon the children of Colonel Clayton, had also placed a blot upon the good name of our State which even the blood of the guilty could not efface. For years the progress and development of Arkansas have been the source of the greatest pride to her citizens. Immigrants are coming from all quarters of the Union to make their homes with us. The State is increasing in wealth and prosperity; crime has been punished with a certainty that has not been surpassed by any State, if, indeed, the record has been equalled; her public-school system is rapidly developing and advancing, and her people were proudly calling attention to all these things and boasting of the orderly and law-abiding character of her citizens.

It is, unfortunately, true that murders are not uncommon under any form of civilization, and many of the most revolting are committed in communities where refinement and cultivation are found, and where the people consider themselves the most favored of the earth. Often the perpetrators of such crimes remain undiscovered and go unpunished; and so it may prove in this case. But if it should be so, it would be a strong circumstance to show that the murderer was careful to keep his own counsel and that the general public has no idea of his identity. If this murder is the result of the depravity of a single man, the act of one individual inspired by personal malice toward the deceased, or urged on by the hope of an advantage to himself only, then it takes its place among, and has no greater significance than, other atrocities committed from time to time by bad men. But there is a conjecture and there are charges that it is something more than this, and thus this crime acquires unusual prominence in the public mind.

Colonel Clayton, a Republican, was assassinated while in the act of prosecuting a contest for a seat in the House of Representatives held by a Democrat. This circumstance gives color to the suggestion that the killing was done for the purpose of putting an end to the contest; but all thinking men know that the effect is, and of necessity must have been, just the reverse. When President Garfield was killed, at a time of great party excitement and the deepest political feeling, the horror felt by all was intensified by the fear that this act might have been the result of a conspiracy among disappointed and malignant partisans, or planned by persons who, consumed by lust of power, hoped to reap advantage from the death of the President. Apparently in that case succession and confirmation of title by death were certain. How different were the circumstances from those attending the killing of Clayton! Here loss and injury, not profit, both to Mr. Breckinridge and the Democratic party, were the certain result of the crime; and yet the world is asked by men, themselves in public life, to believe that our public life has sunk so low, our public men are so base, and our people are such hypocrites and idiots as to do deeds like this with such a purpose in view.

This charge is most readily accepted where least is known of the people of Arkansas. Those who thoroughly understand the people of that State, their nature and characteristics, will feel an

abiding confidence, an absolute conviction, that the murder of Clayton was the act of some poor wretch moved by considerations wholly personal to himself.

In November last, at the Congressional election, when Mr. Breckinridge and Colonel Clayton were opposing candidates, a ballot-box was stolen and destroyed at Plummerville. This box was claimed by Colonel Clayton to have contained five hundred and seventy-two Republican and one hundred and twenty-five Democratic votes. Allowing this claim, and deducting this majority of four hundred and forty-seven for Clayton at this box from Breckinridge's majority in the district, Breckinridge was still elected by three hundred and ninety-nine votes. But it was the destruction of this ballot-box, and not the votes in it, that furnished the real ground of this contest.

I feel safe and justified in saying that there was never at any time, after the returns were in, a doubt in the mind of Mr. Breckinridge, or any of his friends, of his fair, legal, and honest election. That the other side had doubts may be safely inferred from the fact that no notice of contest came to Mr. Breckinridge for a long while ; not, in fact, until it was apparent that the next House would be Republican. Even with a Republican House, the friends of Mr. Breckinridge felt no uneasiness as to the result. They were perfecly sure that—even admitting Colonel Clayton's entire claim as to this box—the number of votes claimed there was wholly insufficient to establish Clayton's right to the seat ; hence what was going on there gave them no particular concern.

But there was a party who, we may naturally believe, watched the proceedings of Colonel Clayton there with feelings of apprehension. That party was a man or men engaged in the destruction of the ballot-box, and who stood in fear of the penitentiary. While Clayton was collecting evidence in his contest, he is said to have been attended by a detective, and he was, doubtless, patiently and persistently following up every clew that could lead to the punishment of the perpetrators of the outrage. There was something additional to the search after votes. The guilty, of course, would naturally keep a close watch upon these things, and whenever they found themselves being hemmed in, partly, perhaps, from a belief that no one else knew as much as Clayton, and that to kill him would lessen the danger of detection, and partly to gratify a feeling of revenge against the man who, they felt, was

upon their track and following them persistently, they doubtless killed him. The instances are many where an effort to conceal one crime has led to others ; and this, I submit, is the most reasonable hypothesis upon which this murder can be accounted for. I know it has been charged that this was a "political assassination." If by this is meant only that the act of the criminal, for which he alone is responsible, was connected with political matters, as in the case of Garfield, then I agree that this is true ; but if the intention is to make the charge that this assassination was for a political purpose and with a political end in view, then I respectfully submit that it is absolutely untrue, and that there is nothing to sustain it. No fair man would seek to make such an impression,—an impression so discreditable to the State and involving the entire community where the crime occurred,—except upon such proof or reasonable grounds of presumption as are wholly lacking in this case. John M. Clayton was not murdered because he was a Republican, nor because he was a candidate for Congress, nor yet because he was contesting Breckinridge's seat, but he was doubtless murdered by the wretch who destroyed the ballot-box, in order to avoid detection and punishment. There was, perhaps, this much of politics in it, but no more.

The charges implied in the statement that "John M. Clayton went to Plummerville unarmed and unescorted, recognizing the futility of such precautions against the stealthy assassin, and believing that his opponent, Mr. Breckinridge, who was aware of the condition of affairs in this county, would be willing and able to restrain his partisans," no one will openly make. There is much of the spirit of the assassin in covert charges,—in insinuations intended to suggest charges which are known to be untrue. The condition of Conway County was not such as to suggest even the possibility of assassination. This is not a crime characteristic of the Southern people; it is the crime of cowards; and whatever else may have been said against us, we have not been accused of cowardice. The suggestion that Colonel Clayton went to Plummerville with any thought of assassination is wholly gratuitous, and implies the grossest misrepresentation of the people of Conway County, for he had very recently canvassed this and every other county in the district, and had been treated everywhere with kindness and consideration.

The stab at the good name of Mr. Breckinridge in the insinua-

tion that he might or could restrain assassins—that he was capable of any sort of affiliation or connection with assassins—is monstrous. A good name is dearer than life itself to an honorable man ; and in all his life, public and private, no spot or blemish is to be found upon his character. His purity and uprightness, his manliness and frankness, are characteristics that no truthful man will deny. He is a man of of marked gentleness, always thoughtful and careful of the rights and feelings of others. He is unselfish and generous to a fault. With him principle and conscience are guides. In the line of his duty he is brave, but always courteous; he "dares do all that may become a man" ; but his worst enemy has never said he would dare do more. Every fair-minded, manly man who knows him well, whether Republican or Democrat, will at once condemn and denounce this insinuation as unjust and untrue—aye, as infamous. The gentleness of his nature appears in that he has preferred to suffer in silence under these foul aspersions rather than, even in defence of his own good name, be drawn into a unseemly wrangle over Clayton's dead body. He will bide his time, never doubting his complete vindication by his fellow-men.

I may be pardoned a word just here as to what was the proper political course for Mr. Breckinridge when he learned of this murder. Friends thought that it would have been proper for him to give expression to his detestation of the crime by resigning his claim to his seat. If he had done so, his opponents, ready to assail whatever position he might assume, could and, I believe, would at once have charged that his purpose in resigning was to avoid an investigation into the election of last November, as well as the killing of Clayton; that at the very first moment when his resignation would stop investigation, he had promptly availed himself of it. As he and his party had been assailed, the thing an honorable and honest man would most desire would be the fullest investigation, and to secure this it was necessary for him to hold his place.

A resignation, too, would have implied a doubt upon his part as to the absolute correctness of his claim to his seat. Believing with all his heart, as did his friends, that he had been fairly elected, entertaining no shadow of doubt of this, he could not, even by implication, give currency to any other idea. Fairly elected, justly entitled to his seat, why should he abandon it

after Clayton's unfortunate death any more than during his lifetime?

He is a Representative. Those who fairly elected him have a right to expect him not only to discharge the duties imposed upon him by the position, but that he will preserve and defend the trust committed to his keeping. He retains, as his duty required him to do, his lawful place, quietly awaiting and inviting the fullest investigation not only for himself, but for his district and his party.

The crime of stealing the ballot-box was the beginning of this trouble. It is the fashion in certain quarters to charge a general state of lawlessness against all the South in this matter of outrages upon the ballot. It will scarcely, however, be forgotten by fair men that this is the sole charge of this kind in Major Breckinridge's entire district, composed of sixteen counties and embracing upward of ten thousand square miles of territory, and that in none of the past Federal elections has there been a rumor of wrong of any kind. If the election was to be carried by such means, they would not have been confined to one box, which contained less than five hundred Republican majority. But this, like the greater crime which followed, was not the act of the community, nor that of the Democratic party; but it was the act of certain unknown persons, and is more generally and more strongly condemned in Arkansas than anywhere else.

Outrages upon the ballot, not of this kind, perhaps, but (I respectfully submit) just as grave and reprehensible, are, unfortunately, too common in all sections of the Union. This, of course, is no excuse for wrong-doing in Arkansas. The honesty, patriotism, and good sense of the American people will correct these wrongs there and elsewhere. The State government set up in Arkansas in utter disregard of the rights and wishes of the people, and maintained by the Federal Government, introduced these nefarious practices there. Since it has been removed and a government by the people organized, few instances of the kind have occurred in the State, and these have been most heartily condemned by our own people. The history of the most favored State shows that crime cannot be entirely suppressed; but Arkansas is as successful in that direction as any other State in the Union; and all fair inquiry will show that the State is, and will continue to be, equal to the regulation of her domestic affairs.

JAMES K. JONES.

HUMANITY'S GAIN FROM UNBELIEF.

BY CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M. P.

As an unbeliever, I ask leave to plead that humanity has been a real gainer from scepticism, and that the gradual and growing rejection of Christianity—like the rejection of the faiths which preceded it—has, in fact, added, and will add, to man's happiness and well-being. I maintain that, in physics, science is the outcome of scepticism, and that general progress is impossible without scepticism on matters of religion. I mean by religion, every form of belief which accepts or asserts the supernatural. I write as a Monist, and use the word "nature" as meaning all phenomena, every phenomenon, all that is necessary for the happening of any and every phenomenon. Every religion is constantly changing, and at any given time is the measure of the civilization attained by what Guizot described as the *juste milieu* of those who profess it. Each religion is slowly, but certainly, modified in its dogma and practice by the gradual development of the peoples amongst whom it is professed. Each discovery destroys in whole or part some theretofore-cherished belief. No religion is suddenly rejected by any people; it is, rather, gradually outgrown. None see a religion die; dead religions are like dead languages and obsolete customs; the decay is long, and, like the glacier-march, is only perceptible to the careful watcher by comparisons extending over long periods. A superseded religion may often be traced in the festivals, ceremonies, and dogmas of the religion which has replaced it. Traces of obsolete religions may often be found in popular customs, in old-wives' stories, and in children's tales.

It is necessary, in order that my plea should be understood, that I should explain what I mean by Christianity; and in the very attempt at this explanation there will, I think, be found strong illustration of the value of unbelief. Christianity in prac-

tice may be gathered from its more ancient forms represented by the Roman Catholic and the Greek churches, or from the various churches which have grown up in the last few centuries. Each of these churches calls itself Christian. Some of them deny the right of the others to use the word Christian. Some Christian churches treat, or have treated, other Christian churches as heretics or unbelievers. The Roman Catholics and the Protestants in Great Britain and Ireland have, in turn, been terribly cruel one to the other, and the ferocious laws of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries enacted by the English Protestants against English and Irish Papists are a disgrace to civilization. These penal laws, enduring longest in Ireland, still bear fruit in much of the political mischief and agrarian crime of to-day. It is only the tolerant indifference of scepticism that has repealed, one after the other, most of the laws directed by the Established Christian Church against Papists and Dissenters, and also against Jews and heretics. Church-of-England clergymen have in the past gone to great lengths in denouncing non-conformity; and even in the present day an effective sample of such denunciatory bigotry may be found in a sort of orthodox catechism written by the Rev. F. A. Grace, of Great Barling, Essex, the popularity of which is vouched for by the fact that it has gone through ten editions. This catechism for little children teaches that "dissent is a great sin" and that Dissenters "worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according to his revealed will, and therefore their worship is idolatrous." Church-of-England Christians and dissenting Christians, when fraternizing amongst themselves, often publicly draw the line at Unitarians, and positively deny that these have any sort of right to call themselves Christians.

In the first half of the seventeenth century, Quakers were flogged and imprisoned in England as blasphemers, and the early Christian settlers in New England, escaping from the persecution of Old-World Christians, showed scant mercy to the followers of Fox and Penn. It is customary, in controversy, for those advocating the claims of Christianity to include all good done by men in nominally Christian countries, as if such good were the result of Christianity, while they contend that the evil which exists prevails in spite of Christianity. I shall try to make out that the ameliorating march of the last few centuries has been initiated by

the heretics of each age, though I quite concede that the men and women denounced and persecuted as infidels by the pious of one century are frequently classed as saints by the pious of a later generation.

What, then, is Christianity ? As a system or scheme of doctrine, Christianity may, I submit, not unfairly be gathered from the Old and New Testaments. It is true that some Christians to-day desire to escape from submission to part, at any rate, of the Old Testament; but this very tendency seems to me to be part of the result of the beneficial heresy for which I am pleading. Man's humanity has revolted against Old-Testament barbarism, and, therefore, he has attempted to dissociate the Old Testament from Christianity. Unless Old and New Testaments are accepted as God's revelation to man, Christianity has no higher claim than any other of the world's many religions—if no such claim can be made out for it apart from the Bible. And though it is quite true that some who deem themselves Christians put the Old Testament completely in the background, this is, I allege, because they are outgrowing their Christianity. Without the doctrine of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, Christianity, as a religion, is naught; but unless the story of Adam's fall is accepted, the redemption from the consequences of that fall cannot be believed. Both in Great Britain and in the United States the Old and New Testaments are forced on the people as part of Christianity, for it is blasphemy at common law to deny the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be of divine authority, and such denial is punishable with fine and imprisonment, or even worse. The rejection of Christianity intended throughout this paper is, therefore, the rejection of the Old and New Testaments as being of divine revelation. It is the rejection alike of the authorized teachings of the Church of Rome and of the Church of England, as these may be found in the Bible; the creeds, the encyclicals, the prayer-book, the canons, and the homilies of either or both of these churches. It is the rejection of the Christianity of Luther, of Calvin, and of Wesley.

A ground frequently taken by Christian theologians is that the progress and civilization of the world are due to Christianity, and the discussion is complicated by the fact that many eminent servants of humanity have been nominal Christians of one or other of the sects. My allegation will be that the special service rendered to

human progress by these exceptional men has not been in consequence of their adhesion to Christianity, but in spite of it; and that the specific points of advantage to human kind have been in ratio of their direct opposition to precise Biblical enactments. Take one clear gain to humanity consequent on unbelief—*i. e.*, the abolition of slavery in some countries, the abolition of the slave-trade in most civilized countries, and the tendency to its total abolition. I am unaware of any religion in the world which in the past forbade slavery. The professors of Christianity for ages supported it; the Old Testament repeatedly sanctioned it by special laws; the New Testament has no repealing declaration. Though we are at the close of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, it is only during the past three-quarters of a century that the battle for freedom has been gradually won. It is scarcely a quarter of a century since the famous emancipation amendment was carried to the United States Constitution; and it is impossible for any well-informed Christian to deny that the abolition movement in North America was most steadily and bitterly opposed by the religious bodies in the various States. Henry Wilson, in his "Rise and Fall of the Slave-Power in America"; Samuel J. May, in his "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict," and J. Greenleaf Whittier, in his poems, alike are witnesses that the Bible and pulpit, the church and its great influence, were used against abolition and in favor of the slave-owner. I know that Christians in the present day often declare that Christianity had a large share in bringing about the abolition of slavery, and this because men professing Christianity were Abolitionists. I plead that those so-called Christian Abolitionists were men and women whose humanity—recognizing freedom for all—was, in this, in direct conflict with Christianity. It is not yet fifty years since the European Christian Powers jointly agreed to abolish the slave trade. What of the effect of Christianity on these Powers in the centuries which had preceded? The heretic Condorcet pleaded powerfully for freedom, whilst Christian France was still slave-holding. For many centuries Christian Spain and Christian Portugal held slaves. Porto Rico freedom is not of long date, and Cuban emancipation is even yet newer. It was a Christian king, Charles V., and a Christian friar, who founded in Spanish America the slave-trade between tho Old World and the New. For some 1,800 years almost all

Christians kept slaves, bought slaves, sold slaves, bred slaves, stole slaves. Pious Bristol and godly Liverpool, less than one hundred years ago, openly grew rich on the traffic. During the ninth century Greek Christians sold slaves to the Saracens. In the eleventh century prostitutes were publicly sold in Rome as slaves, and the profit went to the church.

It is said that William Wilberforce was a Christian, but, at any rate, his Christianity was strongly diluted with unbelief. As an Abolitionist, he did not believe Leviticus, c 25, v. 44–46 ; he must have rejected Exodus, c. 21, v. 2–6 ; he could not have accepted the many permissions and injunctions by the Bible Deity to his chosen people to capture and hold slaves. In the House of Commons on the 18th of February, 1796, Wilberforce reminded that Christian assembly that infidel and anarchic France had given liberty to the Africans, whilst Christian and monarchic England was "obstinately continuing a system of cruelty and injustice." Wilberforce, whilst advocating the abolition of slavery, found the whole influence of the English court and the great weight of the Episcopal bench against him. George III., a most Christian king, regarded abolition theories with abhorrence, and the Christian House of Lords was utterly opposed to granting freedom to the slave. When Christian missionaries, some sixty-two years ago, preached to Demerara negroes under the rule of Christian England, they were treated by Christian judges, holding commission from Christian England, as criminals for so preaching. A Christian commissioned officer, member of the Established Church of England, signed the auction notices for the sale of slaves as late as the year 1824. In the evidence before a Christian court-martial a missionary is charged with having tended to make the negroes dissatisfied with their condition as slaves, and with having promoted discontent and dissatisfaction amongst the slaves against their lawful masters. For this the Christian judges sentenced the Demerara Abolitionist missionary to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. The judges belonged to the Established Church; the missionory was a Methodist. In this the Church-of-England Christians in Demerara were no worse than Christians of other sects. Their Roman Catholic Christian brethren in St. Domingo fiercely attacked the Jesuits as criminals, because they treated the negroes as though they were men and women, in encouraging "two slaves to separate their

interest and safety from that of the gang," whilst orthodox Christians let them couple promiscuously and breed for the benefit of the owners, like any other of their plantation cattle. In 1823 the *Royal Gazette* (Christian) of Demerara said: "We shall not suffer you to enlighten our slaves, who are by law our property, till you can demonstrate that, when they are made religious and knowing, they will continue to be our slaves."

When William Lloyd Garrison, the pure-minded and most earnest Abolitionist, delivered his first anti-slavery address in Boston, Massachusetts, the only building he could obtain in which to speak was the infidel hall owned by Abner Kneeland, the "infidel" editor of the *Boston Investigator*, who had been sent to jail for blasphemy. All the Christian sects had, in turn, refused Mr. Lloyd Garrison the use of the buildings they severally controlled. Lloyd Garrison told me, himself, how honored deacons of a Christian church joined in an actual attempt to hang him. When abolition was advocated in the United States in 1790, the representative from South Carolina was able to plead that the Southern clergy "did not condemn either slavery or the slave-trade," and Mr. Jackson, the representative from Georgia, pleaded that "from Genesis to Revelation" the current was favorable to slavery. Elias Hicks, the brave Abolitionist Quaker, was denounced as an atheist, and less than twenty years ago a Hicksite Quaker was expelled from one of the Southern American legislatures because of the reputed irreligion of these Abolitionist "Friends." When the Fugitive-Slave Law was under discussion in North America, large numbers of clergymen, of nearly every denomination, were found ready to defend this infamous act. Samuel James May, the famous Abolitionist, was driven from the pulpit as irreligious, solely because of his attacks on slave-holding. Northern clergymen tried to induce "silver-tongued" Wendell Phillips to abandon his advocacy of abolition. Southern pulpits rang with praises for the murderous attack on Charles Sumner. The slayers of Elijah Lovejoy were highly-reputed Christian men.

Guizot, notwithstanding that he tries to claim that the Church exerted its influence to restrain slavery, says ("European Civilization," Vol. I., p. 110):

"It has often been repeated that the abolition of slavery among modern people is entirely due to Christians. That, I think, is saying too much. Slavery existed for a long period in the heart of Christian society, without its being particularly aston-

ished or irritated. A multitude of causes, and a great development in other ideas and principles of civilization, were necessary for the abolition of this iniquity of all iniquities."

And my contentation is that this "development in other ideas and principles of civilization" was long retarded by governments in which the Christian Church was dominant. The men who advocated liberty were imprisoned, racked, and burned, so long as the church was strong enough to be merciless. The Rev. Francis Minton, Rector of Middlewich, in his recent earnest volume * on the struggles of labor, admits that "a few centuries ago slavery was acknowledged throughout Christendom to have the divine sanction. . . . Neither the exact cause nor the precise time of the decline of the belief in the righteousness of slavery can be defined. It was, doubtless, due to a combination of causes, one probably being as indirect as the recognition of the greater economy of free labor. With the decline of the belief, the abolition of slavery took place." The institution of slavery was actually existent in Christian Scotland in the seventeenth century, where the white coal-workers and salt-workers of East Lothian were chattels, as were their negro brethren in the Southern States thirty years since, and "went to those who succeeded to the property of the works, and they could be sold, bartered, or pawned." † There is, says J. M. Robertson, "no trace that the Protestant clergy of Scotland ever raised a voice against the slavery which grew up before their eyes. And it was not until 1799, after Republican and irreligious France had set the example, that it was legally abolished."

Take the further gain to humanity consequent on the unbelief, or rather disbelief, in witchcraft and wizardry. Apart from the brutality by Christians towards those suspected of witchcraft, the hindrance to scientific initiative or experiment was incalculably great so long as belief in magic obtained. The inventions of the past two centuries, and especially those of this nineteenth century, might have benefited mankind much earlier and much more largely but for the foolish belief in witchcraft and the shocking ferocity exhibited towards those suspected of necromancy. After quoting a large number of cases of trial and punishment for witchcraft from official records in Scotland, J. M. Robertson

* "Capital and Wages," p. 19.
† "Perversion of Scotland," p. 197.

says: "The people seem to have passed from cruelty to cruelty, precisely as they became more and more fanatical, more and more devoted to their church, till, after many generations, the slow spread of human science began to counteract the ravages of superstition, the clergy resisting reason and humanity to the last."

The Rev. Mr. Minton* concedes that it is "the advance of knowledge which has rendered the idea of Satanic agency, through the medium of witchcraft, grotesquely ridiculous." He admits that "for more than fifteen hundred years the belief in witchcraft was universal in Christendom," and that "the public mind was saturated with the idea of Satanic agency in the economy of nature." He adds: "If we ask why the world now rejects what was once so unquestioningly believed, we can only reply that advancing knowledge has gradually undermined the belief."

In a letter recently sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* against modern Spiritualism, Professor Huxley declares "that the older form of the same fundamental delusion—the belief in possession and in witchcraft—gave rise, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, to persecutions by Christians of innocent men, women, and children, more extensive, more cruel, and more murderous than any to which the Christians of the first three centuries were subjected by the authorities of pagan Rome." And Professor Huxley adds:

"No one deserves much blame for being deceived in these matters. We are all intellectually handicapped in youth by the incessant repetition of the stories about possession and witchcraft in both the Old and the New Testament. The majority of us are taught nothing which will help us to observe accurately, and to interpret observations with due caution."

The English statute-book under Elizabeth and under James was disfigured by enactments against witchcraft passed under pressure from the Christian churches, which acts have only been repealed in consequence of the disbelief in the Christian precept, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The statute 1 James I., c. 12, condemned to death "all persons invoking any evil spirits, or consulting, covenanting with, entertaining, employing, feeding, or rewarding any evil spirit," or generally practising any "infernal arts." This was not repealed until the eighteenth century was far advanced. Edison's phonograph would, two hundred and eighty years ago, have insured martyrdom for the

* "Capital and Wages," pp. 15, 16.

inventor; the utilization of electric force to transmit messages around the world would have been clearly the practice of an infernal art. At least, we may plead that unbelief has healed the bleeding feet of science and made the road free for her upward march.

Is it not also fair to urge the gain to humanity which has been apparent in the wiser treatment of the insane consequent on the unbelief in the Christian doctrine that these unfortunates were either examples of demoniacal possession or of special visitation of Deity? For centuries, under Christianity, mental disease was most ignorantly treated. Exorcism, shackles, and the whip were the penalties, rather than the curatives, for mental maladies. From the heretical departure of Pinel, at the close of the last century, to the position of Maudesley to-day, every step illustrates the march of unbelief. Take the gain to humanity in the unbelief, not yet complete, but now largely preponderant, in the dogma that sickness, pestilence, and famine were manifestations of divine anger, the results of which could neither be avoided nor prevented. The Christian churches have done little or nothing to dispel this superstition. The official and authorized prayers of the principal denominations even to-day reäffirm it. Modern study of the laws of health, experiments in sanitary improvements, more careful application of medical knowledge, have proved more efficacious in preventing or diminishing plagues and pestilence than have the intervention of the priest or the practice of prayer. Those in England who hold the old faith that prayer will suffice to cure disease are to-day termed "peculiar people," and are occasionally indicted for manslaughter, when their sick children die, because the parents have trusted to God instead of appealing to the resources of science.

It is certainly clear gain to astronomical science that the church which tried to compel Galileo to unsay the truth, has been overborne by the growing unbelief of the age, even though our little children are yet taught that Joshua made the sun and moon stand still, and that for Hezekiah the sun-dial reversed its record. As Buckle, arguing for the morality of scepticism, says: *

"As long as men refer the movements of the comets to the immediate finger of God, and as long as they believe that an eclipse is one of the modes by which the

* "History of Civilization," Vol. I., p. 345.

Deity expresses his anger, they will never be guilty of the blasphemous presumption of attempting to predict such supernatural appearances. Before they could dare to investigate the causes of these mysterious phenomena, it is necessary that they should believe, or, at all events, that they should suspect, that the phenomena themselves were capable of being explained by the human mind."

As in astronomy, so in geology, the gain of the knowledge to humanity has been almost solely in measure of the rejection of the Christian theory, a century since almost universally held, that the world was created six thousand years ago, or, at any rate, that by the sin of the first man, Adam, death commenced about that period. Ethnology and anthropology have only been possible in so far as, adopting the regretful words of Sir W. Jones, "intelligent and virtuous persons are inclined to doubt the authenticity of the documents delivered by Moses concerning the primitive world."

Surely it is clear gain to humanity that unbelief has sprung up against the divine right of kings; that men no longer believe that the monarch is "God's anointed," or that "the powers that be are ordained of God." In the struggles for political freedom, the weight of the church was mostly thrown on the side of the tyrant. The homilies of the Church of England declare that "even the wicked rulers have their power and authority from God," that "such subjects as are disobedient or rebellious against their princes, disobey God and procure their own damnation." It can scarcely be necessary to argue to the citizens of the United States of America that the origin of their liberties was in the rejection of this faith in the divine right of George III. Will any one, save the most bigoted, contend that it is not certain gain to humanity to spread unbelief in the terrible doctrine that eternal torment is the probable fate of the great majority of the human family? Is it not gain to have diminished the faith that it was the duty of the wretched and the miserable to be content with the lot in life which Providence had awarded them?

If it stood alone, it would be almost sufficient to plead, as justification for heresy, the approach towards equality and liberty for the utterance of all opinions achieved because of growing unbelief. At one period in Christendom each government acted as though only one religious faith could be true, and as though the holding, or, at any rate, the making known, of any other opinion was a criminal act deserving punishment. Under the one word, "infidel," even as late as Lord Coke, were classed together all

who were not Christians, even though they were Mohommedans, Brahmans, or Jews. All who did not accept the Christian faith were sweepingly denounced as infidels and, therefore, *hors de la loi.* One hundred and forty-five years since, the Attorney General, pleading in our highest court, said* : "What is the definition of an infidel? Why, one who does not believe in the Christian religion. Then a Jew is an infidel." And English history for several centuries prior to the Commonwealth shows how, habitually and most atrociously, Christian kings, Christian courts, and Christian churches persecuted and harassed these infidel Jews. There was a time in England when Jews were such infidels that they were not even allowed to be sworn as witnesses. In 1740, a legacy left for establishing an assembly for the reading of the Jewish Scriptures was held to be void † because it was "for the propagation of the Jewish law in contradiction to the Christian religion." It is only in very modern times that municipal rights have been accorded in England to Jews. It is barely thirty years since they have been allowed to sit in Parliament. In 1851, the late Mr. Newdegate, in debate, ‡ objected "that they should have sitting in that House an individual who regarded our Redeemer as an impostor." Lord Chief Justice Raymond has shown ‖ how it was that Christian intolerance was gradually broken down: "A Jew may sue at this day, but heretofore he could not; for then they were looked upon as enemies, but now commerce has taught the world more humanity." Lord Coke treated the infidel as one who, in law, had no right of any kind, with whom no contract need be kept, to whom no debt was payable. The plea of "alien infidel," as answer to a claim, was actually pleaded in court as late as 1737.§ In a solemn judgment Lord Coke says**: "All infidels are, in law, *perpetui inimici,* for between them, as with the devils whose subjects they be, and the Christians, there is perpetual hostility." Twenty years ago the law of England required the writer of any periodical, publication, or pamphlet under sixpence in price to give sureties for eight hundred pounds against the publication of blasphemy. I was the last person prosecuted, in 1868, for non-

* Omychund vs. Barker, 1 Atkyns, 29.
† D'Costa vs. D'Pays, Amb., 228.
‡ 3 Hansard, cxvi., 381.
‖ 1 Lord Raymond's Reports, 282, Wells vs. Williams.
§ Ramkijsenseat vs. Barker, 1 Atkyns, 51.
** Coke's reports, Calvin's case.

compliance with that law, which was repealed by Mr. Gladstone in 1869. Up till the 23d of December, 1888, an infidel in Scotland was only allowed to enforce any legal claim in court on condition that, if challenged, he denied his infidelity. If he lied and said that he was a Christian, he was accepted, despite his lying. If he told the truth and said that he was an unbeliever, then he was practically an outlaw, incompetent to give evidence for himself or for any other. Fortunately, all this was changed by the royal assent to the Oaths Act on the 24th of December. Has not humanity clearly gained a little in this struggle through unbelief ?

For more than a century and a half the Roman Catholic had, in practice, harsher measure dealt out to him by the English Protestant Christian than was, even during that period, the fate of the Jew or the unbeliever. If the Roman Catholic would not take the oath of abjuration, which, to a sincere Romanist, was impossible, he was, in effect, an outlaw, and the "jury-packing," so much complained of to-day in Ireland, is one of the survivals of the old, bad time when Roman Catholics were thus, by law, excluded from the jury-box.

The *Scotsman* of January 5, 1889, notes that, in 1860, the Rev. Dr. Robert Lee, of Greyfriars, gave a course of Sunday evening lectures on Biblical Criticism, in which he showed the absurdity and untenableness of regarding every word in the Bible as inspired, and adds:

"We well remember the awful indignation such opinions inspired, and it is refreshing to contrast them with the calmness with which they are now received. Not only from the pulpits of the city, but from the press (misnamed religious) were his doctrines denounced. And one eminent U. P. minister went the length of publicly praying for him, and for the students under his care. It speaks volumes for the progress made since then, when we think that, in all probability, Dr. Charteris, Dr. Lee's successor in the chair, differs, in his teaching, from the Confession of Faith much more widely than Dr. Lee ever did, and yet he is considered supremely orthodox, whereas the stigma of heresy was attached to the other all his life."

And this change and gain to humanity are due to the gradual progress of unbelief alike inside and outside the churches. Take, from differing churches, two recent illustrations. The late Principal, Dr. Lindsay Alexander, a strict Calvinist, in his important work on "Biblical Theology," claims that "all the statements of Scripture are alike to be deferred to, as presenting to us the mind of God." Yet the Reverend Doctor of Divinity also

says: "We find in their writings [*i. e.*, in the writings of the sacred authors] statements which no ingenuity can reconcile with what modern research has shown to be the scientific truth." At the last Southwell Diocesan Church-of-England Conference, at Derby, the Bishop of the Diocese presiding, the Rev. J. G. Richardson said of the Old Testament that "it was no longer honest, or even safe, to deny that this noble literature, rich in all the elements of moral or spiritual grandeur, given—so the Church had always taught and would always teach—under the inspiration of Almighty God, was sometimes mistaken in its science, was sometimes inaccurate in its history, and sometimes relative and accommodatory in its morality. It resumed theories of the physical world which science had abandoned and could never resume; it contained passages of narrative which devout and temperate men pronounced discredited both by external and internal evidence; it praised, or justified, or approved, or condoned, or tolerated conduct which the teaching of Christ and the conscience of the Christian alike condemned." Or—as I should urge—the gain to to humanity by unbelief is that the "teaching of Christ" has been modified, enlarged, widened, and humanized, and that "the conscience of the Christian" is, in quantity and quality, made fitter for the ever-increasing additions of knowledge of these later and more heretical days.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

DELIA BACON'S UNHAPPY STORY.

BY THE HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

THIS book* contains the saddest, the most pathetic, the most tragic story ever told in the history of literature. But that which we read between the lines is infinitely sadder and more touching than that which appears on the surface of the narrative. It is not alone a biography of one of the greatest and most unhappy of Americans,—a woman of noble heart, penetrating intellect, and profound genius; but it is told by one who, however related to the subject of the narrative by ties of kindred, has not the slightest sympathy with the cause for which she sacrificed her happiness and her life; by one who, in fact, rather justifies the blows by which she was driven to the mad-house and the grave.

We are told that Aristarchus, of Samos, maintained, two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, that the earth turned on its own axis and revolved about the sun. The world universally concedes to-day that the philosopher of Samos was right; but his intelligent contemporaries regarded the doctrine as so absurd, as so violent a contradiction of the evidence of their own senses, as so repellant to the teachings of their scientists and the beliefs of their ancestors, that Aristarchus very nearly paid for his theory with his life.

But let us suppose that the Samian philosopher had been driven insane by the persecutions of his senseless fellow-citizens, led, we will say, by his own brother, a priest in one of the heathen temples of Samos; and then suppose that, after some years had passed, the learned Samians had begun to conclude that there might be some truth in the much-abused theory, and that, at least, it deserved serious and candid consideration. Now, let us imagine that at this time a nephew of Aristarchus, perceiving that there was some public curiosity about his distinguished relative, had written a book without one word to say in behalf of the

* Theodore Bacon's "Life of Delia Bacon."

theory which had alone made his uncle illustrious, but with much to urge in extenuation of the bigoted priest and his followers, who had persecuted the great man to madness; and you will have a pretty fair parallel for Theodore Bacon's "Life of Delia Bacon."

If Delia Bacon's theory, that William Shakspere was a mere mask for Francis Bacon, is an absurdity and an insane delusion, and if she was, indeed, simply a mad woman, as her brother, Dr. Leonard Bacon, assured her she was, when she conceived and published that theory, we may well ask why her nephew now "drags her frailties from their dread abode," and parades them before the world. Has she any more claim to a biography, in that case, than any other of the unreasonable and unfortunate inhabitants of Bedlam? If she was simply the insane originator of an impossible conception, should not her relatives have spread the mantle of charitable oblivion over her shattered life? Should they not

> "Walk backward, with averted gaze,
> And hide her shame"?

A biography of Delia Bacon can only be justified by a belief in the truth of the theory with which her life is identified. Anything less than that is to stir the dust of the lunatic dead for commercial purposes; it is to exhibit her, straight-jacket and all, to an unsympathetic public, for a pecuniary consideration.

If Delia Bacon was not insane when she framed and uttered that theory, if she was right in her views,—as right as Aristarchus of Samos was in his day,—then she deserves a hundred biographies to be written by tender and loving friends, with reverent eyes and enthusiastic admiration. If she was right, then was she, indeed, the profoundest thinker of her age, with a sweep of thought and depth of penetration a thousand miles beyond the shallow great ones of her generation. If she was right, she deserves to be honored as a martyr to the truth, who stood nobly up in the arena of the world until torn to pieces by the wild beasts of public opinion. There are many now who regard her as the greatest American yet born; they hope to see her biography yet written by some one who loves, honors, and believes in her.

The strangest part of this book is that, while Theodore Bacon describes his aunt's great theory as "ideas or *fancies*, which soon

after *possessed* her," as if he were describing some demoniacal obsession which had hurled the victim upon the ground foaming and writhing, he, nevertheless, recites facts which are enough to shake the belief of any one gifted with a grain of logical capacity, in the commonly-accepted belief. He says:

"To prove from the plays that their author must have been a lawyer, as Lord Campbell did, was far from difficult, and would have been very helpful, if the demonstration had stood alone. True, there was no historical record of Shakspere's ever having seen a law-book, a court-room, or a lawyer's chambers; and there was some trouble in imagining how the play-actor and theatre-manager, who was writing immortal dramas before he was thirty, and died, after voluminous authorship, at fifty-two, could have acquired what Lord Campbell calls 'the familiar, profound, and accurate knowledge he displayed of juridical principles and practice.'"

The reader would naturally suppose that the man who writes this would, by the ordinary operations of the human mind, reach the conclusion that Shakspere did not, therefore, produce the plays which go by his name. For if the real author was unquestionably a lawyer, and if Shakspere was not a lawyer, then it follows, "as the night the day," that Shakspere could not have written the plays; and, therefore, that so much of the writer's aunt's theories as denied Shakspere's authorship was not a maniacal "possession," or (as Dr. Leonard Bacon expressed it) a "delirious fancy," but grave and sober truth. But does Theodore Bacon come to this conclusion? Not at all. He walks up to it, looks over the fence into it, and then shies off from it, in an inconsequential fashion, worthy of the incongruities of Bedlam itself. He continues:

"But when the eminent Dr. Bucknill, not controverting the argument of Lord Campbell, proved as clearly that Shakspere 'had paid an amount of attention to subjects of medical interest scarcely, if at all, inferior to that which has served as the basis' of the proposition that 'he had devoted seven good years of his life to the practice of the law,' he hindered rather than helped to understand the real life of the dramatist. So when another proves that . . . the poet, so well versed was he in warfare, must have served a campaign or two in the Low Countries; another that he must have been a Roman Catholic in religion; while another shows him to have been necessarily a Puritan; another that his prodigious wealth of allusions to and phrases from the then-untranslated Greek and Latin authors proves his broad and deep erudition,—the understanding consents to one demonstration after another, but may possibly be staggered if called to accept them all together."

In other words, this is Theodore Bacon's mode of reasoning: It is demonstrated, he says:

1. That the real author of the plays was a lawyer.
2. William Shakspere was not a lawyer.
3. Therefore, William Shakspere did not write the plays.

So far, so good ; but he goes on :

1. The real author had given great attention to medicine.

2. There is no evidence that William Shakspere had studied that or any other subject.

3. Therefore, the probabilities are that William Shakspere did not write the plays.

Then he goes a step further :

1. The real author knew so much of war that he must have served in the army in the Low Countries.

2. William Shakspere was never, so far as we know, in the Low Countries or in the army.

3. Therefore, William Shakspere could not have written the plays.

Then he advances another step :

1. It is claimed by some that the author of the plays was a Roman Catholic, and by others that he was a Puritan.

2. William Shakspere "died a Catholic," and he could not have been, at the same time, both Catholic and Puritan.

3. It is, therefore, improbable that William Shakspere wrote the plays.

And then he advances still another step :

1. The real author of the plays was a man of immense erudition, familiar with the untranslated Greek and Roman classics.

2. William Shakspere left school at fourteen, with such scraps of learning as the shabby little school at Stratford, with its one teacher, could give him.

3. It is not likely, therefore, that William Shakspere wrote the plays.

So far it is plain sailing, and every syllogism leads directly and positively to the conclusion that William Shakspere did not write the plays. But Theodore Bacon has one more proposition, which forever, in his judgment, closes the argument. He says in effect :

1. We know of no man who possessed all these extraordinary qualifications.

2. We know William Shakspere did not possess them.

3. Therefore, we are "staggered" into the belief, by this accumulated proof, that William Shakspere must have written the plays! Any one of these arguments separately would have destroyed his title ; their united force establishes it !

If Theodore Bacon had not been absolutely devoid of that which men call the reasoning faculty, might he not have wrought out a proposition something like this ?—

1. Francis Bacon, it is conceded, possessed a great intellect, —the greatest that has ever dwelt on this earth.

2. Francis Bacon possessed, according to Macaulay, the poetical faculty ; he had "the most exquisitely-constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men."

3. Francis Bacon possessed the very style of the great poet. Alexander Smith says of him : "He seems to have written his essays with the pen of Shakespeare."

4. Francis Bacon was an accomplished lawyer.

5. Francis Bacon had studied medicine all his life. He had been always, as he himself says, "puddering in physic."

6. He had spent three years in France during a civil war, and he probably passed through the Low Countries on his way to and from Paris; and the scenes of some of the Shakespeare plays are laid in the very portions of France which he is known to have visited.

7. He was learned in all the learning of the ancient world, and his philosophical writings abound with quotations from those very untranslated Greek and Roman writers to whom there are so many allusions in the plays.

8. He took no part in the religious contentions of his time, and was liberal enough to see the "soul of goodness" in all sects; and his real belief, as revealed in his writings, might, therefore, naturally enough, be a matter of question.

9. As the man William Shakspere possessed none of these qualifications, and as we must, therefore, look elsewhere for the author, is it not possible, nay probable, that Francis Bacon may have been the real writer of the plays ?

10. Could not Delia Bacon have considered, at least, the possibility and probability of the truth of such a theory without being charged with "delirious fancies," or the incoherent extravagancies of insanity,—and that, too, by people who had not given one hour to the study of the Shakespeare plays where she had given years ? Should not ignorance have been modest and silent in the presence of such laborious learning ?

But no such mode of reasoning seems to have occurred to Theodore Bacon.

The strangest part of his curious work is found in the fact that, while he undoubtedly indorses the course of Dr. Leonard Bacon in assuring Delia that she was insane because she believed that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, he at the same time quotes, without dissent, utterances which show conclusively that it is almost impossible that Shakspere could have written them. He says, page 51:

"But while she [Delia Bacon] was forming such new and helpful friendships as this one, kindly tolerant, if not more, of her great idea, she was finding, as she thought, foes of her own household. A letter to her oldest brother, dated that same month, makes it plain that she had broached her theory to him also; that his grave, cool judgment had refused to entertain it, and that frankly *and with force*, as his nature was, he had so declared, dissuading her from cherishing it, as *a delirious fancy*."

In other words, while Ralph Waldo Emerson, philosopher, scholar, and poet, was writing to Delia Bacon, "I am deeply gratified to observe the power of statement and the adequateness of the problem which this sketch of your argument evinces," her brother, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, whose calling would imply that he had not made the profligate literature of the play-house an especial study, was telling her, "with force," that she was crazy!

And then, this illogical Theodore Bacon says, speaking of Shakspere:

"No word or hint seems ever to have escaped him to show that he cared for, or even owned, the miraculous offspring which had fallen from him. There is no word or syllable in all the world to indicate that the man, whose multifarious learning is the wonder of the third century after him, ever owned a book, or ever saw one, although he brought together and left behind him a fair estate. Nor is there to be found, in all the world, of this profuse and voluminous author, of this bosom-friend of poets, and printers, and actors, so much as the scratch of a pen on paper, except the three signatures upon his Will. . . . Yet, of his less famous contemporaries, there are autograph manuscripts in abundance. Even of his forerunners by centuries there are extant writings infinitely more plenty than the scanty subscriptions to a legal instrument. Petrarch died two centuries and a half, Dante three centuries before him; yet the manuscripts of both abound, while of him who was greater than either, and was almost of our own time, there is nothing but the mean and sordid Will to show that he ever put pen to paper."

Surely this reads as if the man who wrote it did not believe that the signer of that "sordid Will" was the author of the plays. But no,—he had just told us, without a word of dissent or reproach, that Dr. Leonard Bacon had assured his sister, "with his grave, cool judgment," and "with force, as his nature was," that disbelief in the poacher of Stratford as the author of the

most profound and learned works known to man, was "a delirious fancy," and, inferentially, in itself evidence of insanity.

Theodore Bacon quotes also a passage from Delia's writings, of the keenest and most incisive kind, touching that problem which must present itself to every thoughtful mind,—to wit: how it comes that the greatest man that ever lived (and surely the author of the plays is to be esteemed such) could have passed through the world without making some impress, however slight, upon the events of his age. If the penetrating thoughts in the following passage grew, as Dr. Leonard Bacon would have us believe, out of insanity, then it would be well if Heaven would inflame the minds of the stupid multitude, the whole Bacon family included, with a universal lunacy of the same kind :

"Surely we have negatives enough already. If he [Shakspere] did not steal the deer, will you tell us what one mortal thing he did do? He wrote the plays. But did the man who wrote the plays do nothing else? Are there not some foregone conclusions in them?—some intimations, and round ones, too, that he who wrote them, be he who he may, has had experiences of some sort? Do such things as these, that the plays are full of, begin in the fingers' ends? Can you find them in an ink-horn? Can you sharpen them out of a goose-quill? . . . Has this man's life been all *play*? Has there been no earnest in it?—no acting in his own name? Has he dealt evermore with second-hand reports, unreal shadows, and mockeries of things? Has there been no personal grapple with realities here? . . . Did not Æschylus fight at Salamis? Did not Scipio teach Terence how to marshal his men and wing his words? And was not Socrates as brave at Potidæa and Delium as he was in the market-place? And did not Cæsar, the author, kill his millions? But this giant wrestler and warrior of ours, with the essence of all the battles of all the ages in his nerves,—with the blood of a new Adam bubbling in his veins,—he cannot be permitted to leap out of those everlasting buskins of his long enough to have a brush with this one live deer, but the critics must have out their spectacles, and be down upon him with their objections."

And how profound and how brilliant is this exegesis, taken like the last, from her *Putnam Magazine* article:

"Condemned to look for the author of Hamlet himself—the subtle Hamlet of the university, the courtly Hamlet, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form'—in that dirty, doggish group of players, who came into the scene summoned like a pack of hounds to his service, the very tone of his courtesy to them, with its princely condescension, with its arduous formality, only serving to make the great, impassable social gulf between them the more evident,—compelled to look in that ignominous group, with its faithful portraiture of the players of that time (taken from the life by one who had had dealings with them), for the princely scholar himself in his author, how could we understand him,—the enigmatical Hamlet,—with the thoughts of the ages in his foregone conclusions?"

And where have the microscopical wrigglers over the words of the great text,—the entomologists of criticism, who are content to spend their years over a misplaced syllable,—where have any of

them reached into the heart of the mighty mystery, and touched the very soul of the poet, as in these lines ?—

"He [the real author] carries the court perfume with him, unconsciously, wherever he goes; among mobs of artisans that will not 'keep their teeth clean'; into the ranks of 'greasy citizens' and 'rude mechanicals': into country feasts and merry-makings; among 'pretty low-born lasses,' 'the queens of curds and cheese,' and into the heart of that forest 'where there is no clock.' He looks into Arden and into East-cheap from the court stand-point, not from these into the court; and he is as much a prince with Poins and Bardolph as he is when he enters and throws open to us, without awe, without consciousness, the most delicate mysteries of the royal presence."

And where can be found a more magnificent tribute to the genius of the real author of the plays than in the following ?—

"The faintly-limned outlines of the nucleus which that name once included are all gone long ago, dissolved in the splendors, dilated into the infinities, which this modern Shakespeare dwells in. It is Shakespeare, *the author*, that we now know only, the author of these worlds of profoundest art, these thought-crowded worlds, which modern reading discovers in these printed pages of his. It is the posthumous Shakespeare of the posthumous volume that we now know only. No, not even that; it is only the work itself that we now know by that name—the phenomenon, and not its beginning. For, with each new study of the printed page, further and further behind it, deeper and deeper into regions where no man so much as undertakes to follow it, retreats the power, which is for us all already, as truly as if we had confessed it to ourselves, the unknown, the unnamed."

And the woman who could write profound criticism in this magnificent style has been set down by the witlings of the civilized world, for thirty-odd years, as a lunatic, who had conceived a theory worthy of the mad-house !

Again, speaking of the man of Stratford, she says, after showing how many illusions of the world's youth had been dissipated:

"Let him alone ! We will keep this one mighty conjurer still, even in the place where men most do congregate; and nobody shall stir a hair on his impossible old head, or trouble him with a question. He shall stand there still, pulling interminable splendors out of places where they never could have been; that is the charm of it; he shall stand there rubbing those few sickly play-house manuscripts of his, or a few old, musty play-house novels, and wringing from them the very wine of all our life; showering from their greasy folds the gems and gold of all the ages ! He shall stand there, spreading, in the twinkling of an eye, for a single night, in a dirty theatre, 'to complete a purchase that he had a mind to,' the feasts of the immortal gods, and before our lips can, by any chance, have reached even the edge of those cups that open doors into infinity, when the show has served his purpose, he shall whisk it all away again, and leave no wreck behind, except by accident; and none shall remonstrate, or say him 'wherefore ?' He shall stand there still, for us all—the magician; nature's one, complete, incontestable, gorgeous triumph over the impossibilities of reason."

Theodore Bacon could copy all this into his book and then, without a word of dissent or reproach, apology or extenuation,

could insert also Dr. Leonard Bacon's letter to Delia, written in 1856,—he calls it "a long and most wise, considerate, and affectionate letter,"—in which that profound Shakesperean critic remarks: "You know perfectly well that the great world does not care a sixpence who wrote 'Hamlet'!" And he assures her that her "theory about Shakespeare" is a delusion; that she is in an "enchanted wood,"—in other words, insane already; and that for five years he has thought so; and that she had better publish her work *as a fiction!* He tells her that "some passages" of his letter "were written with the consciousness that they would be painful to her," and he concludes—not by sending her any money to help her in her dire distress, but—by "commending her to the watchfulness and covenant love of the God of our father and mother"!

A cooler specimen of cruel, insolent, hypocritical cold-bloodedness it would be difficult to find. He writes to an over-wrought, under-fed, under-clothed, unhappy woman, to whom he has rendered little or no pecuniary assistance during her five years' absence in England, assuring her that she is crazy, and has been any time during all those five years, and advising her to turn the fruits of her laborious studies, her magnificent penetration, her subtle critical analysis, into a romance,—an amusing story-book! No wonder poor Delia refused to answer that letter, and writes to Hawthorne:

"I have suffered, past the power of tongue or pen to say how much, from his harshness and coldness and desertion of me, but I have always apologized for him. . . . But I do not think there *is* any healing for this. . . . He knows how to express himself according to the prescribed rules of Christian kindness, when he is most cruel. This is a very fraternal letter on the surface. . . . It is necessary that you should know what fatal misunderstanding it is that separates me from my natural helpers. . . . I have never written to them for any aid. I would have died first."

Here is a brother who has done almost nothing for his sister for five years,—he appears to have sent her fifty dollars during that time!—she has struggled with the most wretched poverty in order to finish her work and publish her book; she has lived in rags, on the charity of strangers, enduring unheard-of hardships; and at last he writes her a letter assuring her, in the most sanctimonious manner, that she is crazy!

Mrs. Farrar says:

"She had suffered many privations during the time that she was writing her book. She lived on the poorest food, and was often without the means of having a fire in her chamber. She told me that she wrote a great part of her large octavo volume sitting up in bed, in order to keep warm."

We need not ask the question whether any gentleman, even though he be forty times a brother, is justified in writing to a woman whom he has abandoned and deserted for five years,—a high-strung, intellectual, over-worked woman, just finishing a tremendous literary task,—telling her with brutal frankness that she is a lunatic, and commending her to "the watchfulness and covenant love of God," while he does not send her a penny. But let us inquire whether Delia Bacon was insane at the time her brother wrote this letter. Not at all, and he knew it, for, only a month before, Hawthorne had written him:

"However mistaken your sister may be, she has produced a most remarkable work, written with wonderful earnestness and ability, and full of very profound criticism. Its merits are entirely independent of the truth of her theory. I am in hopes to find a publisher for the work, here in England, and I should judge that there was a fair chance of its meeting with such success as would render her independent of her friends. . . . At the only interview which I have had with Miss Bacon, I found her tolerably well in bodily health, perfectly cheerful, and conversing with great power and intelligence."

And not content to put into the mind of the poor woman the poison of the suspicion of her own sanity, to work like the mines of sulphur, he writes to Hawthorne, who is trying to procure a publisher for her book, that his protégée is insane! He says:

"She knows that since 1851 I have habitually distrusted the soundness of her judgment. She knows that I have, all along, regarded her darling theory as a mere hallucination. She, therefore, distrusts me."

If this man had helped Delia Bacon to cross the ocean to London, if he had supported her there with money and kind words during all those years of struggle, he would not have been justified to step between her and the kind friend who was laboring to find her a publisher. But for one who had done almost nothing for her while she was toiling, starving, and freezing in London, thus to stab her in the back, in the name of God, and seek to bring her life-labors to naught, would have been villanous in any man, and was doubly damnable in a brother and a minister of Christ. Even Theodore Bacon admits that she was sane until some time after she had finished and published her book. He says (page 301): "Before this time [1856] in all that she wrote or did there was nothing to mark a disordered intellect, *unless her disbelief in the accepted authorship of the plays was itself proof of insanity*"! Speaking, in a letter to Hawthorne, written after she received her brother's cruel epistle, Delia Bacon says:

"I had no heart to go on till I received the second [letter from Hawthorne], after that *assault upon my reason.* I knew what fearful risk I was incurring, what my own brother was prepared to say of me in case I failed, as I expected to, for I began to take part against myself—*it was enough to drive one mad.*"

How like a luminous star in all this horrible darkness shines out the beautiful kindliness of Nathaniel Hawthorne! In this ragged, poverty-stricken, deserted woman, who was driven by her sharp necessities even to beg him for money, he saw a great, suffering genius. His patience, his goodness, his kindness, his charity, were inexhaustible. When her pride restrained her from asking him for help, he thrust it upon her, but with such courtesy and tenderness as to rob the gift of its sting. Here is the postscript to one of his letters, written September 24, 1856:

"You say nothing about the state of your funds. Pardon me for alluding to the subject; but you promised to apply to me in case of need. I am ready."

And even towards the last, when unreasoning irritability foreshadowed the disintegration of the nerve-fibre and the overthrow of that sovereign intellect, he was as kind, as gentle, as forbearing as a mother with her sick child. May his memory be forever loved and honored, in the annals of this our country, for his goodness to Delia Bacon!

Poor lady! Her life closed in the blackest darkness. The last sounds that rang in her ears, as sense and memory left them, were the denunciations of the American critics. In her dementia she could scarcely have conjured up beings more cruel and hideous and utterly abominable than that howling, senseless, ribald crew. Hawthorne says:

"If any American ever wrote a word in her behalf, Miss Bacon never knew it, nor did I. Our journalists at once republished some of the most brutal vituperations of the English press, thus pelting their poor countrywoman with stolen mud, without even waiting to know whether the ignominy was deserved. And they never have known it to this day and never will."

Hawthorne says that "it has been the fate of this remarkable book never to have had more than a single reader"; but that reader, we are glad to say, is one of the clearest brains and most chivalric souls in America,—Mr. William D. O'Connor, of the Life-Saving Service, Washington, author of "Hamlet's Note-Book."

Did Delia Bacon's work deserve to drop thus like a plummet into the depths of a shameful oblivion? Did it deserve to be

trampled under foot, unread, by the shrieking, howling, jeering mob of Calibans who called themselves critics? No; a thousand times no! Ralph Waldo Emerson said of it: "I have seen nothing in the United States in the way of literary criticism which I think half so good." And he was so moved by the force of the argument that, while fearing to follow it, as a convert and martyr, to its legitimate conclusion, he, nevertheless, put forth such oracular and significant utterances as this:

"The Egyptian verdict of the Shakesperean societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man in wide contrast. . . . Read the antique documents extricated, analyzed, and compared by the assiduous Dyce and Collier; and now read one of those skiey sentences—aërolites—which seem to have fallen out of heaven, . . . and tell me if they match."

That able and kindly and intellectual woman, Mrs. Hawthorne, wrote Delia Bacon, August 3, 1856:

"I feel so ignorant in the presence of your extraordinary learning, that it seems absurd in me even to say what I think of your manuscripts, and yet I cannot help it, for I never read so profound and wonderful a criticism, and I think there never was such a philosophic insight and appreciation since Lord Bacon himself. . . They are wonderful, magnificent."

And these were the manuscripts of that book which has had but one reader and a thousand brutal assailants in America!

Has not the time come for the New World to revise the prejudiced judgments of intolerant and unprogressive England? Are we anything yet but provincials—colonists? Had we not better throw overboard, not the tea, but the teachings of English opinion, drown them in Boston harbor, and frame a new declaration of intellectual independence? Have we upon ourselves the congenital marks of native and natural inferiority, that we must ask another race, beneath us in culture, civilization, numbers, and wealth, to do our thinking for us?

Let us begin the great revolution by striving to lift up the memory of poor, unhappy, heroic, gifted Delia Bacon. We slaughtered her to please English bigotry. Should we not now do justice to her, that we may begin to do justice to ourselves?

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

LEGISLATIVE INJUSTICE TO RAILWAYS.

BY HENRY CLEWS.

THE chief trouble about the railroad legislation that we have hitherto had has been its demagogic character. The railroads represent, more than anything else, the fabulously-rich capitalists of this country. Every railroad company, in fact, is a combination of capitalists, and to every legislative body an object of popular attack because of the approbation of the large majority of voters who are comparatively poor. The incentive is very strong, therefore, on the part of so-called statesmen in State politics, to ingratiate themselves with the many by the advocacy of measures which appeal most strongly and directly to popular prejudices. The theory with people in general who think anything about railroad affairs, but who do not make a special or a scientific study of the subject, is that rates for passengers and freights should be kept within a range so as to return only enough for fixed charges and fair interest on bonds. They are taught to believe that the stocks of all the railroad companies were never paid for by the wealthy original owners, that the railroads have been built with the proceeds of the bonds, and that the stock is nothing but water. Hence they conclude that the earnings should not return more than four to five per cent. on the actual capital invested. They contend that the legislation by which the companies received their charters was largely obtained by unfair or fraudulent means.

It is presumed, however, that legislatures have been reformed since most of the charters now in existence were acquired, and for this reason the present trustworthy representatives are disposed to take away what was improperly granted by their predecessors. A fair sample of this species of legislative reform and injustice has taken place in Iowa of late, and its execution is grinding down some of the Western properties to a non-dividend

level, which may ultimately throw the railroads subject to it into the hands of receivers. Some people carp at the legal decisions enforcing the law in these cases, as in the recent rulings of Judge Brewer. This, of course, arises both from ignorance of the law and from want of capacity to distinguish accurately between the law itself and the declaration of its execution. There are no grounds for the inference that Judge Brewer's decisions have been in any degree strained to favor the Granger element. I believe his exposition of the law will be found in accordance with the spirit of the legislation, if tested by the interpretation of the highest tribunal. It is, therefore, beside the question, and merely juggling with words and phrases, to talk of error of judgment on the part of the court in this case. It may satisfy people who are hurt, to have a tangible object like Judge Brewer, upon whom they can vent their wrath, since an intangible object, like a defunct legislature, cannot be attacked,—it is like trying to clutch the ghostly dagger in the play.

What is, then, to be done? There is no evidence except the presumption of present legislators themselves that they are any better morally or more irreproachable or unapproachable than when Commodore Vanderbilt said he found it cheaper to buy a legislature, or the majority thereof, than to elect it. It is also on record that another great railroad magnate has testified that the stripe of politics which might happen to constitute the majority in one of those honorable bodies, did not appreciably affect the price necessary to purchase its vote in the interest of any great corporation. Thus it seems to have been demonstrated that politicians have more virtue before than after election. It might, therefore, be legitimately inferred that the less money used in elections the better the chance of electing men who would really represent the masses; and, also, that the masses are harder to corrupt than their representatives chosen by the system in which money is used either directly or indirectly. So it appears that a change in the methods of State elections, at least, must precede any legislation not tainted with injustice at its very fountain-head. And this applies not only to railroad measures, but to all public measures.

These reflections, however, are going deeper into the question which must be met sooner or later, than I had at first intended. The great and prominent injustice in State railroad legislation is

one of geographical necessity, owing to the nature of inter-State commerce. Hence one State forcibly, though indirectly, legislates for another. This is unconstitutional.

The only remedy for this evil seems to be in Congressional legislation, as the conflict and discord of State laws on the subject only appear to lead to greater confusion with every additional enactment, and there is no possibility, that I can see, of harmonizing them by any kind of arbitration. The variety is too large and the interests involved too diverse to expect any satisfactory consummation of this kind. National legislation, therefore, is the only remedy. A higher power than State legislation furnishes is required to deal with the great railroad problem. The Inter-State-Commerce Act is a fair experiment in this direction, and although it requires modifications to bring it into greater harmony with the principles of equity, yet its practical outcome has far exceeded what was generally expected of it in good results, and the mountains of evil predicted for the experiment of its execution have generally diminished to the compass of ordinary hills, at least—if not mole-hills. With certain modifications in the anti-pooling clause and in the long- and short-haul clause, the act can be made to meet the ends of justice to the railroads, the farmers, and the interests of commerce better than all the enactments of both State and National legislatures of the past. With these clauses remaining intact, and the consequent free competition, many weak roads that have now reached a paying basis, with a fair share of traffic, must go into the hands of receivers.

It is easy to see, by a little reflection, the result to which this would lead. It would cause an era of consolidations, and subsequently put the whole railroad system into the hands of a few wealthy corporations, with a fair ultimate prospect of centralization, or into a few mammoth trusts for the whole country, that could make rates according to their arbitrary will. The telegraph service may be said to be already there; and why can the railroad system not "get there all the same"? It seems to be generally accepted that the Inter-State Act must stand. No person who has reflected on the circumstances of its enactment, and the careful deliberation connected therewith, can entertain the idea that there is any probability of its repeal in the near future. The railroad managers have accepted, with good grace, the situation imposed by the law, thereby showing that they are good, conservative citi-

zens, and are not disposed to quarrel with the inevitable. But they are keenly alive to the hardships involved in the practical working of the clauses referred to, and, while wishing to preserve the act in its entirety, they would like to see those clauses so modified as to remove the pressure.

Nothing would seem fairer to the ordinary reasoning mind than that to the railroad companies themselves should be accorded the power and the liberty of making an equitable division of traffic revenue. This is, virtually, what the fifth section (called the anti-pooling clause) of the Inter-State Act prohibits, stated in the simplest form. It seems, at first blush, unreasonable and unjust to legislate against such a seemingly fair agreement. In fact, it appears to be a harsh interference with the freedom of the citizen to enter into a contract. But a study of the history of pooling arrangements exhibits the matter in a different light. These agreements, with few, if any, exceptions, have been of the nature of that proverbial pie-crust which was made to be broken. They have all been broken. They have been of the nature of a law without a sanction. There has been no adequate penalty to enforce the fulfilment of the agreement, which degenerated into a mere farce to those who understood it, and became a delusion and a snare to the few who were simple enough to regard it seriously. So, when looked at in the light of these historic events, the anti-pooling clause, after all, is not much of an injustice. It simply prohibited the periodical farce of the managers' meetings at Commissioner Fink's office—which Mr. Fink himself euphoniously termed "love-feasts."

A clause that would afford every railroad not built for ulterior purposes, like the West Shore, Nickel Plate, and certain others, a chance to get a fair and living share of traffic, or that would provide a modified pooling system enforced by a large enough penalty to insure specific performance, would probably make the Inter-State Law generally acceptable to all parties affected by its execution. The recent meeting of railroad managers at Mr. Pierpont Morgan's residence proved that the controlling spirit of the railroads has been brought into harmony with the main features of the Inter-State Law, although the railroad managers were strongly opposed to it, when it was enacted. This shows that there is nothing like practical experience to test the wisdom of a law. The best theories, in this instance, have proved signal failures.

One great difficulty that present railroad legislators have to contend with is the evil methods of railroad building and extension. A great deal of the mileage of the last two years has been premature, and doubtless for speculative purposes. Most of it has been constructed, however, by old companies who had good credit to float bonds and could raise all the money required. Hence there has been but little financial embarrassment arising from the too rapid construction. But people are beginning to find out that a great deal of this building has been in the interest of speculative directors and their friends, who, for a mere song, had bought up barren lands, considered worthless because there was no means of transportation. But these lands soon become immensely valuable for sites of villages, towns, and cities. The construction companies by which these roads were generally built, raised the cost to the highest possible figures, in order, I fear, to make dividends for the construction stockholders. It is noteworthy that the directors connected with these construction schemes have been exceedingly prosperous, while the stockholders of the roads have grown poor in an inverse ratio. The dividends of the latter have disappeared. The new mileage for the past year, much of which, I apprehend, has been made on this principle, was about twenty-one thousand miles, which is greater than the entire mileage of Great Britain. There should be additions to the Inter-State Law, or a special law regulating the methods of construction companies, which are probably doing more to demoralize the railroad system—and doing it very insidiously, too—than any other factor connected with these great arteries of the country's prosperity.

Legislative reform is greatly needed in the matter of railroad reports, especially for the safety of investors, and to prevent speculative abuses among railroad officials and their friends and favorites. There should be statements issued annually, or perhaps more frequently, upon the truth of which everybody might rely. These should be sworn statements, and should bear the signatures of at least three of the directors. These directors should be required to call to their aid expert accountants, and should have placed at their disposal all the books of the company or corporation and all the other papers necessary to verify the accuracy of their report. The correctness of the statement, when issued, would then be a foregone conclusion, and an investor in London, Paris, or Berlin could buy or sell on his own judgment,—

an experiment which, under existing arrangements, might prove very costly. It is proverbial that a railroad statement now is defective in the most essential particulars, and, to put it mildly, usually covers a multitude of sins. According to one plan approved by railroad companies, the statement published to-day, for instance, is made to show a surplus of many millions, but there is nothing said about an open construction account to which the surplus is debtor. On this favorable showing (with this *suppressio veri*) the stock goes up and the insiders quickly unload upon the investment public. The following statement, which comes out six months later, shows that the surplus has been used to settle the construction indebtedness. The surplus has disappeared; consequently the stock suffers a serious decline. Those who bought on the strength of the large surplus sell out, on being informed of its distribution. Then the inside sharks come forward again and purchase at reduced prices, probably at a depreciation of from ten to fifteen points or more, and keep their stock until the next periodical appearance of the bogus surplus. Thus the insiders grow rich, while the outsiders become poor. The only remedy for this abuse is a sworn statement at regular intervals, and if the directors should commit perjury, they would render themselves liable to state-prison: if a few of them should be tempted to fall into the trap, and be made examples of in this way, nothing would do more to work a speedy reform in this contemptible method of book-keeping.

I would also suggest a change in the character of the directors. Those usually chosen for this office now are men who have vast interests of their own, more than sufficient to absorb their entire time and thoughts. They are selected mainly, on account of their high-sounding names, to give tone to the corporation and solidify its credit, in order that the lambs of speculation may have proper objects in whom confidence can be reposed and no questions asked. The management of the affairs of the corporation is frequently intrusted to one man, who runs the business to suit his own individual interests.

I would also suggest that chairs be instituted in several of our colleges, to be filled by professors who have passed through all the principal departments of a railroad-office experience. And in addition they should be possessed of a good literary and scientific education. These general experts in railroad matters should have

in charge the education of young men, and award diplomas to them as Expert Railroad Directors. Then I would make it incumbent upon every railroad company to have one or more of these graduates in every directory, at a salary, say, equal to that of a Senator or Member of Congress. Every such director should know thoroughly all there is to know about railroad book-keeping, railroad building, and railroad management generally. His position should be raised to the dignity of a profession, and his diploma awarded only on the most searching examination of his qualifications for the office. The position should be made as desirable and attractive as that of any of the learned professions ; capability and character being the principal tests of fitness for the selection to any vacancy.

There should also be public accountants, who have passed through the same course and discipline, to be called upon to examine the books of every corporation at the making up of any report for publication. To these reports their official signatures should be attached. All official delinquencies could then be met with condign punishment and perpetual disgrace, so that all but those who have the strictest confidence in their own integrity would be deterred from seeking the office. The principal idea would be to make the offices I suggest such that the honor, rather than the emoluments, would attract eligible incumbents. Students passing through such a collegiate course as this might also be required, as a means of greater practical efficiency, to go through a practical course of a year or two in a railroad office, with frequent opportunities of going over and examining the road, as well as making trips of inspection over all the trunk lines, for special information and instruction.

Thus equipped, directors and accountants would be qualified authorities upon whose judgment the public could rely. I think the experiment might be appropriately commenced in Columbia College, Leland Stanford's new university, and Vanderbilt University.

To return, however, to the strictly legislative aspect of this question, it would seem that State railroad legislation is doomed to unpopularity, as recently indicated in the rejection of the bill reducing tariffs by the Nebraska Senate, and the rumored intention of the Iowa Commissioners to favor a higher schedule. As I have intimated above, therefore, a comprehensive measure by

Congress is needed, which would form a kind of digest, briefly embracing anything that might be good in the present State laws and rejecting the rest.

In framing such a measure, it would be judicious for Congress to avail itself of the advice of some of our best jurists, in addition to those of its own body—such, for instance, as the two Fields, Cooley, Evarts, Noah Davis, and others. Then we might have a railroad measure that would compare, in point of wisdom, with some of the best parts of the Code Napoleon or the code of Louisiana.

HENRY CLEWS.

COMMON-SENSE AND COPYRIGHTS.

BY THE HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

If the voice of the recognized organs of public sentiment is accepted as a fair expression of the opinions of the American people, there is in this country a general judgment in favor of a system of international copyright. It is probable, however, that the American people have not so considered the subject as to be qualified to form an opinion, and they may never form an opinion until the system is tested by experience. The people, as a whole, may have a large interest in the question, but, with the exception of authors and publishers, the individual interests are too slight and too remote to create and crystallize a public sentiment. The authors and publishers, supported by a large body of influential citizens, are active in aid of the policy. As a result, or as a coincident circumstance, the literature of Great Britain and the United States is controlled by the friends of the proposed measure. This array has existed, in fact, if not in form, for many years, and yet the progress of the undertaking has been only moderate.

The opposition, for the most part, has been voluntary, individual, and unsystematic. The difficulties in the way of the movement and the delays that have occurred have not been due, in any appreciable degree, to the manifestations of doubt and hostility that have been so made, but rather to a notion, which is quite general in the public mind, that the adoption of the system will inaugurate an era of comparatively expensive literature for America. Their process of reasoning may be erroneous, but it is simple and direct. If English authors are to be benefited under the proposed system by the sale of their writings in the United States, then the purchasers and readers of English books must pay something additional for the privilege of owning and reading reprints of English works.

And if there is error in this view of the subject, it is difficult

to say wherein it consists. If the English author is to receive a royalty under the proposed system, while now he receives nothing, then, beyond dispute, somebody must pay. The necessity falls upon the publisher. He must pay or he cannot print. Will he bear the burden or will he transfer it to the purchaser? If to the purchaser, then every public library, every private collection, every casual reader of a foreign book, will be compelled to share in the contribution.

If, then, this reasoning be free from error, it follows that the proposed copyright system contemplates a scheme of taxation of the American people, indirect to be sure, and not universal or equal, but yet a legalized system whose benefits inure primarily and chiefly, if not exclusively, to persons who are not citizens of the United States. Such a scheme can be defended only upon the ground of justice or national expediency.

On the ground of justice it is claimed that an author has a property in the thought which he has chosen, combined with the form in which he has seen fit to express the thought, and that it is a crime for another person to reproduce that thought in that particular form. If this be not so, then the adoption of the scheme cannot be demanded upon the ground of its justice. This claim of property in the thought, combined with the form of expression, is to be distinguished from the material,—that is, from the book or pamphlet in which the thought is expressed. The book is property and the law protects it, but the real question remains; which is this: When the author has sold the book and received payment therefor, is it a crime in the purchaser to reproduce that book?

For the purposes of government, crimes are of two sorts, and it seems not to be within the province of ethical inquiry to change or to modify the arrangement. First, certain acts are criminal in their very nature. Such are murder, burglary, highway robbery, and a long catalogue of acts whose criminal character is recognized by all civilized and by many savage peoples. Can it be maintained that the reprinting of a book which one has purchased and paid for, is a crime *per se?* that it is to be classed with burglary and highway robbery?

The manifest answer to these questions is that it has never been so classed, and that the sentiments and the judgment of mankind would revolt at such a classification.

Secondly, certain acts are made crimes by law. Such, for example, is smuggling. In the nature of things, it is not a crime to carry goods from one country to another country. The act has no moral quality in it. Considered in itself, it is neither good nor bad. When, however, the law prohibits or regulates the importation of goods, then a violation of the law becomes a crime, and the offender will be treated as a criminal.

If the reprinting of a foreign book is not a crime in the nature of things, or, as the law terms it, is not a crime *per se*, and if such reprinting be not a crime by statute, then there is no foundation for the claim that it is a crime to reproduce a foreign book in the United States; consequently the injustice of reprinting a foreign book is not in the criminal nature of the act.

But it may be claimed that there is a right of property in a thought when expressed in a certain form, although the reproduction of that thought in the same form is not a crime. In reply, it is to be said that the right of property, if such right exists, is not in the circumstance that the expression of the thought is presented in a printed book. The right, if it exist at all, must inhere in the spoken word as surely as in the written or printed paragraph.

The fact that an author has employed a stenographer to write, or a compositor and printer to print, the expression of his thought, gives to him a property in the manuscript or book, but he thereby acquires no right of property in the thought so expressed that he would not have had in the thought expressed in the same form at a dinner-table conversation. In the nature of things, and without the intervention and aid of the law, a thought expressed, and however expressed, whether in conversation, or by open writing, or by public printing, is thereby dedicated to the public. A thought unexpressed is a possession, but it is not property, and when it has been uttered it is neither a possession nor property.

The Constitution of the United States, in the provision relating to authors and inventors, proceeds upon the idea that authors and inventors have no right of property in their writings or inventions, independent of the particular book or device in which the thought is expressed. The phrase is this: "The Congress shall have power to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." If

there were a right of property in expressed thought, then there was a corresponding duty resting upon the Government to protect that right, not for a limited period of time, but perpetually. In pursuance of that provision of the Constitution, inventors are secured in their inventions for the term of seventeen years, and authors for the term of twenty-eight years, with the privilege of an extension for fourteen years. If authors and inventors have a right of property, as claimed, then, by the Constitution and laws, their property has been appropriated to the public for all time in excess of the specified times, and that without compensation. If the opinion of the framers of the Constitution is of any value, the reason assigned for the provision is a refutation of the claim of right of property in thought expressed. The authority was granted to Congress as a means of promoting "the progress of science and useful arts." The monopoly given to writers and inventors is thus justified on grounds of public policy, and without the least reference to property rights.

Upon this view of the subject it is claimed that authors have no right of property in a thought, however expressed, independent of the material form in which the expression is uttered, and, consequently, that the reproduction of the language in which the thought is expressed is free of criminal taint. And it follows, further, that whatever rights of property authors and inventors have enjoyed, were rights created by the law upon grounds of National policy and subject at all times to the will of the Government, and this without any violation of private rights or neglect of public duty.

If it may now be assumed that the international-copyright system cannot be vindicated upon the ground of justice to authors and writers, the single question remains : Is it expedient for the Government and people of the United States to adopt the system?

Practically, the question is important chiefly in connection with Great Britain and its dependencies. The publication of a foreign book in another language is an unusual occurrence in the United States, and a translation made by a citizen is entitled to the benefits of the copyright system. As between Great Britain and the United States there is great inequality. The population of the United States is in the ratio of twelve to seven, when compared with the population of Great Britain, and in proportion to

population we would furnish two readers of an English book as often as Great Britain would furnish one reader of an American book. The ratio of readers would be as twenty-four to seven. The fact may not be creditable to us as a literary people, but it is probable that the number of English books copyrighted in America would be three times as great as the number of American books that would be copyrighted in England.

Thus it must happen that England would contribute only a moderate amount to the support of American authors, while the United States would contribute at least three times as much to English authors. If, therefore, we were prepared to coöperate with Great Britain in a system of protection to the authors of the two countries, we ought to consider whether the advantages are to be equal. Can we afford to pay three dollars to English authors and writers in order that American authors may receive one dollar from the reading public of Great Britain ?

All this assumes that the price of English books will be increased in the United States, and that the price of American books will be advanced in Great Britain; and if this assumption be not just, we may well inquire by what means are the authors of either country to be benefited by an international-copyright system. If we apply the logic of trade to the case, we are justified in the conclusion that the prices of English reprints would correspond to the prices of American books, while at the present time they are sold at much lower rates. The competition thus existing affects the price of American books, and always in favor of the public.

It is claimed that an international-copyright system will encourage writing in America, and especially that young and unknown authors will be benefited.

Should this prediction prove true as to America, must not English writers enjoy a greater advantage, inasmuch as the American market is a more profitable field for them than is the English market for us ? But it is an error to assume that unknown authors suffer most largely from the reprint of English books in the United States. The reprints are of standard works, usually, and the competition is chiefly with our best writers. In truth, however, the competition is less in books than in any other department of trade, inasmuch as the writings of one author can never be accepted as the equivalent of the writings of another.

The presence of many books on the market tends to an increase of sales, and the sale of good books at low prices adds yearly to the number of persons who will buy other good books at higher prices.

If we divide American authors into two classes, it will appear that one class does not need the benefits of an international-copyright system, and that the other class could not participate in those benefits. First, those American authors whose writings would be reprinted and read in Great Britain are, generally, amply compensated by the monopoly of the American market. Secondly, it may be said of the majority of American writers, that their works could not be sold in Great Britain, and, therefore, to all such, the monopoly of that market could have no value. To the latter class some benefits might arise from the exclusion of English works which are now sold at low prices and interfere to some extent in the sale of American low-priced literature. But at the end, if the element of justice be eliminated from the claim of American authors, none but the most important reasons can warrant the government of the United States in the adoption of a system which will limit the opportunity of the great body of the American people to read and to enjoy the choice literature of England.

In this I assume that an English author has no claim upon us on the ground of justice, and that he is not a proper subject for the exercise of the spirit of benevolence. All this rests upon a principle of action that is daily recognized by nations and by individuals. If one nation makes an improvement in naval architecture or gunnery, is it thought improper for another nation to follow the example ?

But it is said that manufacturers are protected, that sea-coast commerce is protected, and, above all, that inventors are protected by an international system, and that equal reasons exist for the protection of authors. An examination of this claim may show that it does not rest upon any principle or rule of protection that has been recognized in the policy of the United States. The coast commerce is protected by the exclusion of foreigners, but it is open to the free competition of American citizens. The features of a monopoly cannot be found in the system, and its benefits inure exclusively to our own people. The laws in regard to the coasting trade exclude foreigners from its benefits, while the pro-

posed international-copyright system gives to a foreigner a monopoly of the American market. We deny to foreign-built ships the privilege of an American register, but the business of building ships in the United States is open to every citizen. These laws rest upon the theory that we exclude the outer world for the purpose of protecting and encouraging the genius and industry of our own people. The international-copyright system may give encouragement to the genius and industry of American citizens, but it will give also equal encouragement to the genius and industry of the subjects of England.

The basis of the system of protection to domestic industry appears to be this: that as a matter of public policy it is wise to impose a duty upon an article of foreign production which shall diminish or prohibit the importation of that article, and with the expectation that, after a time for experience, the article can be produced in the United States at the cost, substantially, of the foreign product. It is the purpose of the system to exclude the foreign product from our markets, or to limit the importation, while the effect of the international-copyright system is to give to the foreign author a monopoly of the American market in the particular article that he produces. The American manufacturer, although protected against foreign competition, is, nevertheless, exposed to constant and active domestic competition.

The chief argument from analogy is drawn from the policy of the Government in regard to inventions, which, as is claimed, are entitled to no more consideration than writings. At first view, this claim seems to be well founded, but an examination of the subject cannot fail to destroy the argument from analogy.

It was the early policy of the Government to grant patents to foreign inventors; and within the last three years the United States has become a party to the Industrial Convention, which is an open alliance, and now comprises about fifteen of the most important states of both continents. By the terms of the convention, a patent granted in one state is protected in all. This arrangement rests upon a reason, or rather upon a business fact, which places the wisdom of the policy outside of the region of debate. A patent granted in the United States would be of but little value to the patentee, if persons in Great Britain, France, and Belgium could make the patented article without the payment of a royalty, and then export the device or manufacture to the United States,

and offer it for sale in competition with the same article on which a royalty had been paid to the inventor by the American manufacturer. And if the Government should impose a prohibitory duty upon the patented article, the rest of the world would still be open to foreigners, while the American manufacturers would be excluded from its markets.

It is thus apparent that there can be no monopoly of a patented article in one country unless there is, at the same time, a like monopoly in all countries having commercial intercourse with each other. We may imagine a like condition of affairs in regard to American books, but, as a fact, a like condition never did exist, and there is not the slightest probability that it can ever exist. And, thus, I claim that the advocates of an international-copyright system are not supported in their arguments by the policy of protection as it has been developed in this country, whether with reference to coast-wise trade, or to ship-building, or to protective duties levied on foreign products, or to the international system of protection to patented inventions.

Next to a system of public instruction, this country is most largely interested in the publication of valuable reading matter, and at a moderate cost. If the foreign author cannot claim protection in this country upon the ground of justice, and if it is inexpedient for us to concede protection as a public policy, there is no sufficient reason remaining for the adoption of the international-copyright system. The reading public in America is a large one, and it is increasing in a ratio far greater than the increase of population. That public can never be less in numbers, or less capable of purchasing books, than it is now is. Authors are protected and supported by a body of readers not less than twenty millions strong. Their condition is as satisfactory and their prospects are as promising as are the condition and prospects of any other class of American citizens.

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

AT THE GOETHE SOCIETY.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

THE Goethe Society is a club formed by a number of literary and artistic ladies and gentlemen who meet monthly. A suitable hall is hired for each occasion, and some man of letters is invited to address the meeting on a subject with which his name is prominently associated. A dainty supper is provided as an after-piece for members, who, taking their refreshment in informal groups, discuss leisurely the argument of the evening. It is a charming *conversazione panachée*, as the French might call it, and brings together many high spirits in the lightest form.

I was asked to address one of these meetings, and, being allowed to select the subject, proposed "The Influence of the Newspaper Press upon Art."

A distinguished American journalist was invited to make the evening lively by assuming the opposite side of the question and hanging up his shield in this polemical encounter, wherein he defended the virtue of the tenth Muse, which I undertook to question. The president, Mr. Parke Godwin, having "let us go," I took the stand, set my pen in rest, and commenced with a brief history of the brief life of the "Newspaper Press."

It came into existence about one hundred and fifty years ago; its infancy covered the last century up to 1789, when it rapidly developed into manhood, which it reached about seventy years since, when it assumed the proportions, it very justly claimed, of a fourth estate in the organization of mankind. Previous to 1789, journals of news were insignificent affairs, not bigger than handbills, containing political scandals and squibs, peddling small news; while the more important matters were dealt with in periodicals, pamphlets, and magazines. Such were the *Spectator*, the *Craftsman*, the *Idler*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *London*

Magazine, and others. But the public appetite for *news,* which the journals contained, soon gave these sheets a particular influence. We find, in 1740, Mr. Danvers complaining that

> "The people of Great Britain are governed by a power that was never heard of before as a supreme authority in any age or country. It is the government of the *newspaper press.* The stuff which our weekly newspapers are filled with is received with greater reverence than acts of Parliament, and the sentiments of one of these scribblers have more weight with the multitude than the opinions of the best politician in the kingdom."

Let it be borne in mind that the political and social satires of Addison and Steele, the "Drapier's Letters" of Swift, and the utterances of Bolingbroke, Defoe, and others, had been recognized as legitimate and powerful literary agents; wherefore the above remarks were evidently directed at the "newspaper press" of the period.

Twenty years later, Dr. Johnson is more precise. He writes: "Not many years ago the nation was content with one gazette, but now in the metropolis we have our morning and evening journals, and every large town has its weekly historian." We are justified in concluding, therefore, that the newspaper press, as we employ the term, came into the world at the commencement of the last century.

And here, before going further, let us agree on a definition, that we may not fall into vain discussion over terms. The newspaper press is the daily history of the world and record of the doings of mankind, political, commercial, social, artistic, accompanied by editorial comments on the subjects of passing interest. It is a vehicle for intercourse, whereby the wants of the community are interchanged by way of advertisement. These seem to be the essential things which constitute a newspaper, which contains, therefore, principally *news.* The editorial part, consisting of *opinions,* is, or should be, subsidiary, and should not, perhaps, be properly included amongst the essentials. That this part is disregarded by the public has been frequently and clearly shown, and never more clearly than during the recent Presidential election. The news conveyed by the daily press was faithfully accepted and acted upon, while the united editorial influence of the New York press, with comparatively few exceptions, failed to effect the object in view, and Mr. Cleveland was defeated in his own State. The weekly journals are not newspapers, but belong to the tribe

of pamphlets, essays, periodicals, and magazines. Such were the *Spectator*, the *Craftsman*, the *Idler*, of the last century, which were composed of leading articles; but the so-called newspapers of that period were such puny affairs that their names survive only in the obscurest corners of our recollection. It may be a question whether a simple sheet of pure news, unadulterated with opinions, would not be welcomed by the greater number of readers, who have little time to wade through the bulky mass that encumbers our attention and interferes with an easy digestion.

It may appear unnecessary to observe that the newspaper could not have existed before the invention of printing. But the Goethe Society accepted very gravely the assurance, impressively uttered by my opponent in the discussion, that newspapers had existed throughout a period of *two thousand five hundred years!* I met this astounding assertion with an appropriate wink, but received no acknowledgement in kind. So I set myself to consider who were the readers of such journals during the middle ages, when amongst the people very few knew how to read,—who were the writers when the clergy enjoyed the monopoly of that accomplishment. Public notices, hand-written, containing certain news, and stuck up in open places by the Government, are not newspapers, the very life of which depends on circulation. They are simply placards, and doubtless were used in Greece, in Egypt, and in Rome, and, for all we know, in Nineveh and in Babylon.

Tracing back to its infancy, it seems very likely that our present journal was the direct outcome of the revolutionary spirit that became manifest in the English revolutions of the seventeenth century, and the American and French revolutions of the eighteenth. Cromwell carried a printing-press at the heels of his army, so that he might keep the people informed of his movements and his progress. Immediately after the popular uprising that lifted James from the throne, the pamphlet press appeared, with Addison, Steele, Swift, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Defoe, and Smollett, down to the period of Johnson and "Junius." But it required a new convulsive popular upheaval to bring about another form of engine for the circulation of public opinion. The American Revolution, in 1775, and the French Revolution, fourteen years later, gave birth to the present form of newspaper, when that powerful organization became a

tribune of the people, more potent for the sustenance of law and order than any courts of justice or military force. Kings were to go in dread of it; corporations and all the social and commercial conspiracies that have oppressed the people were on better behavior; politics was its plaything.

I have seen some of the papers issued previous to 1789, and when comparing them with the journals of this day, they are as the old semaphore to the electric telegraph; as the rude steam pump, as Watt found it, compared with the engines of this period; as the hand press is to the monster steam press of Hoe. Let us feel assured that if there had always been newspapers, and readers for them, there would have been no "dark ages." The French Revolution of '89 gave freedom to thought, and made the press, as we have it, possible. And if the Reign of Terror was necessary to deal a mortal blow to the despotism of privileged classes, and to erect the tribune of public opinion, before which monarchs and governments are now obliged to bend their necks, then that hideous period was a blessing, out of which the genius of modern civilization was born and baptized in blood,—as great worldly blessings have always been, since our Saviour suffered on the cross, down to John Brown, who suffered on the gallows.

The advent of the people to power effected a natural change in the world; society lost much of its dignity, both in public and private life. Manners, like dress, were lowered; classes were confused, rather than levelled; there was less refinement, less self-respect, everywhere. But nowhere in the sum total that goes to constitute civilization was there more suffering than in the ornamental arts of literature, painting, and the drama.

It is our present concern to appreciate how far the newspaper press has contributed to this decline; and if the drama be selected as a special example, it is because I know more about this department than any other. Some ten years ago I ventured to express some opinions on this subject in the North American Review, and my articles were roughly handled by the journalists of London and Paris; but it was satisfactory to note that no reply was made to the facts composing my argument: their remarks were principally personalities, which went to confirm, rather than to enter any defence to, the indictment.

At first the newspaper began to circulate news only. Press notices of the arts were for the most part *newsy*, not critical.

The persons employed to "do the theatres," or to "do the fine arts," were employés whose duties were those of reporters, and the leading morning journals in London were served in this manner even so lately as 1843. The drama, the opera, and the fine arts were reported for the London *Times* by the clerks attached to its commercial department, or the reporters whose more important offices were to attend flower-shows and public dinners. About this time the *Morning Post* attracted attention by a series of brilliant articles on the theatre and on the Academy, by Mr. Charles Rosenberg. The *Times* and other evening journals awoke to the importance of these matters, and Mr. Oxenford was advanced to the special department of the drama, while Mr. Davison was engaged for musical criticism.

But newspaper criticism of dramatic work is rendered impossible, subjected, as it must be, to the conditions and necessities of the daily press. The performance of a new play or a new opera terminates at or about eleven o'clock. The journalist must have his copy in the hands of the compositor by half-past twelve! Now, within these ninety minutes he should deliver himself of a thoughtful, well-digested essay on what may be an important addition to the literature of the age. It is contended that, whatever practice and experience he may have, it is impossible that he can accomplish the task with justice to the dramatist, to the actors, or to himself. It was suggested that a reporter should undertake the mere detailing of the news—how the dramatic work was received, a description of its plot, and the applause or censure of the public, recorded as a fact; subsequently the journalist should step in, and present his careful and profound study of the play.

But this proposition was rejected by my opponent with contempt. Yet it was thus in France some years ago; it was thus that Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Fiorentino, and other brilliant critics sustained the stage. Let it be remembered that there are three component parts in a dramatic exhibition: the author who writes, the actors who represent, and the public that receives and appreciates. Of these three the public is, in the estimation of the artists, the most important. And, indeed, it was so, when it exercised freely its powers of appreciation, and thus brought forward the great dramatists and the great actors, whose lives were ended when the press

undertook to judge for the masses. In fact, it exercises no such universal sway, but the players believe it does ; the dramatists reluctantly are led to believe so, too, for managers are misled by its praise or its censure to encourage or neglect according to its directions or its supposed influence. As a matter of fact, it has never been able to kill a good play, or to injure irremediably a good actor, because its chief power is exerted only during a very brief period, while the play or the actors send forth a bulk of the spectators, night after night, to testify as to their merit. So the temporary impression of the press is overcome; but it does exercise such an influence that a poor entertainment is advertised into a success, and the career of a young artist, who may have some merit, is destroyed by reckless censure or ribald abuse.

When the artist discovered that there was a royal road to fame, and that success might be obtained by cultivating notoriety in type, he said to himself: "Nineteen men out of twenty are fools. I have no use for the twentieth man. The nineteen help themselves to brains out of the newspapers, which are served fresh every morning. They shall serve me interleaved with the newspapers. Advertisement is fame ; advertisement is fortune. The best advertisement is on the editorial page ; instead of paying a dollar a line, let me capture the critic, for his name is 'Boom'."

This state of affairs has demoralized the branch of art with which I am humbly connected, and I am informed that it has in a similar manner demoralized other branches of art, in which even great men aspire to succeed by and through press notices rather than by public appreciation and favor ; or, to speak more correctly, they seek to obtain such public appreciation by favor of the press.

During this century, the arts have declined as the press has pretended to assume authority. During the last fifty years no great dramatists, no great actors, no great composers, no great painters have appeared!—none, at least, that can compare with those that graced the preceding century, from 1740 to 1840. We have none to remain as monuments to mark this present period. The leading actors and actresses are obliged to hark back half a century to find plays of sufficient importance to compose a *répertoire*. Such a desolation is unprecedented in the history of those countries, where great artists have hitherto been produced to adorn

successive ages. I commenced public life in 1841, but my memory reaches back to 1837 or 1838. Between that date and 1842, in the short space of three or four years, I witnessed the production of "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," "Money," "Love's Sacrifice," "Ion," by Talfourd, and "The Bride of Messina," "Love," and "The Love Chase," by Knowles. I omit half a dozen other plays, because they have not held the stage. To the above list I may be allowed to add "London Assurance," "The Irish Heiress," and "Old Heads and Young Hearts." Here we find eleven important dramatic works produced in rapid succession. It seems almost incredible to record that, since that time and during half a century, *not one* dramatic work of similar calibre and importance has been produced and lives! Is it not worth while investigating why this prolific source suddenly became dried up?

At this same period, viz., in 1840, there existed in London companies of comedians occupying the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, fully equipped for the performance of the works of the great English dramatists; for example, let us enumerate the actors composing the ordinary company at Covent Garden:

Vandenhoff.	Meadows.
Anderson.	Mrs. Warner.
Macready.	Helen Faucit.
Elton.	Mrs. W. Clifford.
Waide.	Mrs. Orger.
Bennett.	Mrs. Keely.
Phelps.	Miss Fairbrother (now
Bartley.	Duchess of Cambridge).
Harley.	P. Horton.
Keely.	Taylor.
Webster.	

These are, all of them, historical names in the drama, all stars of the first magnitude, all grouped in one company. At this moment it would be a difficult task to cast "The School for Scandal," if we searched the whole English-speaking world, Great Britain, the United States, and Australia, to bring into one company artists capable of performing that single comedy even tolerably well. Let it be suggested, rather than asserted, that the invasion of burlesque, so-called comic opera, horse-play extravaganza, spectacle of the prurient kind, negro minstrelsy (indeed,

much of the modern drama appears to me to be negro minstrelsy with white faces), and entertainments of this kind, have absorbed and demoralized our best comedians. Then the polyglot tragedy, the Anglo-Teutonic-French drama, has driven the native play into the back-ground.

A French *Hamlet* and a German *Juliet* have introduced new readings of Shakspere—so to be admired that our own tragic actors and actresses study the foreign inflections of voice and manner! And why not, argued an æsthetic dude the other day, for "was not *Hamlet* a Dane and *Juliet* an Italian?" It had not struck me to reconcile matters in that fashion.

It may be asked how the newspaper press is concerned in all this? Is it not the natural growth of things? *On récule pour mieux sauter!* I confess I do not see the *sauts*—at least, not spelled that way. The press claims to be the organ of public opinion. If, in the monopoly of that function, it has displaced and superseded the select public, the *dilettanti*, that used to stand on guard over a new play or a new actor to censure faults or encourage to further effort; if it has, so to speak, disbanded this gallant troupe, and elected itself to this office, it must accept the responsibilities which seem to me to attach to the exercise of power, and be largely answerable for the results. Has not the lowest, tawdriest kind of entertainment been encouraged? Has not the buffoon been idolized? Has not the tenure of the drama been confirmed to the mountebank? If it be contended that the tide of public taste cannot be stemmed by any forces, but will have its own way, I reply that managers, actors, and authors can be affected by a combined and persistent remonstrance of the press, and if it can combine and persist, the supply of vulgarity, wantonness, and imbecility which now form the staple of public entertainment will be cut off, or so far reduced as to be no longer an abomination and reproach to the age. Maintain the supply, and you create the nuisance you affect to deplore. The leaders of thought, the most eminent pastors of the church, already recognize the value of the stage as a civilizing agent, while the most offensive of its features are subjects of admiration in the columns of the newspapers, to which the manager points when visited by remonstrance, and the actors refer when reproached with their degradation. The stage regards the journalist as its natural enemy. If a favorable notice

appears of some actress, it elicits the remark that she has a friend on the *Herald;* if an actor be censured, the question is asked, "What have you done to the *World?*" No one dreams that the journalists are writing conscientiously. All this feeling on the part of the artists should not exist.

It would be gratifying to me to state many eloquent things that my opponent said in reply to the above, but he has no wish to put them forward. He accused me of making use of the press when it suited my purposes, which I, impenitent, do acknowledge; he passed by the facts alleged (excepting the correction as to the foundation of the press, which I was mistaken in dating one hundred and fifty years ago, when it ought to have been two thousand five hundred), and assured us that I was generally mistaken in the views put forward; that I undervalued the authors and actors of the period, over whom he threw such a floral tribute, and so smothered the question in rhetoric that I am now prepared to admit that Irving's edition of "Faust" throws the "Richelieu" of Bulwer into the shade, and "Paul Pry" cannot compare with the "Brass Monkey."

DION BOUCICAULT.

ERRORS IN PROF. BRYCE'S "COMMONWEALTH."

BY GENERAL LLOYD S. BRYCE, M. C.

A GENTLEMAN who once attended the review of a German army corps told me that what principally struck him was the peculiar goose-step of the men. Then he described the shape of their canteens, the cut of their coats, and the glitter of their buttons. Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," puts me in mind of this observer. He studies the details, the pettinesses, and the minutiæ, and then proceeds to generalize therefrom.

Now, if his conception of these details be accurate, his generalizations may be correct; but if his conception of them be incorrect, his generalizations will be faulty. Mr. Bryce, in his details, is not always right; indeed, he is often in error.

Let me take his statements concerning Congress. I will point out a few of his errors here, if only to show with what caution his other details must be accepted, and how faulty his generalizations must be.

In the first place, he says that there have been ten extra sessions of Congress called, while in reality there have been eleven. Again, the two parties are strictly divided on the floor, in spite of his assertions to the contrary. The only exception to this rule is that, when one party largely preponderates, seats have to be found for the excess on the other side. Passing before the Speaker is never enforced, and one-fifth of those present can authorize a call of yeas and nays, instead of one-fifth of a quorum, as Mr. Bryce states.

Not an hour and a quarter, but one half-hour, is required for reading the roll-call, and Mr. Brown, the present reading clerk, has done it in twenty minutes.

No member may speak more than once to the same question, says Mr. Bryce; but this rule is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

The previous question is now put in this form : Shall the previous question be ordered ?—not as Mr. Bryce states that it is put. Indeed, Mr. Bryce must have lamentably misunderstood his informant, when he claims to have been told that without closure, or the previous question, we should never get appropriation bills through ; and the reason that Mr. Bryce blundered here is the very sufficient one that there is *no* previous question in the Committee of the Whole, where all appropriation bills are necessarily considered. If Mr. Bryce were here now, he would hardly have been struck by the way in which the minority of the House submits to the "despotism of the majority," for at the present writing one man holds in check the entire House, and this is the sixth day that he has done so. On the contrary, it is, rather, the submission of the majority to the minority that strikes with most wonder any one who knows anything about Congress.

No member can speak twice to any question, continues Mr. Bryce, in Committee of the Whole, until every member desiring to speak shall have spoken. This rule is not observed, for the very good reason that in so large a body it would be impracticable. Select committees do not last for one session only, as Mr. Bryce states, but either until the object for which they have been called together is accomplished, or until the close of the entire Congress.

Further on Mr. Bryce says: "A motion may be made in the House that the committee do report forthwith, and the House can, of course, restore the bill, when reported, to its original form." This is absolutely incorrect and never was the rule or practice. The only way in which the committee can be discharged from further consideration of a bill is by a suspension of the rules, which requires a two-thirds vote—a motion which is in order only two days in the month. "After a bill has been debated and amended by the committee, it is reported back to the House and is taken up when that committee is called in its order." This does not give a fair idea of the procedure. While there is a rule providing for the call of committees, it is substantially a dead-letter and has accomplished nothing.

"In neither House of Congress are there any Government bills," continues the same authority. This statement gives an entirely erroneous impression. The heads of departments, at every session of Congress, prepare drafts of bills, which are submitted

to Congress, relating to the details of their respective departments, and also Government bills that have a wider significance. An instance of the last is the present Mills Tariff Bill, the framing of which was made in the Treasury Department, at the request of the President and on the lines suggested by his tariff-reform message. The Fishery Bill is another, the Chinese-Exclusion Bill is a third, and the Indian Severalty Bill is a fourth.

These errors that I have touched upon are principally technical, but I now arrive at a more serious comment on his work,—namely, that he has lamentably failed to appreciate those deeper currents beneath the surface of American life which are already beginning to agitate the community. He leaves, by his picture, as he expressly states, nothing for the poorer classes "to fight for," and has sketched a scene of blissful comfort little short of Paradise. In truth, he takes little, if any, notice of the growth of discontent.

How far is this discontent reasonable, and how is it likely to endanger our institutions? Is it the result of the aggregation of large fortunes, or of the methods by which so many of these have been acquired ?

One hears so much demagogic talk on this matter that the conservative instinct of any temperate man is usually disgusted ; but from a conservative stand-point especially this subject ought to be met, as the very existence of conservatism is involved. This I hold to be the conservation of our institutions, not only in their letter, but in their spirit. Roughly speaking, these vast aggregations of wealth in the hands of individuals are the result of railroad building or of its management and the coöperation with the railroads in limiting the prices of the necessaries of life. A railroad company obtains from Congress a grant of every alternate section of land through which it passes. In many cases the roads fulfill the stipulated conditions, but in many it must be admitted that they do not. Once in operation, however, they make bargains for carrying freight with the large producers along their lines. These combinations enable the preferred shipper to sell at greatly reduced rates and naturally to crowd out the smaller competitor; then when the former has once secured the market, the price of his commodity is raised, as was recently witnessed in respect of oil. Of course it is impossible to describe, within the limits at my command, the various phases these combinations with railroads

take, but they exist in every branch of production, and the Inter-State-Commerce Commission is, for the most part, powerless to prevent them, as it is even now seeking an enlargement of its jurisdiction. Now, much of the complaint, as I have said, against these railroads is so extravagant as to create a reaction almost in favor of their manner of conducting business. You hear them vilified as if they had done no good to the community; as if they had not built up the countries through which they pass; as if they ought to be destroyed, root and branch, without regard to the many innocent persons who hold their securities. This outcry is, for the most part, from the granger classes,—that is, from the outside,—but nothing that can be urged against the railroads by the most blatant demagogue can equal the infamy of their management as viewed from the inside; I mean from the stockholder's stand-point, from the stand-point of orphans, of widows, of people, rich and poor, who have invested their all in these *in*securities, and who stand to the managers of the roads in much the same relation that the people who crowd around the gambling-tables stand to the croupier. But the stockholders' rights find few defenders in any proposed solution of the railroad question.

Besides the combinations mentioned above between railroads and shippers, there are combinations between large producers themselves, having for their object the destruction of smaller competitors. Thus there are combinations to destroy any person who starts in the oil business, in the business of coal-mining, in the sugar-refining business, in the steel business; and there are also combinations among the sellers to keep the products of every one but those belonging to their limited circle out of the market. In Chicago, the control of the market for selling beef has practically ruined the industry of cattle-ranching, while the recent corner in wheat in the same city has forced up the price six cents per bushel. Then there are combinations to hold grain, during times of scarcity, for a rise, as there are said to be combinations to corner coffins when men have died of want; and though much of the evil comes from natural causes, and is undoubtedly the result of the industrial system, we have accentuated the hardship by the enormous scale on which our operations are conducted. At all events, the fact remains that we have developed, during the last ten years, a class of fortunes with whose

magnitude few European fortunes can compare, and pauperism has increased correspondingly with their growth.

This last is a fact we hate to acknowledge, but it cannot be gainsaid. Turn to the official report of Mr. Ford, of the Congressional Investigating Committee. He shows that it costs the State of New York, with some five millions of people, the income at four per cent. of five hundred millions of dollars yearly to support its paupers; in short, twenty millions of dollars must be taken for this purpose from five millions of inhabitants, of whom about one in five is a wage-earner. It follows, therefore, that one million of workers have to pay at a rate of twenty dollars per year apiece for the support of their paupers. And Mr. Ford assures me that the revelations as to the increase of pauperism made by such authorities as the heads of poor-houses, asylums and other eleemosynary institutions, actually startled the committee.

Now, there have been bills directed against these combinations, often with the only object of blackmailing them. There have been bills, too, nominally directed against them, but really at the instance of the ring-masters themselves, in anticipation of hostile legislation. Congress, however, does little besides talk on the subject, partly because it recognizes the danger of legislating on it without injuring innocent people, and partly because it knows that, when it does attempt to legislate, the Senate frustrates its action. Indeed, the history of the Inter-State-Commerce Act is a perfect illustration of this statement, for at the present moment the Commission is vainly seeking to acquire the powers granted by the original Reagan House bill, which was emasculated and rendered nugatory by the Senate. But the whole bias of Mr. Bryce's mind seems to favor the check that the Senate exercises upon Congress. Because no laws are made directly against the laboring classes, he thinks that these classes have no right to complain. He forgets completely that no specific laws are necessary where the laws we have so amply accomplish the purpose.

But it is not alone the manual workers that appear to have a right to complain. On the contrary, you might extend that right to all classes in every field of industry outside of the possessors of gigantic privileges. You might extend it to the possessors of fixed incomes without regard to their magnitude, for all these various people are feeling the pressure. The man engaged in re-

fining sugar on a capital of fifty thousand dollars finds that our existing laws enable those refining it on a capital of ten millions to combine and drive him out of the market with the loss of his entire plant. The man who is mining coal on a corresponding scale finds the same process working against him; and, coming down to the man with a fixed income, even he discovers that the present laws enable the stock market to be manipulated, through false statements and reports touching the conditions of the properties in which he has invested his savings, so as to endanger his entire capital. You say that this is the result of the industrial system. To a great extent it is, but we have accentuated the evil by special privileges to corporations, by special legislation, and by a laxity in enforcing the laws we have.

Now, Mr. Bryce has put his finger on the sore spot of American institutions,—for it is useless to deny that lobbying exists in mots of our legislative bodies,—but, with a lamentable lack of philosophical insight, he has failed to point out the consequences of the disease. What is lobbying? Is it, generally speaking, an attempt to influence unduly a legislative body in a line of legislation that may not be for the interest of the public, or, on the other hand, an attempt to retard legislation on some measure that it may be for the public interest to secure.

The result is always, however, special legislation, which usually has for its object private gain. Thus private fortunes are built up at the expense of the public, and in a way that falls little short of direct jobbery. There is also a manner of securing special legislation that is indirect, and which, I regret to say, fails to meet with the severe criticism it should. I will give you an example. "A" has a special scheme on hand, and desires to get it adopted. Our representative bodies are largely made up of lawyers whose partners are engaged in active practice. "A" goes to one of these partners, and gives a fee of twenty thousand dollars, we will say, for the drawing up of a brief, where two thousand would be the ordinary emolument. Not a word may be said as to the purpose of this over-payment, but the implied obligation is that "B," who is in the legislative body, shall present the bill based upon the brief, and force it to a satisfactory conclusion. The passage of this bill and its enactment as law mean a million of dollars for "A." Here we see the process of millionaire-making, and it is just here that our laxity and

political carelessness accentuate the harshness of the industrial system. The investigation of the Alaska Commercial Company in the Forty-fourth Congress may make my meaning plain.

The legislature in every State is more or less affected with lobbying, while the condition of some of our city boards of aldermen could hardly be worse if we seated therein the inmates of our prisons. Why, the government of New York City could have been run in an economical manner solely on the income that the franchises she has squandered annually pay to the privileged holders. Therefore, the privileged holders became wealthy, and the poor, at least in our cities, grow poorer. How do the last become poorer? Simply by the increased taxation that this squandering has rendered necessary. How does increased taxation make the poor poorer? By raising the rate of their tenements. It makes them more wretched beyond what they are made by increased house-rent, simply because there is just so much less that the city has left to expend on parks, on cleaning the streets, and on sanitary improvements, which are the very improvements that the poor and wretched require most.

Now, the harshness of the above conditions is largely mitigated by the opportunities a new country offers, and in these opportunities Mr. Bryce loses sight of the logic of the discontent; but the new country is every day, every hour, becoming an older country, and the difficulty in finding new careers is growing apace.

Again, because a man has no patent of nobility distinguishing him as belonging to a particular class, Mr. Bryce endeavors to make out that we have no classes. But the few already have the essential elements that constitute class distinction—power and wealth. The rest is but the varnish, the veneer, put on the finished article.

Mr. Bryce forgets, too, that we are not living in a military age, but in a railroad age, and that the titles appropriate to the one would be out of place in the other.

It is hardly a strain of the imagination to look forward to a new nomenclature of aristocracy, adapted to the changed conditions of society—"the President of Erie," "the Director of Western Union," "the Boss of Tammany." The only reasons such designations now sound odd are that as yet little social distinction is connected with them, that true refinement has not yet had time to attach to the possessors of all of them, and

that the environment of other possessors is not as yet what people of corresponding wealth would have about them in Europe. The last objection, however, is quickly being removed, and the tendency to adopt the more ceremonious usages of European life follows the march of civilization westward.

In many ways a plutocracy has less to recommend it than an aristocracy. It has no traditions to endear its members to the people and to atone for their errors. It has seldom suffered and never bled for its country. It has less sense of responsibility and rarely enters the political arena save further to enhance its gains. "Gentlemen," a certain railroad magnate is said to have once observed, when asked his political affiliations, "when I am in a Republican district, I am a Republican; when in a Democratic district, I am a Democrat; but I am always and every time an Erie man."

Again, an aristocracy has its throne in the country; a plutocracy in cities. Save in Ireland, where race and religion serve to augment the harshness, the relations between landlord and tenant are generally not unkindly. Indeed, in Ireland it has more frequently been the absence of the landlord than his presence that has brought the system into ill favor. In short, while the predominating feature of an aristocracy is the system of landlord and tenant, that of a plutocracy is the system of mortgagee and mortgageor, wherein the relations are legal, rather than personal, and naturally prevent the interchange of those little kindnesses that so largely affect the lot of man.

But whether the system of landlord and tenant is good or bad, I have seen it stated (though I am not able, through the scantiness of official statistics, to verify the statement) that there are at present one quarter of a million more tenants paying rent to landlords in the United States of America than in England, Scotland, and Wales combined. Now, it seems to me that any one who believed in representative government would perceive that the relief for all these evils could best be found by the full discussion of them in the popular branch of our Government. But Mr. Bryce, from the outset, shows his contempt for representative government by the slur he casts upon Congress. In speaking of its members, he says a Congressman "seems to move about under a *primâ-facie* suspicion of being a jobber, and to feel that the burden of proof lies on him to show the contrary."

Mr. Bryce regards the House, too, as a "ruthless body," and emphasizes the wise check that the Senate exercises over it. But it must be remembered that a Senate is a far stronger body than a house handicapped by such a name as a House of Peers. The Senate can originate supply bills, and it can completely alter revenue bills by amendments. For instance, when the present Tariff Bill came back from the Senate, Major McKinley, in the House, openly asserted that the House had made one bill, and the Senate another, and that, as they possessed certain features in common, a conference ought to be appointed to settle the differences. A wise conclusion; only the premises went to the root of all representative government, viz., that seventy-odd gentlemen, representing Statehood—in no wise the people—could decide how the people should be taxed. You say that, representing Statehood, the Senate *does* represent the people. I say it does not, and for the incontrovertibility of my statement we need only turn to the largest and wealthiest State in the Union, New York, which has had two Republican Senators ever since Francis Kernan's day, despite the many times she has gone Democratic.

In my opinion, the Senate is not irresponsible for many of the evils which I have touched upon, through this very power of checking the popular will. If you wish an instance, I will take its action in refusing to confirm the forfeiture of unearned land-grants where it was clearly shown that the railroads had failed to fulfil the conditions on which the land had been given to them. Probably no one measure has had more to do with building up these phenomenal fortunes.

Again, there is a pronounced tendency for men whose only recommendation is their wealth to buy their way into the Senate. But still more dangerous than this, still more hazardous to the community, since it works insidiously, is the tendency towards special legislation in the Senate arising from the practice of receiving fees through the law firm of which some particular Senator is a member.

Special legislation builds up special privileges; special privileges build up private fortunes; and private fortunes built up by special legislation are a detriment and an insult to the community. Thus the few grow richer and the many grow relatively poorer; not so much because the Senate has so many rich men in its bosom, as because it has enough greedy ones often to effect

legislation. In this case, they become the agents of wealthy corporations and regard their high places much as brokers regard their seats in the Stock Exchange.

Because Mr. Bryce can see no likelihood of a military despotism, he sees no danger in store for us. He forgets that each epoch has its own particular danger. We live in a commercial age—not in a military age, let me repeat ; and the shadow that is stealing over the American landscape partakes of a commercial character. In short, the shadow is of an unbridled plutocracy, caused, created, and cemented in no slight degree by legislative, aldermanic, and congressional action ; a plutocracy that is far more wealthy than any aristocracy that has ever crossed the horizon of the world's history, and one that has been produced in a shorter consecutive period; the names of whose members are emblazoned, not on the pages of their Nation's glory, but of its peculations ; who represent no struggle for their country's liberties, but for its boodle; no contests for Magna Charta, but railroad charters ; and whose octopus-grip is extending over every branch of industry ; a plutocracy which controls the price of the bread that we eat, the price of sugar that sweetens our cup, the price of oil that lights us on our way, the price of the very coffins in which we are finally buried ; a plutocracy which encourages no kindly relation between landlord and tenant, which has so little sense of its political duties as even to abstain from voting, and which, in short, by its effrontery, is already causing the unthinking masses to seek relief in communism, in single-taxism, and in every other ism, which, if ever enforced, would infallibly make their second state worse than the first. No observant mind can have failed to notice the socialistic trend of thought in the nature of bills introduced in Congress. To be sure, they never became laws, and it is very fortunate that some of them do not.

For instance, there is a bill, I am told, nominally drawn in the interest of the Eight-Hour Law that would make it a penal offence for a ship's captain to employ his men under any circumstance over eight hours any one day. Thus, if the vessel struck a leak and could not be pumped out in those eight hours, the captain would have to go to prison on landing, had he, to save the lives of his crew, made them pump five minutes over the allotted time. Again, there is a bill which would prevent bands of music in certain localities from playing "Hail Columbia," if it were not allowed by

the musical union. But ridiculous as many of these bills are, they strike a note of warning. The note of warning is, not of Cæsar, but of Augustus,—a premature Augustus,—who ought to come in a country's decadence, not in youth, and who brings in his train socialistic legislation. In short, so much wealth has been piratically obtained, that it is making the honestly-acquired wealth that you and I possess, a stench in the poor man's nostrils. On this temper of the public mind all agrarian legislation is based. Therefore I raise my voice, not as a radical, but as a conservative, against allowing liberty to degenerate into jobbery, equality into vulgarity, and—what is especially dangerous—fraternity into an amiable negligence in enforcing the law against criminals in high place.

Mr. Bryce sees America through the rim of a champagne-glass, to the strains of soft music, and in the smiles of fair women. He sees what America should be, but what it is not; and to close our eyes to the true state of the case is to prevent the redress of evils which, if allowed to go on unabated, will infallibly make Democracy a by-word in the vocabulary of nations.

LLOYD S. BRYCE.

THE ADAPTIVENESS OF NATURE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

It was a favorite point of poor Hugh Miller's, in the days just before the evolutionist philosophy came, like a flood, to overthrow his crude and half-digested cosmical system, that fruits and grains first appeared upon the earth in any numbers on the very eve of the advent of man, late on in the course of the Tertiary period. It seemed to Miller, as to many of his contemporaries, that edible fruits were created beforehand for that very purpose—set there, in short, as the English church-service naïvely words it, "so as in due time we might enjoy the same." Nature thus appeared to make herself ready in anticipation for that final flower and head of creation, man, who was to become thereafter her lord and master.

How far we have left those ideas behind! We know nowadays that such a conception as this is biologically faulty; that every part of every organism has prime reference only to that organism's own internal heads, without reference to any one else's convenience in any way. But there is, nevertheless, a certain sense in which this curious premature generalization throws real light both on the origin of fruits and grains, and on the origin of man and the higher monkeys. While it is *not* true that fruits were developed beforehand in order that in the fullness of time man might pick and eat them, it *is* quite true that for man and the apes they were really developed, and that without them man and the apes could never even have begun to exist. They were mutually necessary. The evolution of the two went on collaterally, and each involved the simultaneous existence and evolution of the other.

The great grain-producing and fruit-bearing families of plants, and the apes, monkeys, and progenitors of man, first

appear, geologically speaking, in the Tertiary period. Now, the distinctive mark of the monkeys, as a group, is the possession of hands, and the hand, in turn, points them out as essentially arboreal and fruit-eating animals. It is true that some of the quadrumana—man in particular, as well as the baboons, chimpanzees, and gorillas—have taken at last to a more or less terrestrial existence; but the hand as a hand could never have been first developed under terrestrial conditions; it needed for its original evolution a forestine life, though, when once acquired, it would easily be employed for purposes far different from those which gave it rise at the outset. All the most forestine animals on earth—the marsupial opposums themselves included—possess in a greater or less degree the opposable thumb, which is the true key-note of the genuine hand; and even the fruit-eating birds, like the parrots, have independently developed under similar conditions a closely analogous grasping organ.

Arboreal animals possess, as a rule, great agility, power of balance, and muscular flexibility. Practice implies all these qualities, and natural selection, acting by the destruction of the slow or clumsy, still further insures them in an arboreal species. Moreover, tree-haunting animals live generally on very rich and nutritive food-stuffs. If they were mere herbivores of the ordinary grass-eating type, they would thrive better upon the open plains, like buffaloes, deer, wild horses, and zebras. The mere fact that they have taken to the trees for a living in itself almost implies a more nutritive diet; for tree-haunters live mainly upon seeds and nuts, which are the very rich stores of food laid up by the plant for the nourishment of its own precious seedlings. Even arboreal rodents show us the tendency towards such richer diet in the case of squirrels, dormice, and other climbing species. The arboreal animals are smaller, as a rule, than the terrestrial ruminants, but they are quicker, more intelligent, more varied in their movements, and dependent upon richer and less bulky food.

See the sum of these differences put briefly: on the one hand, the cow, large, heavy, slow of movement, eating grass all day, requiring for its digestion a complicated stomach with its cud-chewing provision, and possessing hoofed toes, flat on the ground, inflexible, insensitive, and ill-adapted for conveying external information to the small brain; on the other hand, the squirrel, little, lithe, swift, active, feeding upon rich, oily

nuts and seeds, possessing sharp claws and prehensile feet, and capable of grasping an object all round in its paw, so as to gain a perfect knowledge of its true shape and its general space relations. In the one case, much food must be digested for little result in variety of movement; in the other case, little food need be digested for much result in building up nerve, brain, and muscle, and in complicated motions of the most diverse descriptions.

Now, of this advanced and agile arboreal type, the monkey race (taken as a whole) is the last term, the highest development. See what it involves. In the first place, it can hardly exist at all except in tropical or sub-tropical forests, where there is energy enough received by the earth from the sun's rays to produce in abundance the rich fruits and seeds in whose presence alone such a race is possible. Then, side by side with the evolution of the race, there must go the parallel evolution of the fruits and seeds, which must also benefit the plants that produce them, or else the producing species will become extinct at the hands of the monkeys. How can these conflicting claims be reconciled ? This was the problem that had to work itself out in the tropical forests of the Tertiary period, and here is the way in which it seemingly worked itself.

Just in proportion as higher types of animals, both birds and mammals, made inroads upon the seeds of the tertiary period must the plants that produced them have responded to the demand by more and more strenuous means of protection. The faster the squirrels, monkeys, and parrots (or their remote progenitors and shadowy representatives) eat up all suitable seeds and fruits, the harder must the seeds endeavor (as it were) to outwit and defeat them. For only those seeds could grow into plants which could escape the close pursuit of the monkeys and parrots. At first sight, it seems as though the only possible result of such a conflict must be the extermination of the seed-eating tree-haunters ; for, on the one hand, if the plant succeeds in repelling them, they must die at once ; and, on the other hand, if the plant fails to repel them, and the seed gets eaten, they must die in the long run by cutting off the only means of reproducing their own supplies for the future. But in actual practice what has happened is this : The plant has turned the fruit-eaters into allies instead of enemies, by converting the outer portion of the fruit

into a soft, sweet pulp, though at the same time it covers the actual seed inside with a hard stone like that of the peach, the mango, and the apricot. Sometimes, too, to make assurance doubly sure, it fills the vital kernel with bitter and poisonous juice, as in the pips of the orange, or surrounds them with unpleasant and inedible hairs, as in the centre of the rose hip. The consequence is that the aggressive animal eats the outer pulp, but throws away the valuable seed to germinate and reproduce its like —and his food—in future.

Observe, now, further, how necessary is the coincidence of all these facts for the development of all the higher apes, and especially of man, their ultimate outcome. The large tropical fruits require hands (or something analogous) to pull and eat them. Hence the lemur-like or squirrel-like paw gets developed in true monkeys into the genuine hand, which is used in grasping, picking, and eating the fruit. How needful such a development is for fruit-eaters we see by analogy in the case of the like-minded fruit-eating birds, which either, as in the parrot, have a hand-like foot, or else, failing that, as in the toucans and hornbills, have a large and preposterously developed grasping beak to perform the same office. Even the squirrel holds his nut in his paws; the parrot holds it in one claw, hand-wise; the monkey, the highest and most specialized of all, holds it in a perfect hand, between thumb and fingers.

Furthermore, these tropical fruits and nuts have almost always a thick and disagreeable rind or husk, which must be stripped off and thrown away before the edible pulp or kernel is arrived at. The orange and mango are good cases in point. This disagreeable rind is put there by natural selection in order to repel insects, small rodents, and other useless creatures (from the plant's point of view), which would eat off the pulp on the tree, as wasps eat pears, without doing anything in return to disperse the seeds; but the animal that can pick the fruit can also tear off the rind, and in this act, also, hands or their equivalents come in useful. In all these ways the development of the fruits, and the development of the fruit-eaters, must necessarily have gone on by parallel stages.

We can see, too, if we reflect for a moment, that man could only have been evolved as we now know him through just such a tree-haunting ancestry as this. For, in the first place, man abso-

lutely bases himself upon the possession of a hand, which, first rudely stretched out to grasp the branches of trees, and afterwards further moulded by use in picking and stripping nuts and fruits, can at last be applied to such different uses from those by which it was originally developed. Then, again, the habit of grasping (as Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown) implies a wider conception of the physical properties of things; so that all the most intelligent animals in a state of nature—monkeys, squirrels, elephants, parrots—are those which have a grasping organ. Once more, specially nutritious food allows periods of comparative leisure, during which the faculties can be devoted to other objects, as we see in the restless curiosity of monkeys, in their gambols and antics, and finally in the artistic and industrial energies of man himself. If an animal lives upon grass or leaves, he has to concentrate almost all his vital activity on the mechanical labor of feeding and digesting; if he lives upon richer and more nutritious food, he has organic and muscular leisure in abundance. Man, by still further enriching his food-stuffs, through the deliberate selection and cultivation of fruits and cereals, and through the art of cooking, has allowed himself yet greater leisure for other arts, and so has attained his present preëminence.

But a consideration of his structure shows us conclusively that without the arboreal fruit-eating ancestors from whom he is descended, he could never have become just what he is. His hand is the index of his arboreal origin.

GRANT ALLEN.

DOES AMERICAN FARMING PAY?

BY THE HON. GEORGE B. LORING, EX-COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.

THE assertion that there is no profit in American agriculture is so frequently and so positively made that it is almost universally accepted as true. Political economists, in discussing the sources of wealth, usually dismiss the great industry of agriculture as hardly coming within the range of their investigation. A purely agricultural section is apt to attract but little attention, as compared with the more active communities in which mechanical industries employ capital and stimulate faculties. And while human ingenuity is exhausting itself laying down the laws of commerce and establishing the methods of manufactures, the business of tilling the soil is allowed to pursue its quiet and unobtrusive way, guided by such light as can be drawn from practical experience. It cannot be said that the thoughtful students of social and civil affairs have a feeling of contempt for the business of farming, but it can be said that they are not inclined to consider it with the respect they feel for more attractive and demonstrative and imposing occupations. The attractions of estates all recognize ; the fancy farms of prosperous merchants and manufacturers, and the results of their management, are too often charged to the business of farming, which is conducted in large measure and small as an industry on which a community depends for its subsistence.

The profits of this industry are not to be estimated by the wasteful extravagance of business entered upon for the gratification of taste, or by the failures of the idle and incompetent. It is not every ship that makes a prosperous voyage ; it is not every mill that earns great dividends ; nor is it every farm that remunerates the owner and cultivator. These three great industries occupy mankind, however, and the question of profits belongs to

all alike, and the success of all depends on the wisdom and skill with which they are managed, and on a judicious observance of the industrial laws of each locality. The chief end of man on earth is to supply what is wanting—the products of foreign latitudes, the products of the mill, the products of the soil, the products of the mind, all to feed and clothe and cultivate the race in accordance with surrounding circumstances. In this work the farmer does his share, and reaps his reward ; and in America his opportunities vary as the soil and climate of the vast region stretching from the lakes to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, vary. The agriculture of America, therefore, has no universal characteristic. In that section where diversified industry prevails, and the land is cultivated to supply the local market, the accurate and careful work of the market-garden and the dairy has become a necessity, and profitable and valuable acres abound. In the remoter frontier regions, and in the newer States, on homesteads and newly-settled lands, the wholesale farming which supplies the staples, wheat and corn and beef and pork, to a general market, is the business to which the farmer must devote himself. In the cotton-growing States, while the social system has changed, and the old relations between labor and the land have been destroyed, the system of cotton-growing has remained the same, and the primitive methods have not been laid aside. On these three systems the agricultural industry of the United States has grown up from the simple employment which occupied three millions of colonists, and gave them all their subsistence and all their resources, to the varied toil of sixty millions of people, engaged in cultivating old lands and taking up new ones, and supplying the wants of markets near and remote with necessaries and luxuries, and in supporting all those public and private institutions which, of necessity, belong to a cultivated and independent and responsible people.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the various methods of managing the land and developing the resources of the country would have been adopted and pursued for generations, had they not furnished an ample reward to the land-owner and strength and vitality to the State. It was mixed farming which supported the colonies in peace and war, and it is mixed farming which has supported as an associate industry most of the older

States since the formation of the Union. Upon the wholesale agriculture of the West, that vast region of great farms has flourished and grown into an active, populous, and wealthy agricultural empire. During the plantation days of the South, great fortunes were drawn from the soil, sufficient to secure the luxury and culture which belong to the great centres of trade and manufacture. But for the supporting power of the soil, the existence of an independent land-holding people, compelled to sustain themselves, without governmental aid, and intolerant of the subordinate position which goes with classification, caste, and legitimacy, would have been impossible. The profits of American farming can be estimated by the work it has accomplished in all those years during which the country was struggling for an existence, and in all those later years during which the power of the Republic has increased in population, wealth, resources, and influence beyond any possible expectation and beyond any example existing or recorded. An industry whose product has increased in twenty years, from 1859 to 1879, from $1,600,000,000 to $3,600,000,000, must have had a great deal to do with the growing prosperity of the country, and must have been attended by great individual success.

It is only necessary to look back from the present decade to the last, to obtain the most gratifying evidence of the progress of this country in the work of tilling the soil. Starting in 1870, at which time the country had reached an enormous production in proportion to the population, and making comparisons with the returns of 1880, we may learn what can be accomplished in a single decade by a people constantly increasing in numbers and occupying new lands. In 1870, the wheat crop was 287,745,626 bushels—in 1880, it was 459,667,032 bushels; in 1870, the amount of cotton raised was 4,352,317 bales—in 1880, it was more than 6,000,000 bales; in 1870, the amount of Indian corn raised was 760,940,594 bushels—in 1880, the amount was 1,744,449,435 bushels; in 1870, the crop of oats reached 282,107,157 bushels—in 1880, it reached 407,859,033 bushels; in 1870, the tobacco crop amounted to 262,735,341 pounds—in 1880, it amounted to 473,-107,573 ponnds. The increase of agricultural products was nearly one hundred per cent. in these ten years, and in the last year of this decade the increase was in even greater ratio than this.

The law of this vast and growing industry is the cultivation of those crops which are adapted to a local market, and the oc-

cupation of land lying near that market. Not yet has this law become universal, it is true ; but it applies to all the older and thickly-settled sections of the country, and goes with diversified industries wherever they create large cities and towns. Fifty years ago the farmer was compelled to seek his market near home on account of the difficulty which attended the transportation of his crops. But the settling of new and remote lands, and the improved modes of transportation, rendered the growing of great staples possible and profitable, and corn, wheat, and provisions occupied the farmer's attention as he supplied remote and even foreign markets with his products. This frontier farming is but temporary, and must be followed by that systematic husbandry which constitutes the legitimate business of the American farmer, and carries him back to those days when agriculture was almost the sole business of the country, and when a prudent and industrious farming community was uniformly prosperous, even with the simplest management. While our large towns and our manufacturing cities provide markets for a large portion of the products of the West, they also support that more profitable system which consists in a careful cultivation of the soil and in the economical management of small farms. The trade and traffic which attend these systems of farming and this varied consumption are immense. New England requires about twenty million bushels of wheat, and produces only one million and a quarter. New York uses thirty millions, and grows about twelve. The supply of this deficiency comes from the West, from the Ohio Valley and the prairies west of the Mississippi and the Missouri, and costs from forty to fifty million dollars in years of good production—still more in years of comparative scarcity.

To assume, however, from the fact that New York goes west for six-tenths of her wheat supply, that wheat-growing is an unprofitable industry there would be an unsafe and unreliable conclusion. There are eight counties south of Lake Ontario which yielded, in 1879, six million eighty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-six bushels on three hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and sixty nine acres, or eighteen and six-tenths bushels per acre,—a rate more than fifty per cent. above that of Minnesota or Dakota and somewhat higher than that of California for the same year. In other lines of agriculture also New York excels. In the district lying eastward towards the Hudson and southward

towards the Delaware, the dairy makes a production in butter and cheese worth far more than the grain procured from the West—a production not only supplying the home market, but also a large share of the hundred and forty millions of pounds of cheese exported. In the more populous sections of Dutchess and Westchester Counties and Long Island, the cultivation of market-gardens yields often, under favorable circumstances, a gross product worth a thousand pollars per acre; and in the neighborhood of New York city the product of market-gardening reaches millions of dollars. Ten years ago the census reported more than a million dollars' worth, and the present enumeration must, when tabulated, show an immense increase for this suburban district. The neighborhood of Boston and Philadelphia and every other large city is monopolized by market-gardens, and the country around Norfolk, Va., is mainly devoted to fruit and vegetables for northern consumption. The domestic fruits furnish a trade of large volume and value. New York city alone has a trade in this commodity of more than $9,000,000; Chicago, which supplies the Northwest, has about as much, and the other large cities of the country would swell the amount to about $60,000,000, including the large amount now sent from from our Southern latitudes. Could all the fruits sold in small cities and villages be added, and those consumed on the farms be enumerated, it is probable, judging from careful deductions from available data, that the annual value of the fruits of the United States would not fall much below $200,000,000.

Massachusetts, with her 2,000,000 of population, her 45,000 farms, and her 3,900,000 farm acres is also a good illustration of the type of American agriculture which increases year by year and which affords constant labor, and consequently good returns, to the farmer. In this State there are nearly 45,000 farms, in the management of which 78,000 persons are employed. The farms are small. In one of the most prosperous agricultural towns, containing 79 farms, 16 are less than 5 acres, 37 are less than 20 acres, and there is only one farm of over 90 acres. The aggregate value of the agricultural products of the State is $47,756,033, of which dairy products, hay, straw, and fodder make up nearly $24,000,000; the remainder of the list including fruits, meats, vegetables, animal products, poultry, wood products, and all articles of handiwork on the farm and in the farmer's family. This es-

timate gives to each person employed in farming about $620 annually, out of which must come the expense of producing and selling the product—the total wages paid annually being $6,390,252. The business in which these persons is engaged is as various and diverse as the localities and the neighboring markets; and the result of their labors per acre will indicate the work in which they can profitably engage. The cereals yield about $25 per acre; tobacco produces $180; strawberries, $200; onions, $140; potatoes, $55; cabbages, $175. The total agricultural property of the State is valued at $215,230,550. It may be interesting to know that in the associate industry, manufactures, the capital invested is $303,806,185; the number of persons employed is 352,265; the product is $631,135,284; the annual wages, $128,315,362; the annual earning of each operative, $364; the annual product of each operative, about $1,800.

As an illustration of the growth and progress of a State almost purely agricultural, we may turn to the State of Iowa, which, 48 years ago, had only 43,112 inhabitants ; 43 years ago was admitted into the Union, and now has a population of nearly 2,000,000. In presenting his report this year to the Governor, John R. Schaffer, the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, impressed with the value of the farming industry, says : "A review of the condition of agriculture for the year necessarily includes moral and educational and commercial influences." He speaks for a State which has 185,351 farms, producing annually $136,103,473 ; a State which finds a market for a large proportion of its products beyond its own limits ; a State which has less than 7,000 manufacturing establishments, producing less than $50,000,000 annually ; a great, prosperous, agricultural State, the growth of less than half a century, the home of an industrious, thriving, well-educated people, of whom the Secretary also says : "There are progressive farmers who understand their business, are reducing it to a science, who avail themselves of every item of practical knowledge and who make it remunerative,"—a people the valuation of whose property amounts to $398,671,251. The products of this State, as indicated by available returns, are the result of general farming. On 173,940 acres were raised 19,742,190 bushels of potatoes in 1888. Of the corn crop for the same year the Secretary says : "The acreage is 7,797,000, representing a total product of

321,629,962 bushels. The average price per bushel is twenty-three cents; commercial value of the crop, $73,974,891. This is almost equal to the value of all the gold, silver, and lead mined in the United States in 1886, which was $87,535,000. It is almost a larger sum than all the railroads in the United States paid in dividends on stock in that year. It is $8,000,000 more than the total net earnings of all the National Banks in America and is considerable more than the total dividends paid by those banks in 1887. It represents 46,605,715 bushels more than were produced in the great crop year in Iowa in 1879, and in wealth to the State nearly $13,000,000 more. It is 320,223,721 bushels more corn than was produced in the State in 1840."

When the wheat crop of Iowa failed, the farmers turned their attention to the dairy. They improved their cows largely by careful breeding and judicious feeding. On the first of January, 1887, they had 1,243,000 cows, valued at $32,541,792, and they produced butter and cheese to the amount of $277,477,429; milk, sold and condensed, amounting to $200,000,000, and skimmed milk to $50,417,054. The pasturage of the State is most luxuriant, and the valuation of the live-stock is $180,110,016.

The yield of oats on 2,713,166 acres was 78,681,814 bushels, valued at $15,342,953. The yield in 1840 was only 216,385 bushels.

The value of the grass crop in 1888 was $33,446,275, and the amount of wheat grown on 2,101,000 acres was 19,314,000 bushels; the wheat crop in 1840 having been only 154,693 bushels.

The hog crop of Iowa in 1888 was the largest in the States, being 4,148,811.

This agricultural wealth of Iowa is divided among less than two millions of people. The farms of the State are in good condition. The taxes are readily paid. The churches are well supported. The institutions of learning are well endowed. In the homes of the people will be found great comfort and ample means of mental and moral culture. An air of substantial thrift pervades the State; and while it may be impossible to obtain the exact profit of every acre and every crop, or to ascertain the income of every land-holder, it is easy to see that a wide-spread prosperity pervades the community, whose characteristics are the repose and self-possession which attend success; and this is true not of Iowa alone, but of all the great agricultural States of the West and Northwest.

The value of farm lands will indicate the condition of the agriculture which enjoys the opportunity furnished by the industrial organization, especially occupying the larger portion of the United States. Land in the State of New York is valued at $44.41 per acre; in New Jersey at $65.16 per acre; in Vermont at $36.40 per acre; in Wisconsin at $23.30; in Massachusetts at $50.27; in Ohio at $45.97; in Illinois at $31.87; in Maryland at $32.33. Land, however, in the States where American enterprise is less developed, is valued at prices ranging from $4.70 to $10.89. It appears that farms command good prices and are in good demand where an enterprising and busy population is engaged in diversified industry and where a fertile soil yields a liberal crop; and they are in good demand because their cultivation is profitable. That there are unprofitable farms in many of the States is evident from the fact that they are abandoned by their owners. But it is a striking fact also that even where the number of farms diminishes, the agricultural products increase as the cultivation is transformed to more kindly acres. Farms well selected, well manned, well cultivated, are always profitable.

The prosperity of the American farmer is, in fact, unparalleled in any country on earth. In the old and more thickly-settled sections of our land the condition of the homesteads and gardens and fields bears witness to the thrift of the occupants. The improvement in our rural towns which are fortunately situated is almost equal to that of the populous manufacturing cities adjoining. Towns which half a century ago presented a decayed and dingy look, and whose gray repose spoke of sluggishness and discouragement, have risen, with no other industry than agriculture, to the appearance of an industrious and prosperous people. The town-hall tells of civil ambition; the ample school-house tells of faith in education and the ability to obtain it; the imposing meeting-house tells of religious devotion; the well-painted dwelling tells of good taste; and the streets tells of a desire for good order and neighborly courtesy. There is the town library. There is the well-furnished dwelling. There are the cultivated daughters and the intelligent and ambitions sons. There are pictures on the walls, and flowers along the pathway. And this is not an unusual scene. Go then to the newer and more sparsely-settled sections, and the story is similar. The farms are constantly improving. The mortgages with which the occupants began life as settlers are largely lifted.

The early mode of life is changed for the better. One of our most careful observers and statisticians gives a most interesting record composed of replies to inquiries made of the holders of mortgages on Western farms. He says :

"In reply to my questions I have received ten communications, covering a term of years ranging from four to thirty-eight. A summary of the replies, disregarding fractions, is as follows : Number of mortgages, 200,000 ; total amount loaned, $180,000,000 ; average per mortgage, $900 ; already paid, 119,000 mortgages ; amount outstanding, $75,000,000 ; number of mortgages outstanding, 81,000. The total number of foreclosures is not given in all cases ; in some the amount is given, in others the number. The reduction in the rate of interest has been from ten per cent. annual interest and ten per cent. commission on a five years' mortgage to an average of six and a half to seven and a half per cent. at the present time, without commission."

Where is there another agricultural community from which these illustrations could be drawn ? Not, surely, the tenant farmers of England, or the distressed farmers of Ireland, or the peasantry of Central Europe.

That the prosperity of agriculture has kept pace with the increasing prosperity of every other industry in our land is manifest. The activity of the grain-growing sections has been and is great ; and the demand for the product of the pasture and the stall has been most encouraging to those who supply the market at home and abroad. The encouragement, moreover, of local and special crops has been so great that the farmer feels confident of securing a suitable reward for the labor which he applies to the careful and systematic tillage of the soil to supply local markets with what they require, and for the care which he bestows on the orchard and the dairy. The condition of the American farmer is looked upon as so satisfactory that the lesson taught by him is engaging the minds of some of the most thoughtful statesmen and publicists of the old world. The attention of the English farmer, discouraged by the agricultural depression around him, has been called to the contrast between the market gardens of America and the sheep-pastures which surround many of the great cities of his own country. It has been discovered that the American system of landholding is the foundation of great popular content and general prosperity, and accompanied, as it is, by great social and civil opportunities, surrounded, as it is, by the free institutions of our land, attended, as it is, by the schoolhouse and the meeting-house, and by the constant call to public service which occupies so many, it constitutes the foundation

on which rest great mental activity, great dignity of character, great enterprise and ambition. To the practical work of the agricultural community here, wide-spread disaster, moreover, is unknown. The local damage of a drought or a flood is not, indeed, unusual, but the extent of the American territory is such, the diversity of our soil and climate is so great, that the disasters seem to be circumscribed and accidental, while the prosperity is wide-spread and almost constant. With landed possessions, which are obliged to bear the burdens of heavy taxation, with wages of labor vastly greater than in any of the countries of Europe, with the personal requirements of the farmer and his family increased by social obligations and the natural demands of a free and responsible people, we have been able to compete in the grain markets of the world with those who, in some instances, are furnished with land free of rent and taxation, and whose necessaries of life are so small and whose duties are so few that the former seem intolerable and the latter seem insignificant and trivial. The skill of the American farmer, supplied as he is with the most ingenious and graceful and effective machinery, has become an object of admiration and imitation. The well-organized home of the American farmer is looked upon as a model. The place filled in the community by the American farmer is considered so important and honorable that other nations inquire how it has been attained. The crops of the American farmer are looked upon as so sure that all anxiety with regard to the supply of food for people less favored has passed away.

The rapid growth of agriculture in America may be made more apparent by recurring to its condition in this country three-quarters of a century ago. At that time the ploughs were usually made by the village blacksmith and wheelwright. Shovel factories were few and small. Grain-harvesters, reapers, mowers, tedders, and horse rakes were unknown. The mechanical enterprise engaged in producing these and other improved implements of husbandry during all these years has been untiring, and the result has been surprising. In one year the patents issued for improvements in agricultural machinery exceeded one thousand, of which thirty-six were for rakes, a hundred and sixty for hay- and grain-harvesters and attachments, a hundred and sixty-seven for seed-planters and drills, thirty for hay- and straw-cutters, ninety for cultivators, seventy-three for bee-hives, ninety for churns, a

hundred and sixty for ploughs and attachments. Meanwhile, the vast increase of production, to which reference has already been made, indicates also the skill and energy of those who are engaged in the various branches of agriculture.

This unusual and extraordinary growth which has thus far attended American agriculture is due not only to the diversity of soil and climate, the rapid increase of population, and the vast improvement in agricultural machinery, but also to the independent ownership of land which characterizes American institutions. It were not easy to tell the strength and stimulus which come through the ownership of the soil to him who occupies it, has fixed his home upon it, and looks to it for his means of subsistence. The proportion of land-holders in the United States to the aggregate population is great, and it is significant when we consider the responsibilities resting upon them and the opportunities they possess. The increase in the number of farms during the twenty years between 1860 and 1880 is remarkable. The aggregate in the entire country in 1860 was 2,044,077; in 1880, 4,088,907. The increase by subdivision is largest in the cotton-growing States, where the share-tenant system prevails. In Texas the increase is both by subdivision and new lands, the area in farms having nearly doubled in ten years. In Alabama the increase is about 26 per cent., from 55,128 in 1860 to 135,864 in 1880. The South Atlantic group shows an increase of 72.3 per cent. in farms. In the Western States, also, the increase has been most remarkable. The number of farms in Illinois in 1880 was 255,741, as against 143,310 in 1860; in Indiana the number rose from 131,826 in 1860 to 194,013 in 1880; in Kansas it rose from 10,400 in 1860 to 138,561 in 1880; in Michigan from 62,000 to 154,000. In the older States also the multiplication was extraordinary. New York increased from 196,990 to 241,058 in the twenty years referred to; Ohio from 179,889 to 247,189; Virginia increased from 92,605 to 118,517. And among the Western States the number of farms in Wisconsin increased from 69,270 to 134,322.

A general survey of the agriculture of this country must impress the observer with the vigor, growth, and magnitude of the industry. That there is a vast investment in agricultural lands is perfectly manifest. That the occupants of the farms are in good condition is evident. That immigration still continues, and large tracts of land are taken up by those who leave the hardship of the

old country for the prosperity of the new, is ample evidence that the promises have all been fulfilled. It is only necessary to contemplate the enormous internal commerce of the country in order to be impressed with the agricultural wealth of the Nation, and it is only necessary to examine the books of the savings-banks in the rural districts in order to be impressed with the financial strength of the farmers. It would seem unnecessary to add that all this work would not be done were it attended by loss, and that it could not be done year after year and generation after generation unless supported by a profit.

GEORGE B. LORING.

CAN OUR CHURCHES BE MADE MORE USEFUL?

BY THE REV. M. J. SAVAGE, THE REV. E. E. HALE, D. D.,
AND THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D.

THE Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has asked me to reply to this question. For so much, then, he is responsible. But I alone am responsible for the answer.

What is the matter with "our churches"? That something is the matter is indicated by the mere fact that the question is asked. In my opinion, there is one thing so seriously the matter that all others can well afford to wait while this is being attended to. This particular something is so fundamental that no mere patching of defects, no mere superficial improvements, no mere revival or extension of activity in this direction or that, will prove adequate to the need. In order to become "useful," in the highest sense, this one radical defect must be remedied.

The churches were once regarded as of the highest conceivable use. Unless they can continue to be so regarded, then their mission is ended. For, though useful, they are not indispensable to the accomplishment of the many good, but comparatively minor, things in which at present they are engaged. In most of our great cities the care of the poor is in other hands, the churches only assisting larger secular organizations. The training of nurses, the support of kindergarten, sewing, and industrial schools, the hundred minor charities that so distinguish this age—these all could be carried on by other means. Nobody would think of organizing churches merely for such ends. And though the churches exercise an immense moral influence, any careful thinker will admit that mere ethics can be taught, perhaps as efficiently, and certainly at an immensely less expense, in some other way, while, though the churches would claim that nothing else could quite take their places as moral teachers, they would most surely be the first to assert that this alone would not satisfy

their pretensions, or justify their methods or even their existence.

Of what use, then, are the churches? This question needs to be frankly and honestly faced, that the present attitude of the world may be clearly seen. Everybody knows that the churches have no such hold on the faith, the reverence, or the practical life of the world as they used to have. Why? Everybody knows that thousands on thousands of people do not go near the churches. Why? Everybody knows that while among these thousands are many poor, many ignorant, many vicious, there are also quite as many who are not poor, not ignorant, not vicious. Indeed, a candid and impartial inquirer will be compelled to admit that the freer in thought and the more intelligent a man becomes, the less likely he is to think that the churches have any exclusive charge of anything that is indispensable to even his highest and noblest life. Why? That this is the situation is clear. What more important question then is there for us to ask than—*Why?*

If we really care to know, the answer is not far or difficult to seek. Early Christendom believed, without the thought of a question, in the supposed historical fact of "the Fall of Man." And *all* the orthodox churches of the last eighteen hundred years have come into existence for this one, sole, specific purpose—*the salvation of man from the supposed effects of the supposed fall.* Why a "supernatural revelation"? To tell men that they were "lost" and how they could be "saved." Why the prophets? To foretell to a waiting and hopeless world the coming "Saviour," and to become afterwards a supernatural proof of the revelation and of the deliverer's mission. Why the miraculous "incarnation," "birth," "sufferings," "death," "resurrection" and "ascension" of "the second person of the Trinity"? To reveal God's willingness to save, and to make it possible for him "to be just and the justifier of him that believeth." Why the church, with its doctrines, rituals, and sacraments? To be the perpetual witness, depositary, and administrator of the means and the gift of salvation. Why heaven? To be the home of the saved. Why hell? To be the endless place of punishment for those who should not accept the one and only condition of salvation. Not one dogma of the old churches, not one rite or sacrament, but presupposes the fall and consequent ruin of the race. And no

careful thinker can suppose, for one moment, that, but for the belief in the fall, any one of them would ever have come into existence.

On this old theory, the world was simply a province of God's kingdom in rebellion. Every man, woman, and child was explicitly or implicitly a traitor. No one had any claim on the divine mercy. Salvation was a "free gift." If one was "elected" and another "passed by," there was no injustice in the punishment, only mercy in the saving. A man might be ever so "good," or moral, but this, as Mr. Moody once said, "don't touch the question of salvation." And, on that theory, this was right. When a man is executed for high treason, no one would think of pleading in his behalf that he loved his wife, was a good father, paid his debts, and was kind to his neighbors. All these considerations would be wholly irrelevant. They would be ruled out of court as not touching the case. The "natural" virtues of a person not in "a state of grace" would be only what they have well been called —"splendid vices." And if one trusted to them for salvation, they would only become perils to his soul. Therefore a person who lacked these virtues, who was so plainly a sinner that he would not be likely to imagine himself anything else, would be in a more hopeful case, as being more likely to feel his need and so accept the offered grace.

For eighteen hundred years the churches have been at work trying to save men from the supposed effects of the "fall." This has been the one thing for which they have existed. Whatever else they may have done, however bountiful their charities, whatever they may have done to heal the bodies or comfort the hearts of men, none have been readier than they to declare that all these things would have been as nothing, or worse than nothing, unless they had believed they were achieving the one great end of their being—the salvation of souls from "the pains of everlasting death."

Ask now, once more, the question why the churches have so slight a hold on the faith and reverence of men. Why do so many thousands neglect them? Why do so many of the best men and women feel that they are no longer essential to their highest and noblest life? We might as well face the fact—the churches might as well face it—that free-minded, well-informed people no longer believe in any "fall of man." Not only do they doubt it as many might doubt something that nevertheless has some strong

proof in its favor; for the case is much stronger than this. It is demonstrated, beyond all intelligent question, that no such fact ever occurred in the history of man. What follows? Why this follows as inevitably as day follows night—that the very corner-stone of the popular theology has crumbled, and that the whole superstructure totters to its fall. If man is not "fallen," then he is not "lost," and, in that case, he does not need to be "saved." Take away the fall of man, and there is no need of "the scheme of redemption," no need of a supernaturally-inspired revelation, no need of an incarnation, no need of a supernatural or infallible church, no need of a Trinity, no old-time heaven for the chosen few, no endless hell for the doomed many. All these doctrines found their reason in the supposed fall, and with it they pass away.

Now, these doctrines are not mere unessential accidents of the churches; they are their essence and life—"bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh." And yet we are presented with the strange spectacle of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ministers, in all the different churches, who—in private, at least—will frankly confess that they share the belief of all intelligent men in the antiquity and the slow and gradual development of the race from the lowest beginnings. They believe in no Genesis story of either Eden or Fall. And yet they go on preaching and administering the sacraments *as if nothing had happened.* Their one official business is *to proclaim a loss that does not exist, and offer a salvation that is not needed.* They know this, and confess it, and—*keep on doing it!*

And still they wonder that the churches are neglected, and get together in conventions to discuss ways and means for making them "more useful"!

But some man will say, Are there not such things as vice and crime and sorrow in the world? Do not men need help? Is not religion an essential and permanent element in human nature? Are not the churches great centres of sweet social influence and moral elevation? Doubtless. No one of all these things is called in question. The only trouble with them is that they are entirely one side the point at issue. There are vice and crime and sorrow, and it is the mission of a true religion to help and relieve the world from their power. Men do need help. Religion is not only a permanent, but the grandest, element in man. The churches, since they are organizations of kindly men and women,

do a vast amount of incidental good. But the question is as to whether they can be made "more useful." I believe they can.

But, in order to become more useful, the first and most important thing for them to do is frankly to recognize the facts of God, man, origin, destiny, and adapt themselves to them. Why should they longer expect intelligent men to come to them to hear a condition of things described in which they no longer believe, and listen to an offer of help that they no longer believe they need? To-day the larger part of the magnificent power of all the churches is thrown away. It is enough to make the angels weep to contemplate the picture. Magnificent buildings, millions of money, thousands of men, grand enthusiasms, marvels of patient labor, prayers and aspirations, all expended in the effort to deliver an imaginary man from the imaginary wrath of an imaginary God in an imaginary hell! If all the time and money and enthusiasm and effort had been spent in co-working with the real God in delivering the real man from his real evils, long before this the world might have been the Eden that never was, and that never will be until men intelligently combine to save man here and now from the ills that all can feel and see.

There is no use in railing at the past. "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but *now* commandeth all men everywhere to repent." "To repent." That means, in true Bible phrase, to *change their purpose.* This is the great need of to-day, In the light of the ascertained facts of nature and man, the churches need to repent,—to change their purposes and methods. The world is not going back to the old, the ignorant, the barbaric conceptions of the past. It is for the churches to say whether they will accept the newer, the fuller revelation of God. If not, they will but repeat the history of Judaism, being left behind by the wider and grander religion that keeps step with the advancing God.

For religion is not about to die; it is forever the attempt of man to find God and become progressively "reconciled" or adjusted to his perfect life. This is true, in their degree, of all religions. It has been true of the old churches of Christendom. The trouble, however, is this. It has been discovered that their conception of God, their conception of man, their conception of the actual relation in which man stands to God, and so their conception of what man needs in order to come into right relations with him—it has been discovered, I say, that all these concep-

tions have been partial or mistaken. All this does not touch the great, fundamental religious *need* of the race. That remains. But it does compel a readjustment of thought, of theory, of motive, and so a radical change of purpose and method.

The churches, if true to their mission, do not exist for the mere sake of being either more or less "useful" in the minor matters of charity and beneficent help. They should stand for the great truth of the divine in human life. If they do that, all the rest will follow, as naturally as life-giving streams flow down into the valleys from the everlasting hills. The one thing, then, that, in this present juncture of human affairs, they need to do in order to become "more useful," is fearlessly to face the morning. If they fail in this, the better and more intelligent part of mankind must leave them behind. Then they will not only fail in the one great use that only the faithful church can attain, but their faithlessness here will weaken their life and unfit them for all minor uses as well.

M. J. Savage.

It must be remembered all along, in the consideration of these articles, that no method, of itself, is of any worth in this affair. Unless a church is a church,—that is, unless it binds together a body of Christian men and women,—no artificial methods will have any value. A church of Christ has a right to claim a certain succession to him in his work. If it works with the Holy Spirit, it can work the miracles which he promises. If it is not, it cannot; and all that is said as to methods of arrangement is said with the understanding of this fundamental principle.

With this understanding, I should say that the difficulty with churches in our large cities is that, to the people at large, they represent the life of only a very small proportion of the week. They are opened, perhaps, two or three times on Sunday; but to the great body of people they appear closed through all the rest of the time. To speak in the language of the world, then, they represent a "plant" or "investment" which is of use for, say, a twentieth part of the working time of most men, and I suppose that fraction about represents the amount of thought and attention which is, on the average, given to them and their work by men who are engaged in the business of the world.

We shall make our churches more useful, then, if the building is of use more often, and for a wider range of purposes than it is now used for; and if the congregation of worshippers understand that they exist as a congregation for many other purposes than that of united worship on the Lord's Day.

Of course, if they do not exist for any other purpose, that is the end of it. If a congregation is merely a religious club of people who have come together for the purpose of smoothing their own way to heaven, or enjoying the luxury of united worship in any of its forms,—if this is all they are for, that is all they will be. The congregation which comes together for this purpose cannot be relied upon for any other purpose.

But if we are to make churches more useful, the congregations must be churches. That is, they must be organizations, large or small, which have the work of Jesus Christ on their hands and wish to do what he did. Each congregation must wish to open the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf, to cast out unclean spirits, and to waken up people who are virtually dead into real life. It must be ready to abolish pauperism and to relieve the poor It must be ready to teach the ignorant and welcome the stranger.

In our Unitarian church, we have a maxim that the church must be organized "for worship, for education, for charity, and for hospitality." I think that a convenient sub-division. Without a sub-division, it may be said that the church exists that men may have "life more abundantly." And whatever a church does, so that people may have life more abundantly, belongs to its legitimate work.

I. It is not enough to throw this work upon the minister, or the minister and his wife, or the minister and the deacons or the elders. It is not a work which can be done wholly by proxy. The officers of a church can do a great deal, but they should be regarded as chiefs of staff, who have a right, sooner or later, to call upon the legitimate work of every individual in the company. According to their tact, knowledge of character, and understanding of their business, these calls will be made more or less wisely. But it is on the working force and inspired life of each individual that the success of the whole depends.

II. So soon as the Christain theology takes the place of what I call "mediævalism," a good many practical results appear, simply from that change. A mediæval church directs individuals to

save each man his soul from hell. A Christian church, on the other hand, directs each man to bring in the Kingdom of God. Jesus Christ addresses people in the plural number, and so does his church. If a man wishes to save his own soul, and, of course, he must, he wishes at the same time to save the souls of other people, or to give them life more abundantly. So soon as men rise to Christ's level of thought in this business, they will be, themselves, trying to find out ways in which they can carry out his purposes for the relief of the sin and suffering of the world.

III. To approach more external detail, which, of course, must vary for every community, I have never forgotten what Newman Hall once said to me. He is very wise in this business, and, perhaps, has made his church as useful as any church in the world. He said that he thought it an advantage to have the people of his neighborhood used to coming into the building. He wanted them to regard it with friendly eyes. He, therefore, threw open the large body of the church itself, as many evenings as he could, for popular lectures, so that men who would not come near it on Sunday might have a feeling of gratitude to the church as an institution. I think that, perhaps, among a certain class of people in England there is a feeling of anger against "the church" which we know nothing of in this country. Certainly Mr. Hall wishes to attract everybody to the building itself, and he would have literary lectures or scientific lectures in the great church, night after night, with the feeling that he did something to overcome such a prejudice as I refer to. This seems to me wholly legitimate, and I should think in many instances it would be wise. I should say that there was no line of instruction upon which a church could enter which does not come distinctly within the Christian line of making arrangements that men may have life more abundantly.

I cannot speak of this from experience; we have never had force enough here to do this. But in the largest and best chapel which was ever connected with this church, the building was generally opened every night in the week. I remember that two nights in the week, for one or two winters, a great drawing-school was held in it, the two hundred pupils placing their drawing-boards on the backs of the seats in front of them. From that school, as it happened, the great evening high-school of the city of Boston was born, in which are educated two or three

thousand pupils. I think that was good, legitimate church work, and I am quite sure that such use of the building itself interested in the church the young people who were there engaged.

IV. But this is simply external, and it might very well be that no such enterprise as this was desirable. Your question goes much deeper, and you do not mean simply to ask what is the physical use to which church property is to be devoted. Is it not clear to anybody who understands city life that a church body of wide-awake people, though there were not more of them than there were of the twelve apostles, can meet as no other body can the very worst difficulties of city life? Take the deadly loneliness of life in cities. If it were understood, as a matter of course, that the parlors of a church were always open, every evening, to anybody who wanted to have some companionship, in the hours between six o'clock and midnight, would not that understanding alone relieve very largely this loneliness? I should like to see a church which had "a light in the window" such as such an arrangement would offer. I do not mean that there should be a committee of people waiting to be "sociable" with anybody that happened along. But I mean that all the neighborhood should understand that there were warmth, light, and a welcome. You might have a class in political economy going on; you might have a class in botany; you might have a class on the second chapter of the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians; you might have a sewing society providing for the Micronesian Islands; you might be occupying yourself in your lighted parlor as you please; but there the light and the company should be. There should be outside a sign offering welcome, and anybody who chose, though he were the veriest waif or stray just landed on the pier, might come in there.

V. I should say that such a haven of rest as this would, in the first place, solve a good many of the difficulties of city life much more simply than they are solved, even by the best arrangements of municipal police. But this is of comparatively little importance. What I should do it for, if I had force enough, would be to give the people who know anything about that church the feeling that the church is home. Nobody can travel so far as to be outside of its arms. It represents welcome, companionship, and sympathy. It represents "Together." That is what it is for.

Suppose that a boy or a girl had grown up in a church which

was thus always open to strangers,—not simply open that they might come in and say their prayers alone, but open that they might warm their feet, and read the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, or the *Century,* or the *Journal of Missions,* and that they might talk with other people like themselves. Suppose such a boy or girl turned up in a strange city,—missed a railroad connection, if you please,—and had to spend the evening there. I think the boy or girl would be apt to walk along the street, looking for the sign of the one door which is never shut, of the one place where there is always a welcome. And I think that the fact that the church offered such a welcome to people on week-days would make the service of the church much more natural and homelike when the bells rang on Sunday.

I have, in other places, at much greater length, attempted to carry out the details of such work of welcome as this, and to such essays of mine I must refer anybody who is interested. What follows is addressed simply to the lay boards of management who direct our large churches. I wish they could be made to understand how much more useful these churches would be if the suggestion made in the next paragraph were attended to.

VI. I know of no church, Protestant or Catholic, in any large American city, which has nearly force enough, in its regular ministry, for the work which it might easily do with the "plant" which it has in its share of real property. The church of which I am the minister could employ to advantage ten or twenty clergymen, where in fact it employs two. As for worship, every church might be open from sunrise on Sunday till late in the evening. As for charity and hospitality, its vestries, parlors, and other offices might be open from the first day of January till midnight on the 31st of December. Whenever a congregation likes to try such an experiment as this, I think that the congregation will be strong in its pecuniary force, and it will gather in a sympathetic body of Christians, who mean to save the world by the Christian religion, and that it will answer your question how our churches can be made more useful.

EDWARD E. HALE.

THOSE who believe that human nature is perfectible, and that human society is progressive, can entertain no doubt that our churches may be made more useful. This verdict of a rational optim-

ism is confirmed by experience. Our churches have been improved in every respect. They are more useful to-day thanever before.

The first business of the church is to impress upon the minds of men the great facts of the spiritual realm. Its usefulness depends upon the success with which it fulfills this function. The church has a firmer grasp upon these great facts now than formerly and is able to set them forth more convincingly. The old notion was that the spiritual order was something wholly distinct from, and almost antithetical to, the moral and social order of this world; the new conception is that the spiritual order is realized in the moral and social order of the world, so that the great facts of reward and retribution are not merely facts of revelation, but facts of experience and observation. The new theology, therefore, as Dr. Munger has said, appeals to life continually; it finds in the experience of men and in the facts of history the sure witnesses to the truth of its message. The evidence on which it chiefly rests is evidence that no man can gainsay. Therefore it can speak with stronger emphasis, and can compel the attention of men to these great interests of life.

As an interpreter of life, the church is seen to wield an increasing influence. And its work must, in the nature of things, be more and more practical. The change in its conception of the spiritual order brings it into closer contact with the affairs of every-day life. It begins to see, as it never saw before, that Christianity is not exclusively a scheme for the transportation of a portion of the human race away from this world to a more congenial home beyond the skies, but a plan for the reorganization of life upon this planet; a plan that includes every department of human action—business, politics, society, art, education, amusement,—all the interests of life. As Dr. Henry Hopkins said so strongly in his recent sermon before the American Board of Missions, the great business of the church is to work for the embodiment of Christianity in the life of society. It is evident that in this conception, which is certainly gaining a firm hold of the thought of the leaders of the church to-day, the emphasis is shifted; the life that now is receives far more attention, as compared with the life that is to come, than was formerly the case. That the churches will be more useful as this conception gains clearness and strength cannot be doubted.

In its administration, as well as in its teaching, the church has

been increasing in usefulness, and there is every reason to expect that this improvement will continue. The methods of church work are far more effective now than they were in the boyhood of many of us. The Sunday-school is steadily gaining in efficiency; it has passed through the sophomoric period and is getting down to business; the young people are interested in the work of the church to an extent that was not dreamed of forty years ago; the social life of the church is cultivated with increasing success; and the missionary enterprises at our own doors and in distant places are pushed with growing enthusiasm. That this development of the active life of the church is to go forward is as certain as any future event can be.

If, now, it be asked in what particular directions the life and work of the church are likely to improve, these might be mentioned:

I. The preaching will improve. It will become less dogmatic and more spiritual. It will appeal, more and more, to man's own consciousness of need, and to those ineradicable instincts which testify of things unseen and eternal. The need of forgiveness, the need of guidance, the need of comfort and help—these are the perennial needs of human nature, and the pulpit will learn to bring man's need and God's free grace into closer relation. Doubtless, also, it will comprehend more and more clearly the truth that the kingdom of God is a social as well as a spiritual kingdom, and will give increased attention to the application of the Christian law to social questions.

II. The church will increase its usefulness by applying the law of Christ more vigorously to its own life. Especially necessary is this reformation in the management of the places of public worship. The church of God ought not to be a place where money can buy privilege. The distribution of the sittings in the churches upon competitive principles—the best seat going to the highest bidder—is an anomaly that needs correction. We revolt at simony in the pulpit, but we practise it all the while in the pews. The desire of families to have a definite place assigned to them is natural, but this assignment should be made on some principle that will give the man who pays ten dollars a year an equal chance with the man who pays a thousand dollars a year. If the thousand-dollar man will not contribute unless he can have his first choice, then let him hear the explicit words of the

great apostle: "Thy silver perish with thee, because thou hast thought to obtain the gift of God with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right before God."

III. The usefulness of the churches would be greatly increased if they would frequently consult together respecting the work to be done in the field which they occupy in common, and would agree upon some simple principle of coöperation. They need not aim at organic unity, but they can certainly agree to keep out of one another's way, to consider one another's interests, and to behave like Christians in their relations with one another. Their usefulness is often sadly impaired by their unseemly and destructive rivalries. Not only the interior life of the churches needs to be more perfectly christianized, but their relations with one another would be greatly improved if they would remember, now and then, in the prosecution of their sectarian schemes, whose kingdom they are building and what is the law of the kingdom.

IV. The churches will be more useful in the time to come, if they will rely less upon missionary methods and more upon the method of colonization. I refer now, of course, to the work in the cities and the large towns of our own country, where the problem of evangelization is most urgent and most difficult. The plan of sending out a few workers from the parent church to gather a mission in one of the destitute districts, or of employing city missionaries and Bible-readers to do the work in these precincts, has, no doubt, accomplished some good, but it is wholly inadequate to the work in hand. The labor of these single-handed missionaries makes little impression upon the mass; nor is it a "mission" that these people need. The church must send forth strong colonies of its best families to plant churches in these dark places. The problem of city evangelization cannot be solved by "mission" churches or Sunday-schools. We may send missionaries to China and Zulu-land, because we cannot go ourselves; but to our neighbors in the down-town wards we can go ourselves; hired emissaries will not answer the purpose, because they cannot possibly convey the one essential gift for which these churchless multitudes are suffering—and that is our love. We must carry that ourselves. A few self-denying workers who go down to the neglected district once a week to sustain by their labors the Sunday-school or the Gospel-meeting can accomplish more, of course, than the single-

handed city missionary; but their interest is only temporary; their membership is elsewhere; they cannot do that permanent, institutional work which the neighborhood needs. That can only be done by a church of strong, intelligent, enthusiastic Christian disciples, planted in the midst of this district, studying its social conditions patiently and, working its leaven into the lump by daily contact and association. Not missions, but colonies, will be the watchword of the church militant in the next generation.

V. I will name only one other way in which it seems to me that many of our churches might be made more useful, and that is by the employment of additional pastoral labor. It is true that the work of the church ought to be done by the members of the church; the great labor of evangelization must be performed by them, and cannot be delegated to others without infinite loss to them; but there is in every large church a great deal of pastoral labor—small details of superintendence and administration—that nobody can perform except the pastor and that he, with the burdens on his hands, is compelled to neglect. The more complex the organization of the church becomes, the more interests there are to be watched and guarded; and the man who tries to be a teacher finds it impossible to attend to them all. A little additional outlay for assistance would greatly increase his efficiency.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

THE CLAIM OF "REALISM."

ONE of the most curious phases of our modern literature is the claim put forth in behalf of a so-called "school" of fiction, that theirs is the only literary art worthy the name, because they alone depict "real" life. For this reason they have arrogantly dubbed themselves "realists," while all those whose methods they disapprove are denounced as "idealists." The distinction which is attempted thus to be drawn is a purely fanciful one. The real difference lies deeper. The realist regards art as a means for producing uncomfortable, unpleasant impressions. He paints weakness, indecision, and pettiness; traces the growth of an unworthy sentiment or the aimless *ennui* of a purposeless existence, and says this alone is real life. He depicts suffering and cowardice, duplicity and despair, but omits hope, aspiration, and triumph. He says that the heroic is exceptional, abnormal, and, therefore, unreal; but weakness, self-distrust, and self-consciousness—these are universal, normal, real.

Heretofore, it has been deemed the highest art to contrast in fiction the good and bad, like light and shade in painting. Heroism has been a favorite theme, not only because it is a grand ideal, but because the world needs the stimulus of grand example. The good and the true have been depicted, not only because they are to be found in life, but because they are the best things to be found there, and it is desirable that one should contemplate, not merely a picture of the average life, as the average eye sees it, but also should apprehend the best life and the noblest, in contrast with the weakest, if not the worst.

Our literary "realism," so-called, has set up a false standard of the truth. Only the average, every-day, common-place happenings, it says, are true. They alone are "real," healthful, fit material for fictitious art. If the exceptional is used, it must be rendered gross, common, or repulsive. Who shall strike the average? Who shall say what is every-day life? Who shall separate the exceptional from the common-place?

But even if this might be done, the distinction is still a false one. The exceptional is just as much a part of truth as the common-place. But are heroism and truth and love exceptional? Is he that paints the portrait of beauty without emphasizing her imperfections any more an "idealist" than he who emphazizes her defects without depicting her beauty?

On the other hand, the "realist" strives to maintain his exclusive right to the claim that he is the only truth-teller in fiction by drawing a line betwixt himself and the so-called "naturalist." The real distinction may be stated in a sentence. The "realist" keeps to what he deems a middle course. He paints neither the highest good nor the worst evil. He keeps the middle of the street and never sees what is in the gutter. This, he says, is true—this is real life and everything else is false. The naturalist, on the other hand, believes in high lights and deep shadows. He is sometimes in the palace and anon in the gutter. Truth, he says, does not lie midway between extremes, but embraces the antipodes. The absence of vice or virtue is not life, but the union and contrast of them. So what the "realist" so carefully avoids, the "naturalist" paints with unflagging zeal. Nothing is too high or too low, too fair or too foul, for him. He paints vice in the nude and virtue in its loveliest colors. M. Zola is the type of the "naturalist"; Mr. Howells the head of the "realists."

Curiously enough, while our social and political, and, in a sense, our artistic ideals have been growing towards English in character, our criticism and our literary art have, in a certain diluted form, come to be French in their tendency. Based on the idea that life is essentially mean and petty, they proceed to accomplish their purpose of rendering it "interesting," not by an appeal to sympathy or emotion, nor by carefully wrought out dramatic action, but rather by a wonderfully intricate formulation of moral eccentricities. Each character is made a tangled mass of contradictions, while the climax is a combination of unpleasant incertitudes. That it is art, there can be no question—art of the same elaborate and painful character as a Chinese puzzle; art of the sort that should make angels weep, not because it inclines men to do evil, but because it does an infinitely worse thing in inclining them to do nothing.

As between our "realism"—so-called—and the naturalism of M. Zola, there is a curious kinship. Zola paints foulness in terribly truthful colors. The basest nature grows sick at his disgusting depictions. He scourges high and low with a putrescent lash; but he always scourges. He makes vice mean, unmanly, base, as it must be, and he does not forget that virtue is essentially noble, manly, true. He does not forget, either, that the lowest life may have elements of nobility appealing to the tenderest sympathy. This is his idea of truth, of nature—to paint the devil as foul as he is, in order that his very repulsiveness may strengthen the brave, true nature in manly purpose. His naturalism is so strong that it shocks, terrifies, and, sometimes perhaps, debases and overwhelms. It infects with a sense of foulness from which there is no escape. To the strong it brings a sense of disgusted pity; to the weak, perhaps, even its repulsiveness opens a door to temptation. But while it sometimes smutches the pure, it never omits the element of hope. Evil itself is in his view the incontrovertible proof of a possibility for good. Amid all his blackness, he is singularly careful not to forget that there is, or ought to be, light. If he depicts degradation so terrible as to make his reader cower and tremble with disgust and shame, he is sure to leave the impression that it is not incurable; that vice exists because harmful forces have usurped healthful lives, and that the responsibility for social evils does not rest altogether with their victims.

"Realism," on the other hand, never shocks with its pictures of evil and never charms with unexpected glimpses of virtue. Aspiration it esteems a thing ridiculous, and self-sacrifice an attribute to be ashamed of. Naturalism is a too terrible picture of too prevalent evils; "realism," a hopeless assertion of the universal absence of good. According to its philosophy, vice is, at the worst, only a little more positive form of the doubt and vacillation which constitute its flaccid ideal of virtue. The claim that it is a true picture of life is not a whit more defensible than that of the naturalist. Each paints life from the point of view he has himself selected, no doubt, with painstaking accuracy of detail. The claim of "realism," that the one is true and the other false, is absurd. No one can doubt the work of the naturalist,—as well question the revelations of the anatomist's knife. So far as it goes, it tells all there is to be told, while its assumptive rival does not dare speak the truth of any life, but follows a median line, where it guesses that the average of truth, good and bad, ought to be, and says this is truth; or, if driven from this, falls back on the "interesting" quality, and says that nothing else is artistic. Dark shadows and strong lights are not "interesting," but only mild half-tones, which it asserts are the only real truths it is permissible to use.

Upon the same principle, the "realist" declares that great events and notable acts of individuals, whether real or imaginary, are not fit materials for fiction, because not "interesting." In short, it teaches that the only "interesting" things, which are also allowable artistic material, are the every-day and insignificant happenings of uneventful life. So far as the claim of truth-telling is concerned, the argument lies rather with the "naturalist" than with the "realist." The simple fact is, however, that no novelist paints the real facts of any life. The obligation that rests upon him is to give a true picture of the life he professes to portray, and what he deems the truth depends on what he sees when he studies that life. To one, the inward struggles, aspirations, conflicts of a character—what he does as well as what he hopes to

do—may seem to be the real story; while another may regard his speculations about others, his doubts and worries over trifles, such as the fit of his trousers or the color of his necktie, to be the important realities of his career. On every novelist rests alike the same obligation of truth-telling. "Realist," "naturalist," "idealist," "romancist," only that, and nothing more, can be demanded of them—that they paint life as they see it, feel it, believe it to be. The only quarrel with the "realist" is that he assumes to limit and prescribe the domain of truth for the sake of magnifying his own artistic merit. The genuine article, he would have us believe, is only found in his own little garden. All that grows outside its narrow limits is taboo, and whoever dares to call it art is in danger of being cast into the fire of his own private and self-administered place of "realistic" punishment. Whatever is not fashioned on his own prescribed models is wholly and inconceivably bad. The past and the present are only meritorious as they approximate his standards.

This arrogant assumption has had the effect which successful arrogance always has upon modest aspiration. The American novelist has always been mortally afraid of international criticism, and, instead of being encouraged to follow the lead of his own inclination, he began at once to try to borrow an approved pattern for his work. These great underlying impulses, which really give character to the American people, and ought, therefore, to have given the keynote to our contemporary fiction—these he cast aside and began to study the trepidations, doubts, uncertainties, embarrassments and gaucheries of the afternoon call or the evening "full dress rehearsal," and to call this not only life, but the only and exclusive life that fiction is permitted to depict.

As a result of these things, acting in concert with other causes, we find that nearly thirty years after the eclipse of war, our imaginative literature shows little evidence of the strength, variety, nobility, and grandeur that characterized the epoch preceding the outbreak of rebellion. Its poetry is insignificant; its fiction cramped and petty; its criticism carping rather than appreciative; its spirit dubitant rather than hopeful, and its aim, excellence in the application of imported methods, rather than self-reliant attempts to create a literature not only national, but of that supreme excellence which the conditions of our life would seem to justify the world in expecting at our hands.

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

II.

DECADENCE OF SONG.

IT is generally conceded that many passages of Wagner's operas are almost unsingable. The sequence of tones is not only strained and unnatural for the ear, but equally so for the voice. The result of this is an extraordinary wear on the powers; and when to this harsh progression of tones is added the difficulty of producing the voice under the limitations of the German tongue, the obstacles in the path of the singer become formidable. The Italian language is peculiarly adapted to the art of singing. In the development of this "soft bastard Latin," every hard sound was dropped and the language purified in its vocalism to a degree of unequalled smoothness. It is the preëminently liquid tongue, and its vowel sounds are the elementary tones of human speech. On the other hand, German has a number of mixed tones, such as those represented by the diphthongs au and ei, and the modified vowels ü and ö, which are extremely difficult to sing, except on notes easily produced. The best German singers mar their work by the bad production of notes accompanied by these vowel sounds, while singers of fairly good ability frequently shock the ears of cultured hearers.

Since this is the case in average music, it must obviously be worse in the Wagner music-dramas, because the great German did not give sufficient consideration to the powers of the human voice. The absence, for long spaces, in his scores, of any-

thing resembling fluent melody is destructive of proper voice-production. In the famous singing-schools of Italy, in the elder days of vocal art, what the French call *la mise de voix*, or, as we roughly term it, delivery, was a study of years. Delivery consists, according to a respectable authority, "in adapting as perfectly as possible the motions of respiration to the emission of sound, so as to bring out the power of the latter, as much as the quality of the organ and the conformation of the chest will admit, without carrying it to that degree of effort which makes the sound degenerate into a cry." No singer needs to be told that these results cannot be accomplished in the singing of music constructed with little or no attention to the capabilities of the vocal organs. Wagner's carelessness in this matter has forced singers so to sin against the laws of good voice-production that only persons of unusual robustness like Materna, Lehmann, or Scaria, have been able to endure the strain long. These people, moreover, are singing actors rather than vocalists, and the extreme Wagnerites hold that in the future the singing actor must be the artist of the operatic stage. But if we had a school of composition in which the music, faithfully illustrating the truly dramatic book, should be couched in terms of fluent melody and constructed with a view to good vocal results, the kind of artist needed for the operatic stage would not be a singing actor, but an acting singer.

The world is not prepared to give up the art of finished singing. Since the days of Claudio Monteverde, the opera has been the conservatory in which blossomed the rarest flowers of song. Once let the stage lose its culture, and perfect vocalization must disappear. The concert singer and the amateur are not influential enough to counterbalance the authority of the opera. The art of *bel canto* will be lost, and we shall read of the marvellous powers of the singers of by-gone days with scepticism. Farinelli curing Philip V., of Spain, of an attack of melancholy, which threatened his reason; Raff bringing the salvation of tears to the grief-stunned Princess Belmont; Senesino forgetting his part and falling upon the neck of Farinelli after an aria; Crescentini melting Napoleon and his whole court to tears—all these things will become the incredible legends of a musical age of fable; and we shall be compelled to endure at all times, as we are now frequently, bad voice-production, harsh and unmusical declamation, and strident cries, for the sake of a particularly good facial expression and a fine dignity of movement.

W. J. HENDERSON.

III.

NAMING THE NEW STATES.

SINCE the beginning of the pending discussion regarding the advisability of admitting a number of new States into the Union, a vigorous effort has been made to arouse a public sentiment hostile to the retention of the names by which several of the eligible commonwealths have been known since their organization as Territories. Mr. David Dudley Field has been foremost in this crusade against the old names, and he has apparently succeeded in convincing a portion of the press and people of the United States that it would not be advisable to have in the Union States bearing such names as North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington, and New Mexico. Unfortunately for his cause, however, he has not convinced the people who are most interested, the inhabitants of the territories concerned, that a change of names would be desirable; and Dakotans, Washingtonians, and New Mexicans insist with practical unanimity that the old names of their respective commonwealths be retained.

The objections to the old names, except in the case of Washington, are purely sentimental. It is urged that the names of North Dakota, South Dakota, and New Mexico do not sound well, and that new designations should accordingly be bestowed upon those commonwealths. The additional objection that it would be productive of confusion is urged against the name of Washington. The State of Washington and the city of Washington, say the advocates of a new nomenclature, would constantly be confounded one with the other, and it is, therefore, highly desirable that Washington Territory be admitted into the Union under some other name than that

which it bears. This is the only reason urged for a change of names, which is based upon utilitarian grounds, and it is not by any means a valid one. The fact that New York city and the State of New York bear the same name has never caused a great amount of confusion. Nobody has called for a change of name, either of the city or of the State, because of inability to distinguish between them. How much less would be the liability of confusing a city and a State separated by the width of the continent? A moment's thought will convince one how very improbable such a confusion of the State with the city would be. Indeed, the phrases of common conversation are such as to preclude the possibility of confounding Washington, the city, and Washington, the State. Confusion in the postal service because of the identity of names is equally out of the question. He would be a stupid postal clerk, indeed, who would fail to distinguish between such an address as,

James Alexander,
Washington,
D. C.

and such a one as

James Alexander,
Seattle.
Wash.

The abbreviations which are in common use, and which are authorized by the Post-Office Department, render confusion between the names of States now in the Union much more likely than would be possible between commonwealths designated by such dissimilar abbreviations as "Wash." and "D. C."

This argument, that of possible confusion, is the only one urged in favor of a change of name which is practical in its nature. The others, as has been said, are purely sentimental. North Dakota and South Dakota are objected to because of the prefixes, though nobody thinks of changing the name of North Carolina or South Carolina. New Mexico is also obnoxious because of the prefix, though the name is undeniably more appropriate and, for that matter, more euphonious, than that of New York, New Jersey, or New Hampshire. Indeed, all objections to the names of North Dakota, South Dakota, and New Mexico seem to be based upon an aversion to prefixes. The sentimental arguments against the name of Washington, however, are more numerous and more varied. It is urged that it is contrary to our custom to preserve the names of individuals in the names of the States of the Union. This would not be a convincing argument for changing the name of Washington, even if the assertion upon which it is based were true. As a matter of fact, however, the name of William Penn is preserved in that of Pennsylvania, the name of Charles I. in those of North Carolina and South Carolina, the name of George I. in that of Georgia, and the name of Louis XIV. in that of Louisiana. Nobody is agitating in favor of changing the names of these old commonwealths. Is it to be inferred, therefore, that this objection to the preservation of personal names does not apply to the names of French and English kings, but only to that of the American who would not be a king? Another reason urged for changing the name of Washington is that it was the wish of the forefathers to preserve the name of the Father of his Country in that of the capital city alone, and that it would be contrary to that wish for us to bestow it upon a State as well. This argument would be worthy of consideration, if it were based upon the truth, but as a matter of fact, Thomas Jefferson, as early as 1784, urged that the name of Washington be conferred upon a state of the Union.* Surely this is sufficient warrant for the belief that those who were contemporary with Washington wished to honor his name. The only remaining argument urged against the name of Washington, and it is urged also against the names of North Dakota, South Dakota, and New Mexico, is that it does not sound as well as another name might. This is really no argument at all. It is based solely upon a question of

* Jefferson's Report for Temporary Government of the Northwest Territory, adopted April 23, 1784.

taste, and the names which grate harshly upon the ears of Mr. Field may sound more sweetly to his fellow-citizens than those which he proposes.

It would seem that the single fact that the people of North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington, and New Mexico are steadfastly opposed to any change in the names of their commonwealths would be sufficient to overbalance all of the sentimental arguments which have been urged in favor of the changes. The inhabitants of these Territories, taken altogether, number not less than twelve hundred thousand people, and their wishes on this subject have repeatedly been expressed in the most unmistakable manner. These wishes are certainly worthy of consideration. They are based upon reasons both practical and sentimental. The names now held by the Territories are interwoven with their business and social life so completely that they can never be eradicated. Banks, newspapers, manufactories, bear the names of Dakota, Washington, and New Mexico. They are trade-marks possessed of no small commercial value. But this is the least of the reasons for the opposition of the people of the Territories to the proposed change of names. The Territory of New Mexico was organized thirty-nine years ago. Washington was organized thirty-six years ago. Dakota was organized twenty-eight years ago. Children born in the Territories bearing those names have grown to manhood and womanhood, loving the commonwealths of their nativity, honoring and cherishing their names. Is it strange that these men and women should resent any attempt to obliterate the names which they have so long cherished, and to place in their stead names around which cluster no memories, names which stand for no associations? "Why," said a native of Washington Territory, "if the name of Washington was changed, I should feel as if my father's name had been taken from me. I should be like a man without a country." If the native of Massachusetts, of Connecticut, or of New York would understand this feeling, let him imagine the name of his State erased from the map and a word substituted which meant nothing to himself or to anybody else. The pride of the people of the Territories in their history and achievements is every whit as strong as that of the people of the older commonwealths, and it is not strange that they protest against the substitution of new names for the ones which their Territories have borne for so many years. Imagine the storm of indignation that would be called forth by a proposition to change the name of the State of Webster, of Clay, or of Lincoln.

The States of the Union should assuredly bear appropriate and pleasing names; but the time to bestow them is when the Territories are organized, not when the States are admitted and after names previously given have become endeared to the people.

FREDERIC JAMES GRANT.

IV.

IMPOSSIBLE PRESIDENTS.

IT is apparent—to any one accustomed to inductive reasoning and capable of generalization—that no one will hereafter be elected President who has not been elected by the time he is sixty.

It is now a hundred years since Washington, at the age of fifty-seven was chosen. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and J. Q. Adams were each elected at that same age.

Of the twenty-three Presidents, only three were elected after the age of sixty-one. Of these three, two were military men who died soon after inauguration, and the other was James Buchanan.

Eighteen of the twenty-three were elected before the age of 60, one at 50, and seven while in the forties. General Grant was 46; Mr. Cleveland, 47; and General Harrison, 55.

Unwritten law which has been solidified by time and approved by experience is most difficult of repeal! it is founded on reason. Many an aspiring statesman will beat, with bruised hands, against this law, but it will stand; and it will be as difficult for one who has passed sixty to reach the Presidency "as for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

S. J. WILKES.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.

DR. WILLIAM SHEDD'S treatise, or rather text-book, issued by the Scribners,* gives a clear and logical presentation of doctrinal theology of the general type of what is usually understood as Calvinistic, or, as the author terms it, Augustino-Calvinistic. Dr. Shedd is an eminent teacher of these doctrines, and is undoubtedly a high authority on all patristic questions, and in his treatment of the different topics which group themselves around this general heading, he does not hesitate to avow his decided preference for the reasonings of the ancient fathers of the Church, expounded by the systems of Calvin and other writers of the Reformation period, over the advanced and progressive theology of the present age, on the ground, as he puts it, that the works of such men as Athanasius, Augustine, Anselm, and Calvin are based on scriptural revelation and were designed by Providence to stand as bulwarks of the faith for all time. As an exposition of the views usually held by the Calvinistic school, this work is entitled to the highest respect. Dr. Shedd uses the liberty of an expositor to give his own interpretation and philosophic explanation of certain points, as, for example, the doctrine of original sin; but in the main the work is strictly within the lines of the orthodox evangelical school. There is abundant evidence of research and sound scholarship, and the treatment of the various topics is elaborate, comprehensive, and profound, without prolixity or pedantry. The two volumes comprise seven main treatises, of which the first is introductory and deals with the divisions and definitions of what the author calls "theological science." The other divisions are Bibliology, Theology in its strict sense, as referring to the nature and attributes of the Divine Being, Anthropology or the science of man in his relation to God, Christology or the person of Christ, Soteriology or the atonement and its application to individuals, and Eschatology or the doctrine of the Intermediate State and of Final Things. It is impossible to attempt a review of these collected treatises in the space at our disposal. The subjects are chiefly of interest to scholarly theologians. Dr. Shedd does not conceal his contempt for the criticisms of men who, themselves not theologians, venture to attack the patristic theology. He says: "As the scientific comprehension of law is expected from jurists and not from laymen, so that of theology must be sought among philosophers and divines." There is, however, as we venture to suggest, this difference. The principles of human jurisprudence are based on the innate perceptions of truth and morality prevalent in human society, and where a law violates these principles its doom is certain.

* "Dogmatic Theology." By William G. T. Shedd, D. D., Roosevelt Professor of Systematic Theology in Union Theological Seminary. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The fundamental principles of theology, as theology is here presented to us, are above and beyond human comprehension and can only be measurably *apprehended;* hence doctors and experts in theology assume or appear to speak with something of a supernatural authority. This has always been the claim of ecclesiastics, more or less distinctly avowed, and men have over and over again risen up in rebellion against it, claiming that the human intellect and conscience may and must eventually sit in judgment upon every system of religious faith, and that those systems or parts of systems which do violence to the reason and judgment of mankind must sooner or later go to the wall. Dr. Shedd, in this treatise, labors hard, and with varying success, to expound the abstruse points of the Calvinistic creeds, and to this extent, we presume, recognizes the right of men to accept or reject his propositions, within the limits of conscience and under the guidance of the spirit of truth. As an exhibit of the distinctive doctrines of the evangelical school, the work is of pre-eminent value.

II.

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.

AMONG all the military memoirs called forth by the late Civil War, none surpasses in sustained interest, or in simple, graphic style of narration, that of General Sheridan.* At first the reader probably fears that the autobiographical form of the story may prove to be inconvenient. It is so difficult for any one to sit down and write an account of his own exploits without doing injustice either to himself or the history! In this case, the story grows in attractiveness with every page. For severe simplicity and dignity, and the absence of grandiloquence and perfervid enthusiasm, the book reminds one of the pages of Xenophon. Possibly Sheridan himself might have posed as a greater man, and possibly a greater tribute might have been paid to his memory as a successful soldier, if his history had been written by another person; but the world would have lost a book of classic merit, as this book undoubtedly is, and it will be so regarded by future generations. The closing chapters give an account of his experiences and impressions in the German camp as a spectator of the Franco-German contest of 1870.

III.

THE JEWISH RELIGION.

A BRIEF résumé of the history and evolution of the Jewish religion is undertaken by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of the Temple Adath Israel, Boston, in "Dissolving Views of the History of Judaism."† The three objective points may be stated as follows: Religion has ever been changing; the forms have changed only where their underlying principles have outlived their usefulness; and the present generation has the same right to change its religious practices as had its predecessors. The work is composed of a series of week-day lectures, which were delivered by the rabbi to his congregation in the form of brief biographical studies of prominent Jewish leaders from the earliest times to the present day. These are concise in style and philosophical in tone.

The religion of the early Hebrews is considered from a lower plane than usual, only two biblical characters being introduced, and these are treated with rather

* "Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan," General United States Army. 2 vols. Charles L. Webster & Co.

†"Dissolving Views in the History of Judaism." By Rabbi Solomon Schindler. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

scant ceremony. The list of those of the later centuries includes the names of Rabbi Ben Saccai, Saadia, Reuchlin and Pfefferkorn, Sir Moses Montefiore and Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, with many others. Each is considered in connection with contemporaneous events, and a flood of light is thus thrown on the progress of the Jewish religion. The reader turns to the chapter on the Talmud with hopeful anticipations, but his clouded conception of that remarkable work does not become clearer, since the best illustration of its voluminous contents which the author can give is this: "If you could collect, of all the newspapers published in four or five countries during the last four hundred years, at least one copy for every year and paper; if you could take this material—leaders, essays, news, reviews—string them together without title or chronological order, and publish them in book form, you would have a literary production somewhat similar to the Talmud." The Bible, says the rabbi, has long since ceased to be regarded by the Jews as a work of inspiration, and this belief is attributed to the fact that the underlying principles of Judaism have undergone a change. The same, substantially, is said of the Jewish belief in a coming Messiah. Unless this be the work of an extreme radical in the Hebrew fold, we think the average reader will be surprised at, as well as interested in, the unfolding of the doctrines now held by this ancient people. But the author plainly avows, in the closing chapter on "The Present Hour," that it is difficult to formulate the belief of the modern Jew. "Under conditions as they are, it is an absolute impossibility to establish a definition of the term [Judaism] which would suit the many heads and many brains which compose what we call the Jewish community."

IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A useful little handbook of social customs, entitled "Hints About Men's Dress,"* by a New York clubman, has just been issued and will serve to answer many questions from the curious and uninitiated in such important matters.

Lee & Shepard issue several valuable reprints and some original works in their Good Company series. Miss Frances Power Cobbe's treatise on "Religious Duty"† presents the moral aspects of Christianity from an intelligent stand-point, and will repay perusal. The range of topics is not exactly limited by the title of the book, since it includes not only religious obligations, but also religious offences, such as blasphemy, apostacy, hypocrisy, perjury, sacrilege, etc., and religious faults, such as thanklessness, irreverence, prayerlessness, impenitence, scepticism, worldliness. The obligations enumerated are thanksgiving, adoration, prayer, repentance, faith, and self-consecration. Miss Cobbe's writings are pervaded by a true and spiritual fervor, and, while they reflect her theological views as a Unitarian, are edifying and helpful to a remarkable degree. Richard Steele's papers on "The Lover,"‡ and other selected topics from *The Englishman* and other periodicals, which delighted our grandfathers and grandmothers, make pleasant reading for this generation, if only to serve the purpose of showing how very much human nature of to-day resembles that of previous generations.

*"Hints about Men's Dress. Right Principles Economically Applied." By a New York Clubman. D. Appleton & Co.

†"Religious Duty." By Frances Power Cobbe. Lee & Shepard.

‡"The Lover," and Selected Papers from *The Englishman*, etc., etc. By Richard Steele. Lee & Shepard.

Douglas Jerrold's "Fireside Saints,"* "Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talks," and other papers are also included in this series, and have a certain classical interest, besides their faculty of making entertainment. The same may be said of Leigh Hunt's "Wishing-Cap Papers,"† to which the publishers append the note "Now First Collected." There is something particularly charming about this writer, and the papers given are just of that variety which whiles away care and tends to restfulness and contentment in the reader. "Dreamthorp, a Book of Essays Written in the Country,"‡ by Alexander Smith, is couched in a thoughtful vein, and appeals to the better instincts of human nature. Among the topics dwelt upon are "On Death and the Fear of Dying," in which are some admirable and helpful reflections, and "On the Importance of a Man to Himself," in which is abundance of wise and practical philosophy worth absorbing into one's mental self. There are also other papers.

Mr. N. R. Waters, in his book, "Rome or Reason,"‖ gives a very frank and lucid autobiography of his experiences through an intellectual and spiritual groping after truth which lasted for many years. These brought him through the dogmas of the Protestant religion, which he discovered to be "founded on sand," to the calm authoritativeness of Roman Catholicism, and onward to a period of doubt, negation, and moral incertitude, followed at last by settled peace and satisfaction in the acceptance of conscience and duty as the great guides for humanity. The tone of the book is reverential towards sacred things, but positive in its discarding of what is understood as theology, "especially the patristic and Calvinistic theology which claims the name of orthodox."

Mr. Hittell gives, in his little manual,§ some exceedingly good advice as to the conduct of life from the stand-point of pure and lofty secularism. And to a great deal here advanced the Christian moralist will not be disposed to take exception, though the author is not in sympathy with Christianity as a faith and system.

Under a title whose suitableness is not at once apparent,** a half-dozen sermons by as many ministers are collected. Each was delivered at some Unitarian convention in this country or in Europe within the past six years, and, naturally enough, each illustrates some leading tenet of the Unitarian faith. His will not attract the attention of a large class of readers, since a peculiarly narrow conception of things spiritual inheres in nearly all portions of the book. The names of the authors are sufficiently well known to indicate a high grade of literary workmanship and considerable eloquence.

*"Fireside Saints," "Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk," and other papers. By Douglas Jerrold. Lee & Shepard.

†"The Wishing-Cap Papers." By Leight Hunt. Lee & Shepard.

‡"Dreamthorp. A Book of Essays Written in the Country." By Alexander Smith. Lee & Shepard.

‖"Rome or Reason: A Memoir of Christian and extra-Christian Experience." By Nathaniel Ramsay Waters. New York: Charles P. Somerby.

§"A Code of Morals." By John S. Hittell. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

**"Show Us the Father." By M. J. Savage, S. R. Calthrop, H. M. Simmons, J. W. Chadwick, W. C. Gannett, J. L. Jones. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Economic Interpretations of History. Lectures delivered in Worcester Coll. Hall, Oxford, 1887–88. James E. Thorold Rogers.
The Tariff History of the United States. A series of essays. F. W. Taussig, LL.B., Ph.D.
American Literature. 1607–1885. Charles F. Richardson. In 2 vols. Second volume: American Poetry and Fiction.
The Story of Holland. James E. Thorold Rogers.
Industrial Liberty. John M. Bonham.

L. K. Strousse & Co., New York.
The Civil-Service Law. A defence of its principles, etc. Wm. Harrison Clarke.

D. Lothrop Company.
Babyland. Edited by the Editors of Wide-Awake.
Pansies for Thoughts. From the writings of Mrs. G. R. Alden.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
The Human Mystery in Hamlet; an attempt to say an unsaid word. Martin W. Cooke.

Belford, Clarke & Co.
Divided Lives. A novel Edgar Fawcett.

A. H. Smythe, Columbus, O.
A History of Ohio. Daniel J. Ryan.

The Bancroft Co., San Francisco.
A Code of Morals. John S. Hittell.

Exchange Printing Co., New York.
Letters from Waldegrave Cottage. The Rev. Geo. W. Nichols, A.M.

The Burrows Brothers' Company, Cleveland, O.
The Pocket Gem Pronouncing Dictionary.

Charles T. Dillingham.
The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada. Samuel Barton.
When Age Grows Young. A Romance. Hyland C. Kirk.

D. W. Lerch, Bradford, Pa.
Labor, Capital and Money; Their Just Relations. C. C. Camp.

E. Glaeser.
The Social Question in the Light of History and the Word of Truth. The Rev. John H. Oerter.

Cranston & Stowe.
Letters to a King. Albion W. Tourgee, LL.D.

Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati.
The Practical Works of Gay Waters, including the Wicota.

Argosy Press, Georgetown, British Guiana.
The Cavaliers and Roundheads of Barbadoes, 1650–1652. N. Darnell Davis.

Benziger Brothers, Cincinnati.
God, Knowable and Known. Maurice Ronayne, S. J.

Ginn & Company.
Sharing the Profits. Mary Whiton Calkins, A. M.

Nixon-Jones Printing Company, St. Louis.
Essays on God and Man; or, a Philosophical Inquiry into the Principles of Religion. The Rev. Henry Truro Bray, LL. D.

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AN EXTRA SESSION—WHEN?

BY THE HON. WILLIAM B. ALLISON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IOWA.

AN extra session of Congress in the beginning of a new Administration is not desirable in the public interest, unless a great necessity for it appears. The chief reason now urged for an extra session of Congress lies in the fact that we have a large revenue coming into the Treasury monthly, and each month considerably in excess of the payments authorized by existing appropriations. Is this surplus such as would justify an Administration in calling an extra session of Congress at the beginning of a term, when pressing administrative affairs must be considered?

It is well-known that the appropriations for the current fiscal year were very large, and the appropriations for the fiscal year beginning on the first of July next are also large. If these are expended,—and it is reasonable to suppose that most of them will be, with probable deficiencies in pensions, at least,—the apprehended surplus, as shown by various Treasury reports, and by public statements made from time to time in both houses of Congress, will be very much diminished. The appropriations for the current fiscal year are, in round numbers, say, only $20,000,000 less than the estimated revenues for the present fiscal year, and it is not probable that the actual revenues will exceed the estimated revenues. The appropriations made by the session of Congress just closed are, in round numbers, $25,000,000 less than the appropriations for the current year; so that it may be stated that on the first day of July, 1890, the excess of revenues over the expenditures for the next fiscal year

will be, in round numbers, $45,000,000, as against $20,000,000 for the current fiscal year. It is not probable that the revenues for the next fiscal year will be in excess of the estimates.

Now, of this $45,000,000 surplus, nearly one-half will have accumulated by January 1, 1890, so that the problem for the Secretary of the Treasury to solve, in case Congress should not be called in extra session, will be how he can dispose of this $23,000,000 of excess. It can easily be done either by the purchase of four-and-a-halfs, in anticipation of their early maturity in 1891, or by the purchase of fours, maturing in 1907; so that it may be stated that, so far as the current revenues are concerned, from this time up to and including the fiscal year 1889–90, it will not be a difficult thing to purchase bonds covering this entire surplus.

The existing surplus, which has been accumulating for some years, now lying in the Treasury or in the National banks, would not be affected by legislation, whether now or at any future time, as any re-adjustment of taxation must take place with reference to current revenues and current expenditures, without considering these accumulations. So, in any event, the overlapping surplus of prior years should be, and doubtless will be, used in the purchase of bonds, as there are no pressing extraordinary expenditures provided for (or likely to be) that would absorb it.

If an extra session should be called in the near future, it would be impossible to mature and perfect a tariff measure during such extra session, and the only thing possible would be, by a joint resolution, to repeal, for example, the tobacco-tax, which would relieve the Treasury of, say, $30,000,000 per annum. This, however, could only be done with the consent of both political parties, as any revenue measure introduced into the House would be subject, under its rules, to amendment without limitation; and when such measure should reach the Senate, it would, in that body, also be subject to amendment without limitation. Hence a small portion of either house in either party could, if they were disposed, compel a full consideration of the whole question of the tariff and internal revenue; and it is not probable that the House, being so nearly divided, and the Republican party now having only a small majority, could pass a revenue measure at an extra session without a prolonged debate upon the general question and without the free exercise of the power of amendment.

In this view, it would seem to be wiser and better that the extra

session of Congress should be postponed until the middle or last of October, when Congress could convene and remain in continuous session and take up seriously and earnestly the whole question of the reduction of taxation by means of a reduction of internal revenue and a revision of the tariff.

An extra session in October would give time for the organization of the House and the committees of the House, and thus put in course of early preparation these revenue measures, which could be considered and completed, under these conditions, by April of next year. It seems very doubtful whether any progress could be made by calling an extra session during the present spring, and taking the risk of a long session during the summer, without any practical result. This debate may be fairly anticipated from the fact that, notwithstanding the general verdict of the people at the last election, the Democratic party still adheres with firmness to its original proclamation that the tariff should be revised upon a revenue basis, and not upon the idea that American industries shall be cared for in the preparation and revision of the schedules. The business interests need not be alarmed at this postponement, as it may be taken for granted that the policy of President Harrison will be, not to hoard money in the Treasury, but to utilize the surplus, as far as it can be utilized, in the purchase of the interest-bearing debt of the United States, first for the bonds presently maturing, and, secondly, for the bonds due in 1907; so that the situation, as respects our revenue and the money in the Treasury, under this policy, will not be materially changed, whether Congress is convened in the early spring or late autumn.

The accompanying table (pp. 400–401) is an accurate statement of the appropriations for the current fiscal year and the next year. A critical examination of this table and of these appropriations for the two years will disclose the fact that there is no probability of any future reduction of the appropriations for the various purposes indicated. For example, the appropriations for the current year for pensions were, in round numbers, $81,000,000; but just before the adjournment of the last session a deficiency of $8,000,000 was asked and appropriated for pensions. The appropriations for the next fiscal year for the like purpose were $81,000,000. It is not improbable that the deficiency for the next year will be in excess of the $8,000,000 appropriated for this year. The appropriations for the Post-Office Department, owing to the rapid growth and development of our country, are constantly increas-

Chronological history of appropriation bills, second session of the Fiftieth Congress; estimates and appropriations for the fiscal year 1889-'90; *and appropriations for fiscal year* 1888-'89.

[Prepared by the clerks to the Committees on Appropriations of the Senate and House of Representatives.]

Title.	Estimates, 1890.	Reported to the House.		Passed the House.		Reported to the Senate		Passed the Senate.		Law, 1889-'90.	Law. 1888-'89.
		Date.	Amount.	Date.	Amount.	Date.	Amount.	Date.	Amount.	Amount.	Amount.
Agricultural	$1,686,160.00	1889. Feb. 2	$1,631,010.00	1889. Feb. 8	$1,631,010.00	1889. Feb. 21	$1,699,470.00	1889. Feb. 22	$1,701,470.00	$1,669,770.00	$1,716,010.00
Army	24,970,658.24	Jan. 25	24,466,615.73	Feb. 8	23,978.115.73	Feb. 22	24,057,615.73	Feb. 26	24,320,115.73	24,300,115.73	24,471,300.00
Diplomatic and Consular	1,947,565.00	1888. Dec. 20	1,427,025.00	Jan. 12	1,427,025.00	Jan. 25	2,050,325.00	Jan. 31	2,080,325.00	1,980,025.00	1,428,465.00
District of Columbia *a*	5,949,535.61	Dec. 6	4,927,193.61	1888. Dec. 10	4,943,193.61	Jan. 22	5,981,806.91	Jan. 25	6,296,139.91	5,687,406.91	5,046,410.32
Fortification	5,552.000.00	1889. Jan. 2	890,000.00	1889. Jan. 19	915,320.00	Feb. 8	1,136,094.00	Feb. 9	1,336,094.00	1,205,594.00	3,972,000.00
Indian	5,475,410.50	Feb. 13	5,637,893.05	Feb. 27	7,878,361.07	Mar. 1	7,852,571.35	Mar. 2	8,027,524.78	8,035,724.78	8,263,700.79
Legislative, etc	21,087,485.25	1888. Dec. 14	20,802,245.81	1888. Dec. 18	20,803,145.81	Feb. 4	20,864,405.81	Feb. 8	20,885,125.81	20,840,535.81	20,758,178.07
Military Academy	1,026,776.69	Dec. 18	904,266.69	1889. Jan. 12	904,266.69	Jan. 25	902,766.69	Jan. 25	902,766.69	902,766.69	315,043.81
Navy	26,767,277.74	1889. Jan. 21	19,909,010.27	Feb. 2	20,009,010.27	Feb. 8	22,855,574,98	Feb. 12	23,080,574.98	21,692,510.27	19,942,835.35
Pension	81,750,700.00	1888. Dec. 7	81,757,500.00	1888. Dec. 10	81,740,000.00	Jan. 25	81,758,200.00	Feb. 8	81,758,200.00	81,758,200.00	81,758,700.00
Post-Office *b*	66,812,073.02	1889. Feb. 2	66,595,344.28	1889. Feb. 21	66,595,344.28	Feb. 27	66,605,344.28	Feb. 29	66,700,344.28	66,605,344.28	60,860,233.74
River-and-Harbor	*c*5,677,000.00	1888. Dec. 12	11,906,850.00	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	22,397,616.90
Sundry Civil	28,574.448.46	1889. Jan. 8	22,852,996.47	Jan. 29	23,470,830.65	Feb. 18	26,137,881.65	Feb. 22	26,923,981.65	25,277,341.65	26,320,804.84
Total	277,285,090.51	.....	263,707,950.91	.....	254,295,623.11	.....	261,902,056.40	.....	264,012,662.83	259,955,335.12	277,251,288.82

Chronological history of appropriation bills, etc.—Continued.

Title.	Estimates, 1889.	Reported to the House.		Passed the House.		Reported to the Senate.		Passed the Senate.		Law 1889-'90	Law 1888-'89.
		Date.	Amount.	Date.	Amount.	Date.	Amount.	Date.	Amount.	Amount.	Amount.
Deficiency, 1889 and prior years	*a*20,000,000.00	Feb. 12	14,568,281.77	Feb. 26	14,728,954.31	Mar. 1	17,670,290.24	Mar. 1	18,659,652.84	16,423,360.60	*e*19,563,383.26
Total	297,285,090.51	.....	278,276,232.68	.....	269,024,577,42	.....	279,572,346.64	.....	282,672,315,67	276,378,695.72	296,814,682.08
Miscellaneous	*d* 6,500,000,00	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	*d* 5,500,000.00	10,170,862.55
Total regular annual appropriations	303,785,090.51	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	281,878,695.72	306,985,544.63
Permanent annual appropriations	108,691,055.95	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	108,691,055,95	115,640,798.90
Grand total, regular and permanent annual appropriations	412,476,146.46	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	390,569,751.67	422,626,343.53

Amount of estimated revenues for fiscal year 1890..... $377,000,000.00
Amount of estimated postal revenues for fiscal year 1890.... 62,508,658.12

Total estimated revenues for fiscal year 1890..... 439,508,658.12

a Fifty per cent. of the amounts appropriated for the District of Columbia is paid by the United States. The amount for the water department (estimated for 1890 at $237,125.64) is paid out of the revenue of that department.

b The appropriations for the postal service are paid out of the postal revenues (estimated for 1890 at $62,508,658.12), and any deficiency in the revenue is provided for out of the Treasury of the United States.

c This is the estimate submitted for rivers and harbors for 1890. "The amount that can be profitably expended," as reported by the Chief of Engineers, is $32,012,250.

d This sum is approximated.

e This is the aggregate amount of the four deficiency acts passed during the first session of the Fiftieth Congress.

ing, and for the years that are to follow they will probably be in excess of the appropriations for this year and the next fiscal year.

The appropriations of this year for the navy are $19,000,000; for the next year $21,000,000; but it is quite probable that a deficiency in the naval appropriations for the next year will be required to complete the naval vessels already under contract, and it is certain that the policy of the Republican party will be to increase considerably the appropriations for the navy next year, in order that we may have, at as early a date as possible, an effective navy. So it is probable that the appropriations for fortifications, etc., will be considerably increased next year. Therefore it may be said that our National expenditures in the future are likely to increase year by year rather than to diminish. It is certain that next year a River-and-Harbor Bill of considerable magnitude must be passed, because during this year no River-and-Harbor Bill passed. Had the bill passed both houses as reported by the Committee on Rivers and Harbors in the House of Representatives, the surplus for the next fiscal year would have been reduced by $10,000,000 at least, bringing it down to less than $40,000,000.

These large sums which I have indicated constitute the great items where deficiencies may be expected and increased appropriations required in the future. It is probable that the smaller items included in these general appropriation bills may also be increased to the extent of $2,000,000 or $3,000,000.

The contest in the two houses on the reduction of revenues and the revision of the tariff in the Fifty-first Congress will be, as it was in the Fiftieth, a contest, on the one hand, for the reduction of revenues, and, with that reduction, a scaling-down of the tariff to a revenue basis, and, on the other, a reduction by such changes and modifications of the tariff as will reduce the revenues and, at the same time, defend and protect our own industries as against the sharp competition of similar industries in other countries. Under the Constitution, of course, any tariff bill or revenue bill must originate in the House of Representatives, and, whilst it may not be possible to predict with exactness the line that will be pursued by the Republican majority in that body, it may be fairly inferred that, in a general way, with probable modification of details, the House of Representatives will follow the plan and method of, as also the principle involved in, the Senate bill which passed the Senate during the last session of the Fiftieth Congress.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND AGNOSTICISM.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

In the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* is an article by Professor Huxley, entitled "Agnosticism." It seems that a church congress was held at Manchester in October, 1888, and that the Principal of King's College brought the topic of Agnosticism before the assembly and made the following statement:

> "But if this be so, for a man to urge as an escape from this article of belief that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of an unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant. His difference from Christians lies, not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated. He may prefer to call himself an Agnostic, but his real name is an older one—he is an infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever. The word infidel, perhaps, carries an unpleasant significance. Perhaps it is right that it should. It is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ."

Let us examine this statement, putting it in language that is easily understood; and for that purpose we will divide it into several paragraphs.

First.—"For a man to urge that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of the unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant."

Is there any other knowledge than a scientific knowledge? Are there several kinds of knowing? Is there such a thing as scientific ignorance? If a man says, "I know nothing of the unseen world because I have no knowledge upon that subject," is the fact that he has no knowledge absolutely irrelevant? Will the Principal of King's College say that having no knowledge is the reason he knows? When asked to give your opinion upon any subject, can it be said that your ignorance of that

subject is irrelevant? If this be true, then your knowledge of the subject is also irrelevant.

Is it possible to put in ordinary English a more perfect absurdity? How can a man obtain any knowledge of the unseen world? He certainly cannot obtain it through the medium of the senses. It is not a world that he can visit. He cannot stand upon its shores, nor can he view them from the ocean of imagination. The Principal of King's College, however, insists that these impossibilities are irrelevant.

No person has come back from the unseen world. No authentic message has been delivered. Through all the centuries, not one whisper has broken the silence that lies beyond the grave. Countless millions have sought for some evidence, have listened in vain for some word.

It is most cheerfully admitted that all this does not prove the non-existence of another world—all this does not demonstrate that death ends all. But it is the justification of the Agnostic, who candidly says, "I do not know."

Second.—The Principal of King's College states that the difference between an Agnostic and a Christian "lies, not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated."

Is this a difference in knowledge, or a difference in belief—that is to say, a difference in credulity?

The Christian believes the Mosaic account. He reverently hears and admits the truth of all that he finds within the scriptures. Is this knowledge? How is it possible to know whether the reputed authors of the books of the Old Testament were the real ones? The witnesses are dead. The lips that could testify are dust. Between these shores roll the waves of many centuries. Who knows whether such a man as Moses existed or not? Who knows the author of Kings and Chronicles? By what testimony can we substantiate the authenticity of the prophets, or of the prophecies, or of the fulfilments? Is there any difference between the knowledge of the Christian and of the Agnostic? Does the Principal of King's College know any more as to the truth of the Old Testament than the man who modestly calls for evidence? Has not a mistake been made? Is not the difference one of belief instead of knowledge? And is not this difference founded on the difference in credulity? Would not an infinitely wise and

good being—where belief is a condition to salvation—supply the evidence? Certainly the Creator of man—if such exist—knows the exact nature of the human mind—knows the evidence necessary to convince; and, consequently, such a being would act in accordance with such conditions.

There is a relation between evidence and belief. The mind is so constituted that certain things, being in accordance with its nature, are regarded as reasonable, as probable.

There is also this fact that must not be overlooked: that is, that just in the proportion that the brain is developed it requires more evidence, and becomes less and less credulous. Ignorance and credulity go hand in hand. Intelligence understands something of the law of average, has an idea of probability. It is not swayed by prejudice, neither is it driven to extremes by suspicion. It takes into consideration personal motives. It examines the character of the witnesses, makes allowance for the ignorance of the time,—for enthusiasm, for fear,—and comes to its conclusion without fear and without passion.

What knowledge has the Christian of another world? The senses of the Christian are the same as those of the Agnostic. He hears, sees, and feels substantially the same. His vision is limited. He sees no other shore and hears nothing from another world.

Knowledge is something that can be imparted. It has a foundation in fact. It comes within the domain of the senses. It can be told, described, analyzed, and, in addition to all this, it can be classified. Whenever a fact becomes the property of one mind, it can become the property of the intellectual world. There are words in which the knowledge can be conveyed.

The Christian is not a supernatural person, filled with supernatural truths. He is a natural person, and all that he knows of value can be naturally imparted. It is within his power to give all that he has to the Agnostic.

The Principal of King's College is mistaken when he says that the difference between the Agnostic and the Christian does not lie in the fact that the Agnostic has no knowledge, "but that he does not believe the authority on which these things are stated."

The real difference is this: the Christian says that he has knowledge; the Agnostic admits that he has none; and yet the Christian accuses the Agnostic of arrogance, and asks him how

he has the impudence to admit the limitations of his mind. To the Agnostic every fact is a torch, and by this light, and this light only, he walks.

It is also true that the Agnostic does not believe the authority relied on by the Christian. What is the authority of the Christian? Thousands of years ago it is supposed that certain men, or, rather, uncertain men, wrote certain things. It is alleged by the Christian that these men were divinely inspired, and that the words of these men are to be taken as absolutely true, no matter whether or not they are verified by modern discovery and demonstration.

How can we know that any human being was divinely inspired? There has been no personal revelation to us to the effect that certain people were inspired—it is only claimed that the revelation was to them. For this we have only their word, and about that there is this difficulty: we know nothing of them, and, consequently, cannot, if we desire, rely upon their character for truth. This evidence is not simply hearsay—it is far weaker than that. We have only been told that they said these things; we do not know whether the persons claiming to be inspired wrote these things or not; neither are we certain that such persons ever existed. We know now that the greatest men with whom we are acquainted are often mistaken about the simplest matters. We also know that men saying something like the same things, in other countries and in ancient days, must have been impostors. The Christian has no confidence in the words of Mohammed; the Mohammedan cares nothing about the declarations of Buddha; and the Agnostic gives to the words of the Christian the value only of the truth that is in them. He knows that these sayings get neither truth nor worth from the person who uttered them. He knows that the sayings themselves get their entire value from the truth they express. So that the real difference between the Christian and the Agnostic does not lie in their knowledge,—for neither of them has any knowledge on this subject,—but the difference does lie in credulity, and in nothing else. The Agnostic does not rely on the authority of Moses and the prophets. He finds that they were mistaken in most matters capable of demonstration. He finds that their mistakes multiply in the proportion that human knowledge increases. He is satisfied that the religion of the ancient Jews is, in most things, as ignorant and cruel as other re-

ligions of the ancient world. He concludes that the efforts, in all ages, to answer the questions of origin and destiny, and to account for the phenomena of life, have all been substantial failures.

In the presence of demonstration there is no opportunity for the exercise of faith. Truth does not appeal to credulity—it appeals to evidence, to established facts, to the constitution of the mind. It endeavors to harmonize the new fact with all that we know, and to bring it within the circumference of human experience.

The church has never cultivated investigation. It has never said: Let him who has a mind to think, think; but its cry from the first until now has been: Let him who has ears to hear, hear.

The pulpit does not appeal to the reason of the pew; it speaks by authority and it commands the pew to believe, and it not only commands, but it threatens.

The Agnostic knows that the testimony of man is not sufficient to establish what is known as the miraculous. We would not believe to-day the testimony of millions to the effect that the dead had been raised. The church itself would be the first to attack such testimony. If we cannot believe those whom we know, why should we believe witnesses who have been dead thousands of years, and about whom we know nothing?

Third.—The Principal of King's College, growing somewhat severe, declares that "he may prefer to call himself an Agnostic, but his real name is an older one—he is an infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever."

This is spoken in a kind of holy scorn. According to this gentleman, an unbeliever is, to a certain extent, a disreputable person.

In this sense, what is an unbeliever? He is one whose mind is so constituted that what the Christian calls evidence is not satisfactory to him. Is a person accountable for the constitution of his mind, for the formation of his brain? Is any human being responsible for the weight that evidence has upon him? Can he believe without evidence? Is the weight of evidence a question of choice? Is there such a thing as honestly weighing testimony? Is the result of such weighing necessary? Does it involve moral responsibility? If the Mosaic account does not convince a man that it is true, is he a wretch because he is candid enough to tell the truth? Can he preserve his manhood only by making a false statement?

The Mohammedan would call the Principal of King's College an unbeliever,—so would the tribes of Central Africa,—and he would return the compliment, and all would be equally justified. Has the Principal of King's College any knowledge that he keeps from the rest of the world? Has he the confidence of the Infinite? Is there anything praiseworthy in believing where the evidence is sufficient, or is one to be praised for believing only where the evidence is insufficient? Is a man to be blamed for not agreeing with his fellow-citizen? Were the unbelievers in the pagan world better or worse than their neighbors? It is probably true that some of the greatest Greeks believed in the gods of that nation, and it is equally true that some of the greatest denied their existence. If credulity is a virtue now, it must have been in the days of Athens. If to believe without evidence entitles one to eternal reward in this century, certainly the same must have been true in the days of the Pharaohs.

An infidel is one who does not believe in the prevailing religion. We now admit that the infidels of Greece and Rome were right. The gods that they refused to believe in are dead. Their thrones are empty, and long ago the sceptres dropped from their nerveless hands. To-day the world honors the men who denied and derided these gods.

Fourth.—The Principal of King's College ventures to suggest that "the word infidel, perhaps, carries an unpleasant significance; perhaps it is right that it should."

A few years ago the word infidel did carry "an unpleasant significance." A few years ago its significance was so unpleasant that the man to whom the word was applied found himself in prison or at the stake. In particularly kind communities he was put in the stocks, pelted with offal, derided by hypocrites, scorned by ignorance, jeered by cowardice, and all the priests passed by on the other side.

There was a time when Episcopalians were regarded as infidels; when a true Catholic looked upon a follower of Henry VIII. as an infidel, as an unbeliever; when a true Catholic held in detestation the man who preferred a murderer and adulterer—a man who swapped religions for the sake of exchanging wives—to the Pope, the head of the universal church.

It is easy enough to conceive of an honest man denying the

claims of a church based on the caprice of an English king. The word infidel "carries an unpleasant significance" only where the Christians are exceedingly ignorant, intolerant, bigoted, cruel, and unmannerly.

The real gentleman gives to others the rights that he claims for himself. The civilized man rises far above the bigotry of one who has been "born again." Good breeding is far gentler than "universal love."

It is natural for the church to hate an unbeliever—natural for the pulpit to despise one who refuses to subscribe, who refuses to give. It is a question of revenue instead of religion. The Episcopal Church has the instinct of self-preservation. It uses its power, its influence, to compel contribution. It forgives the giver.

Fifth.—The Principal of King's College insists that "it is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ."

Should it be an unpleasant thing for a man to say plainly what he believes? Can this be unpleasant except in an uncivilized community—a community in which an uncivilized church has authority?

Why should not a man be as free to say that he does not believe as to say that he does believe? Perhaps the real question is whether all men have an equal right to express their opinions. Is it the duty of the minority to keep silent? Are majorities always right? If the minority had never spoken, what to-day would have been the condition of this world? Are the majority the pioneers of progress, or does the pioneer, as a rule, walk alone? Is it his duty to close his lips? Must the inventor allow his inventions to die in the brain? Must the discoverer of new truths make of his mind a tomb? Is man under any obligation to his fellows? Was the Episcopal religion always in the majority? Was it at any time in the history of the world an unpleasant thing to be called a Protestant? Did the word Protestant "carry an unpleasant significance"? Was it "perhaps right that it should"? Was Luther a misfortune to the human race?

If a community is thoroughly civilized, why should it be an unpleasant thing for a man to express his belief in respectful language? If the argument is against him, it might be unpleasant; but why should simple numbers be the foundation

of unpleasantness? If the majority have the facts,—if they have the argument,—why should they fear the mistakes of the minority? Does any theologian hate the man he can answer?

It is claimed by the Episcopal Church that Christ was in fact God; and it is further claimed that the New Testament is an inspired account of what that being and his disciples did and said. Is there any obligation resting on any human being to believe this account? Is it within the power of man to determine the influence that testimony shall have upon his mind?

If one denies the existence of devils, does he, for that reason, cease to believe in Jesus Christ? Is it not possible to imagine that a great and tender soul living in Palestine nearly twenty centuries ago was misunderstood? Is it not within the realm of the possible that his words have been inaccurately reported? Is it not within the range of the probable that legend and rumor and ignorance and zeal have deformed his life and belittled his character?

If the man Christ lived and taught and suffered, if he was, in reality, great and noble, who is his friend—the one who attributes to him feats of jugglery, or he who maintains that these stories were invented by zealous ignorance and believed by enthusiastic credulity?

If he claimed to have wrought miracles, he must have been either dishonest or insane; consequently, he who denies miracles does what little he can to rescue the reputation of a great and splendid man.

The Agnostic accepts the good he did, the truth he said, and rejects only that which, according to his judgment, is inconsistent with truth and goodness.

The Principal of King's College evidently believes in the necessity of belief. He puts conviction or creed or credulity in place of character. According to his idea, it is impossible to win the approbation of God by intelligent investigation and by the expression of honest conclusions. He imagines that the Infinite is delighted with credulity, with belief without evidence, faith without question.

Man has but little reason, at best; but this little should be used. No matter how small the taper is, how feeble the ray of light it casts, it is better than darkness, and no man should be rewarded for extinguishing the light he has.

We know now, if we know anything, that man in this, the nineteenth, century, is better capable of judging as to the happening of any event, than he ever was before. We know that the standard is higher to-day—we know that the intellectual light is greater—we know that the human mind is better equipped to deal with all questions of human interest, than at any other time within the known history of the human race.

It will not do to say that "our Lord and his apostles must at least be regarded as honest men." Let this be admitted, and what does it prove? Honesty is not enough. Intelligence and honesty must go hand in hand. We may admit now that "our Lord and his apostles" were perfectly honest men; yet it does not follow that we have a truthful account of what they said and of what they did. It is not pretended that "our Lord" wrote anything, and it is not known that one of the apostles ever wrote a word. Consequently, the most that we can say is that somebody has written something about "our Lord and his apostles." Whether that somebody knew or did not know is unknown to us. As to whether what is written is true or false, we must judge by that which is written.

First of all, is it probable? is it within the experience of mankind? We should judge of the gospels as we judge of other histories, of other biographies. We know that many biographies written by perfectly honest men are not correct. We know, if we know anything, that honest men can be mistaken, and it is not necessary to believe everything that a man writes because we believe he was honest. Dishonest men may write the truth.

At last the standard or criterion is for each man to judge according to what he believes to be human experience. We are satisfied that nothing more wonderful has happened than is now happening. We believe that the present is as wonderful as the past, and just as miraculous as the future. If we are to believe in the truth of the Old Testament, the word evidence loses its meaning; there ceases to be any standard of probability, and the mind simply accepts or denies without reason.

We are told that certain miracles were performed for the purpose of attesting the mission and character of Christ. How can these miracles be verified? The miracles of the middle ages rest upon substantially the same evidence. The same may be said of the wonders of all countries and of all ages. How is it a virtue

to deny the miracles of Mohammed and to believe those attributed to Christ?

You may say of St. Augustine that what he said was true or false. We know that much of it was false; and yet we are not justified in saying that he was dishonest. Thousands of errors have been propagated by honest men. As a rule, mistakes get their wings from honest people. The testimony of a witness to the happening of the impossible gets no weight from the honesty of the witness. The fact that falsehoods are in the New Testament does not tend to prove that the writers were knowingly untruthful. No man can be honest enough to substantiate, to the satisfaction of reasonable men, the happening of a miracle.

For this reason it makes not the slightest difference whether the writers of the New Testament were honest or not. Their character is not involved. Whenever a man rises above his contemporaries, whenever he excites the wonder of his fellows, his biographers always endeavor to bridge over the chasm between the people and this man, and for that purpose attribute to him the qualities which in the eyes of the multitude are desirable.

Miracles are demanded by savages, and, consequently, the savage biographer attributes miracles to his hero. What would we think now of a man who, in writing the life of Charles Darwin, should attribute to him supernatural powers? What would we say of an admirer of Humboldt who should claim that the great German could cast out devils? We would feel that Darwin and Humboldt had been belittled; that the biographies were written for children and by men who had not outgrown the nursery.

If the reputation of "our Lord" is to be preserved—if he is to stand with the great and splendid of the earth—if he is to continue a constellation in the intellectual heavens, all claim to the miraculous, to the supernatural, must be abandoned.

No one can over-estimate the evils that have been endured by the human race by reason of a departure from the standard of the natural. The world has been governed by jugglery, by sleight of hand. Miracles, wonders, tricks have been regarded as of far greater importance than the steady, the sublime and unbroken march of cause and effect. The improbable has been established by the impossible. Falsehood has furnished the foundation for faith.

Is the human body at present the residence of evil spirits, or have these imps of darkness perished from the world? Where

are they ? If the New Testament establishes anything, it is the existence of innumerable devils, and that these satanic beings absolutely took possession of the human mind. Is this true ? Can anything be more absurd ? Does any intellectual man who has examined the question believe that depraved demons live in the bodies of men ? Do they occupy space ? Do they live upon some kind of food ? Of what shape are they ? Could they be classified by a naturalist ? Do they run, or float, or fly ? If to deny the existence of these supposed beings is to be an infidel, how can the word infidel "carry an unpleasant significance" ?

Of course it is the business of the principals of most colleges, as well as of bishops, cardinals, popes, priests, and clergymen to insist upon the existence of evil spirits. All these gentlemen are employed to counteract the influence of these supposed demons. Why should they take the bread out of their own mouths ? Is it to be expected that they will unfrock themselves ?

The church, like any other corporation, has the instinct of self-preservation. It will defend itself ; it will fight as long as it has the power to change a hand into a fist.

The Agnostic takes the ground that human experience is the basis of morality. Consequently, it is of no importance who wrote the gospels, or who vouched or vouches for the genuineness of the miracles. In his scheme of life these things are utterly unimportant. He is satisfied that "the miraculous" is the impossible. He knows that the witnesses were wholly incapable of examining the questions involved, that credulity had possession of their minds, that "the miraculous" was expected, that it was their daily food.

All this is very clearly and delightfully stated by Professor Huxley, and it hardly seems possible that any intelligent man can read what he says without feeling that the foundation of all superstition has been weakened. The article is as remarkable for its candor as for its clearness. Nothing is avoided—everything is met. No excuses are given. He has left all apologies for the other side. When you have finished what Professor Huxley has written, you feel that your mind has been in actual contact with the mind of another, that nothing has been concealed ; and not only so, but you feel that this mind is not only willing, but anxious, to know the actual truth.

To me, the highest uses of philosophy are, first, to free the mind of fear, and, second, to avert all the evil that can be averted, through intelligence—that is to say, through a knowledge of the conditions of well-being.

We are satisfied that the absolute is beyond our vision, beneath our touch, above our reach. We are now convinced that we can deal only with phenomena, with relations, with appearances, with things that impress the senses, that can be reached by reason, by the exercise of our faculties. We are satisfied that the reasonable road is "the straight road," the only "sacred way."

Of course there is faith in the world—faith in this world—and always will be, unless superstition succeeds in every land. But the faith of the wise man is based upon facts. His faith is a reasonable conclusion drawn from the known. He has faith in the progress of the race, in the triumph of intelligence, in the coming sovereignty of science. He has faith in the development of the brain, in the gradual enlightenment of the mind. And so he works for the accomplishment of great ends, having faith in the final victory of the race.

He has honesty enough to say that he does not know. He perceives and admits that the mind has limitations. He doubts the so-called wisdom of the past. He looks for evidence, and he endeavors to keep his mind free from prejudice. He believes in the manly virtues, in the judicial spirit, and in his obligation to tell his honest thoughts.

It is useless to talk about a destruction of consolations. That which is suspected to be untrue loses its power to console. A man should be brave enough to bear the truth.

Professor Huxley has stated with great clearness the attitude of the Agnostic. It seems that he is somewhat severe on the Positive Philosophy. While it is hard to see the propriety of worshipping Humanity as a being, it is easy to understand the splendid dream of Auguste Comte. Is the human race worthy to be worshipped by itself—that is to say, should the individual worship himself? Certainly the religion of humanity is better than the religion of the inhuman. The Positive Philosophy is better far than Catholicism. It does not fill the heavens with monsters, nor the future with pain.

It may be said that Luther and Comte endeavored to re-form the Catholic Church. Both were mistaken, because the only

reformation of which that church is capable is destruction. It is a mass of superstition.

The mission of Positivism is, in the language of its founder, "to generalize science and to systematize sociality." It seems to me that Comte stated with great force and with absolute truth the three phases of intellectual evolution or progress.

First.—"In the supernatural phase the mind seeks causes—aspires to know the essence of things, and the How and Why of their operation. In this phase, all facts are regarded as the productions of supernatural agents, and unusual phenomena are interpreted as the signs of the pleasure or displeasure of some god."

Here at this point is the orthodox world of to-day. The church still imagines that phenomena should be interpreted as the signs of the pleasure or displeasure of God. Nearly every history is deformed with this childish and barbaric view.

Second.—The next phase or modification, according to Comte, is the metaphysical. "The supernatural agents are dispensed with, and in their places we find abstract forces or entities supposed to inhere in substances and capable of engendering phenomena."

In this phase people talk about laws and principles as though laws and principles were forces capable of producing phenomena.

Third.—"The last stage is the Positive. The mind, convinced of the futility of all inquiry into causes and essences, restricts itself to the observation and classification of phenomena, and to the discovery of the invariable relations of succession and similitude—in a word, to the discovery of the relations of phenomena."

Why is not the Positive stage the point reached by the Agnostic? He has ceased to inquire into the origin of things. He has perceived the limitations of the mind. He is thoroughly convinced of the uselessness, and futility, and absurdity of theological methods, and restricts himself to the examination of phenomena, to their relations, to their effects, and endeavors to find in the complexity of things the true conditions of human happiness.

Although I am not a believer in the philosophy of Auguste Comte, I cannot shut my eyes to the value of his thought; neither is it possible for me not to applaud his candor, his intelligence, and the courage it required even to attempt to lay the foundation of the Positive Philosophy.

Professor Huxley and Frederic Harrison are splendid soldiers in the army of progress. They have attacked with signal success the sacred and solemn stupidities of superstition. Both have appealed to that which is highest and noblest in man. Both have been the destroyers of prejudice. Both have shed light, and both have won great victories on the fields of intellectual conflict. They cannot afford to waste time in attacking each other.

After all, the Agnostic and the Positivist have the same end in view—both believe in living for this world.

The theologians, finding themselves unable to answer the arguments that have been urged, resort to the old subterfuge—to the old cry that Agnosticism takes something of value from the life of man. Does the Agnostic take any consolation from the world? Does he blot out, or dim, one star in the heaven of hope? Can there be anything more consoling than to feel, to know, that Jehovah is not God—that the message of the Old Testament is not from the Infinite?

Is it not enough to fill the brain with a happiness unspeakable to know that the words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," will never be spoken to one of the children of men?

Is it a small thing to lift from the shoulders of industry the burdens of superstition? Is it a little thing to drive the monster of fear from the hearts of men?

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

FEASIBILITY OF AËROSTATION.

BY KARL BLIND.

"NEVER speak to me any more of that subject!" Such was the lofty utterance of Napoleon the Great, after having been told of the applicability of steam power for purposes of locomotion. The idea of railways, of steamboats, was, in his eyes, sheer nonsense. On his part, Franklin, who snatched the lightning from the clouds, broke forth, after having been present at the first aëronautic attempt, into the significant remark: "This is the birth of the child!"

Since then, it is true, the child has not made very much progress. A main reason of its backwardness is that its natural teachers, the men of science, have for a long time neglected its education; very few of them feeling inclined to undergo for its sake even a small amount of personal danger. Hence the child—as one of the most courageous, and, at the same time, truly scientific French aëronauts, M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle, aptly put it—has "run about with the rope-dancers." That is to say, it has fallen into the hands of men of small scientific knowledge, who mostly occupied themselves with air-ships in order to make money.

Men like Glaisher are rare. He rose about thirty times for the object of solving questions of meteorology. Once, having attained, in company with Mr. Coxwell, a height of 28,000 feet, he narrowly escaped death, losing, in the descent, all his scientific apparatus. He is one of the boldest pioneers in the pathless regions of Cloudland. Not the least of his discoveries is that the old notion of an incessant decrease of warmth in proportion to altitude—a notion already refuted on mountain-tops—has proved surprisingly erroneous. Several times he met, at great height, veritable Gulf-streams of air, as warm as they issue from the Mexican Gulf. The only doubt is whether those celestial warm

currents proceed from our globe, or whether they are in connection with unexplored air strata of the constellations within which we revolve.

Even in their present unsatisfactory condition, balloons are of good use for questions of meteorology, of the chemical composition of the air, partly, also, of astronomy, not to speak of the application of captive balloons for strategic purposes—namely, for obtaining an insight into the enemy's strength and military disposition. However, the question is, to make air-ships really steerable. That has been the dream of ages since the mythical days of Dædalus and Ikarus, whose story, no doubt, has reference to an early attempt at aërial flight. Perhaps the same might be asserted of the cloud-cars in which kings, in old Hindoo poetry, were said to ride or to descend earthwards.

Be that as it may, the problem of attaining regular locomotion in the air has, in later years, occupied the minds of a considerable number of engineers and amateur scientists. In the country of Montgolfier and Pilatre de Rozier, these exertions have been most conspicuous. Few among the public at large are probably aware that a partial, but very remarkable, success has already been achieved in that respect—a success which promises the fuller solution of the task at perhaps no distant time.

On this subject, General W. N. Hutchinson has recently published a very noteworthy treatise, under the title of "The Navigable Balloon in War and Peace." Having referred to the somewhat clumsy, cigar-shaped balloon, inflated with coal-gas and impelled by a three horse-power steam-engine, which the talented French engineer, M. Henri Giffard, built in 1852 and successfully steered in a slanting direction to the wind's eye, General Hutchinson remarks:

"Much has been done since in Germany and elsewhere, and attempted in Russia. In France, the brothers Tissandier, M. de Lôme, and, recently, Captain Renard, with M. Krebs, liberally assisted by their Government, have scientifically and energetically taken up the task so admirably entered on by Henri Giffard. In September and November, 1885, they (Renard and Krebs) made highly successful trips from Chalais Meudon in a fish-shaped balloon, about one hundred and eighty feet in length and nearly forty in diameter, supporting a car one hundred and eight feet long, six and a half deep, and four and a half broad, sometimes carrying three aëronauts in cruises of about three-quarters of an hour. On one occasion, a nine-mile breeze blowing, they travelled at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, head to wind, thus gaining on the wind, when it was dead ahead, at the rate of five miles an hour. After sundry evolutions, to convince the most sceptical of the perfect obedience of their little vessel to its helm, *they returned to the exact spot they had quitted.* Electricity was

their motive power. Such unquestionable feats stimulated the heads of the military departments in other countries to strenuous exertions towards yet further improvements, in the conviction that success, besides immensely increasing their efficiency in war, would, by reason of navigables superseding far costlier armaments, lead to great economy."

In Germany and England, as well as in France, there are now men, well qualified to give an opinion, who no longer despair of solving a problem which has hitherto baffled man's mechanical ingenuity. We are so accustomed to the wonders of steam-power, of telegraphy, of phonography, of the spectroscope, of electrical light, and so forth, that we have almost ceased to look upon them otherwise than as very simple, every-day appliances. The day will come when people will have the same feeling in regard to navigable air-ships.

Quite recently, at the meeting of the British Association at Bath, Sir Frederick Bramwell, in his address as president, gave utterance to the firmest hopes, in speaking of "the poetical feeling which would be excited in the breast of that engineer who would in the near future solve the problem—and it certainly *would* be solved when a sufficiently light motor was obtained—of travelling in the air, whether this solution were effected by enabling the self-suspended balloon to be propelled and directed, or, perhaps, better still, by enabling not only the propulsion to be effected, and the direction to be controlled, but by enabling the suspension in the air itself to be attained, by mechanical means."

It would be impossible, within the space of this sketch, to give even an abstract of the mechanical suggestions and facts contained in General Hutchinson's valuable treatise. Two short quotations may, however, be of service:

"Experiments making in Germany will lead, it is expected, to economically-worked steam-generators being employed to propel torpedo-boats, ships, railway locomotives, and navigable balloons. To obtain navigables for war purposes, such anxious attention is now paid by rival nations that, through the introduction of cheap aluminium, instantaneous generation of steam, saving of weight and bulk by oil-fuel, prevention of skin-plating, the adoption for propulsion of two long shafts (with several pairs of blades) rotating at their extremities in fixed sockets, or propulsion by atmospheric turbines, it seems almost certain that extensive aërial navigation will soon be an accomplished fact."

And again:

"This favorable prediction has, fortunately, received yet further strong confirmation in the crowning invention of the past memorable year, due to the mechanical genius of an English Protestant clergyman, Dr. T. Jones, incumbent of Curdworth.

To his wish, last autumn, to propel by steam the tricycle on which he often rode when visiting distant parishioners, we owe what is probably the greatest invention of the present age, if it be regarded in a utilitarian point of view. At least, such was the opinion formed by most of the engineers and scientific men who had the gratification of witnessing the trial made at his vicarage, of the simple, yet clever, design."

In a note added after the first issue of his treatise, General Hutchinson further remarks:

"Since the publication of the following pages, a novel invention has been made public, which makes attainable a far lighter motor than any which the most sanguine could have before deemed possible. On the 7th of July, 1888, the specification of a patent was published, describing a method of ejecting steam directly upon the back of the propelling turbine blades without the intervention of any engine. This invention, used in combination with the 'instantaneous steam-generator,' which requires no boiler, will enable an efficient driving power of wonderfully little weight to be constructed."

Quite in accordance with his calling, General Hutchinson is eloquent on the use of guidable air-ships for warlike operations. He says that the country which first possesses efficient war-navigables must be the dominant power, and that the nation which is the first in possessing such balloons could, with ease and in security, destroy upon the building-stocks any which a hostile nation might have in course of construction. It is true the aged warrior hopes that, finally, so formidable an invention, insuring commandership in the skies, will become but another influence in the cause of peace; for "the more the inevitably increasing horrors attendant upon war are made manifest, the greater the hope that the organization of large masses of armed men to slaughter and be slaughtered will soon be abandoned in favor of the settlement of disputes by friendly arbitration." Would that we could join in this hope, for the sake of humanity!

Meanwhile we might be right glad if that more idyllic, more peaceful, intercourse so beautifully described and foreshadowed by Wilfrid de Fonvielle, in his excellent work "*La Science en Ballon,*" were attained by an invention which might truly be compared to Dr. Faust's magic mantle, or to the thread of Ariadne in the Labyrinth of the Skies. Fonvielle, a Republican whom I have known since the stormy days of 1849, has given his proofs in various ways—by fighting in the cause of popular freedom, by undergoing transportation to Lambessa after Napoleon's state-stroke, by exile to England, as well as by numerous aëronautic voyages at the risk of his life. In the course of the

war of 1870,—the outbreak of which, however, he honestly deplored,—we had, necessarily, to be on opposite sides. Our friendship has not been altered thereby. When Paris was besieged, he left it, after Gambetta, in a balloon, as the bearer of a message. Proceeding afterwards to England, he came to my house with Dr. Congreve, the leader of the Positivist school in England, who was also on the French side. It need not be said that we differed in opinion then. The view I expressed to them was fully borne out by subsequent events.

With much pleasure do I remember the ascent made from London, years ago, in company with this good old French friend, in the giant captive balloon, which had been brought over from Paris by a number of aëronauts. Another previous invitation, which I had accepted, to join in a proposed ascent in the balloon sent to London by Mr. Giffard, came to nothing; for before I was able to avail myself of the opportunity, the balloon burst in consequence of a fire.

More fortunate I was in the second instance, when we rose in the giant balloon under the direction of Mr. Glaisher. Wilfrid de Fonvielle was in the car, together with Messrs. Godard, Yon, Mangin, Chevantier and Tissandier—a whole clan of French sailors of the sky. Mr. Breary, the secretary of the English Aëronautic Society, and some others, also joined in the ascent. Our friends, Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc, had been asked, but they politely and thankfully declined. The wind was so high that Mr. Glaisher at first intended giving up the venture for another day. But finally it was decided by the council of war of the air-skippers that it should be attempted.

It was with difficulty that the balloon was piloted up so as not to strike the enclosure, when, to a certainty, it would have exploded. Having risen to a great altitude, it spun round in a somewhat mad and irregular dance, owing to the violence of the storm. The wind blew—as stated in the work edited by Glaisher and Fonvielle —with a force of sixty miles an hour. Several times the balloon went over sidewise. The "car," it ought to be mentioned, was not a car, properly speaking, but a circular piece of wicker-work in ring shape, through whose apertures the shifting landscape could be seen. Few, however, could bear this eye-confusing outlook through the inside. There were no seats—only narrow standing room, about breast-high. In consequence of the fre-

quent sudden changes of the angle of the car, through terrific gusts of wind, a gentleman of the company was seized with one of those extraordinary fits of vertigo which induced him to attempt throwing himself over the precipice, if I may so say. He was, fortunately, held back in time, and then knelt down sidewise, so as to be shut out from all disturbing sight into the vast empty space.

I cannot here dwell on the grandeur of the panorama unrolled before our eyes, and the solemn impressiveness of the whole scene. The absolute stillness which prevailed as we rose higher and higher, seemed something supernatural. Glaisher and Fonvielle have described that day most graphically and beautifully. A short quotation, at least, may be allowed:

"The strong wind [it is said in their work, "Travels in the Air"] blew at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It whistled through the ropes—*the balloon lay over—and the car oscillated violently.* We were blown about six hundred and sixty feet beyond the boundary of the enclosure below. . . . The sky presented an admirable aspect. The sun appeared in the midst of mountains of cloud, and its brilliant rays transformed the Thames into a river of fire. Houses, trees, and streets appeared no larger than children's toys, and the general aspect of things was the same as we experienced in ordinary balloon ascents. In some of our aërial excursions we have risen to a height of nine thousand eight hundred and forty-three feet, and the landscape, seen from this altitude, is not more striking than from the car of the captive balloon."

We were finally wound back after the danger signal had been hung out from the car by Mr. Glaisher's orders. Whilst greatly enjoying the trip, I avow that the descent, owing to the force of the wind, was hideous. We had, repeatedly, the feeling as if the head were pushed into the abdomen or the stomach into the brain.

Afterwards, another ascent, at night, was planned, with the aid of the electrical light, for meteorological investigation. Only four men accepted the invitation; among them the Duke of Sutherland and the present writer, with his son, who had also been in the ascent just mentioned. The balloon, however, suddenly broke loose before the day fixed. Shooting up like a cannon-ball, it flew away at a height which rendered it almost invisible for a time. At last it fell down, exploded, in Buckinghamshire. I still possess a piece of its skin as a reminder of having been very near a cloud-wreck.

As for a long time I had heard a great deal of what was being done in France, I felt it a duty, some years back, to write an

urgent appeal—published in the Literary Gazette of the *Vossische Zeitung,* the chief journal at Berlin—for the establishment of a "German Society of Aëronauts." Soon afterwards, the Society was founded under that name. At its request, I acted as the first medium of its communications with the London Balloon Society. Science is cosmopolitan, and, though only following these matters as a humble but diligent observer, I confess I am deeply impressed with the importance of the aëronautic movement. This may be an excuse for having referred to a personal experience, however slight, the result of which has, at any rate, been to make me look with ever-increasing interest upon the labors of men who, I fully trust, will, in our time, succeed in annexing Cloudland to the Realm or Republic of Science.

KARL BLIND.

AMERICAN MARRIAGES ABROAD.

BY THE HON. EUGENE SCHUYLER, EX-UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GREECE.

AMERICANS abroad have of late been more or less troubled, and some have even been put to great inconvenience, by a recent order of the State Department, forbidding Ministers and Consuls from certifying officially as to the marriage-laws and their requirements in any parts of the United States. Not only have American citizens been thereby prevented from marrying, but some already married have felt a doubt as to the legality of their union.

The reasons given by the Secretary of State for this order were that certificates given by Consuls have sometimes been erroneous in their statements about the marriage-laws in the United States, and that sometimes excessive fees have been exacted. Some who maintain the propriety of this order say, among other things, that it will hinder marriages between wealthy American young ladies and foreigners, especially titled ones—marriages which they seem to lament. While we do not hold that such marriages are generally unfortunate or that they often produce unhappy results, we are not so much concerned with them as with marriages between American citizens temporarily abroad, in the way of which the Government has placed obstacles. We hold, on the contrary, that the Government should expedite rather than hinder the business of its citizens, and should protect them *so far as possible and proper*. In these last words is, perhaps, to be found the key to this change of policy. The Department has shirked even more than formerly any action touching, in the least, municipal law, since it has had as its legal adviser an eminent theoretical writer on various branches of law, but a man who has never been, we understand, a practising lawyer and who prefers never to speak on a question of municipal law.*

* This article was written some months ago.—ED.

There is a tendency, too, observable in the recent decisions of the Department to the assertion of State-rights and to a restriction of the powers of the organs of the General Government, contrary to the centralizing tendencies which had for some time prevailed. It is held that a Consul, being an officer of the Federal Government, cannot properly certify to marriage-laws or civil *status* in the separate States. But as the separate States are not allowed to send Ministers and Consuls,—who would not be recognized in foreign countries, even if sent,—and as it is only the officials of the General Government that can represent or protect the interests of citizens of the separate States, who but the Consul or Minister can sign a certificate when it is rendered expedient, or even necessary, by the laws and regulations of a foreign government?

The reasons why such preliminary certificates are demanded spring from the conflict between the marriage-laws of various countries. Our Government and our courts maintain, very properly, that a marriage is valid in the United States, if performed according to the law of the country in which it is celebrated; but in the effort to conform to the requirements of the local law very great practical difficulties are often met with. The local law regards two things: first, the individual *status* of the parties to be married—*i.e.*, whether they be of sufficient age, and whether they have the consent of their parents (if such be necessary), as well as certain considerations of public order and morality, as, *e.g.*, that they are not already married, or are not related to each other within the degrees prohibited by law; secondly, the formalities attending the solemnization of the marriage. These latter are generally easy enough to comply with, as they relate simply to the form of marriage required by law, the presence of the civil official, the publication of banns, the notification of intention, the registration, and so forth. The difficulties are caused by the requirements about the *status*, as it is held in some countries that the Personal Law (as it is technically called) of the individual follows him everywhere. This it is easier to show by examples.

The French Code (Art. 170), while permitting the marriages of Frenchmen abroad to be celebrated according to the form usual there, insists on a compliance with all the requirements of the French Personal Law. So many English young girls were married in England to Frenchmen who had not, for instance, obtained the consent of their parents, and so often were their

marriages declared null in France for this reason, and they themselves repudiated and abandoned, that it became a matter of public scandal. In Parliament, and by public opinion, the English Government was urged to do something to put a stop to this state of things. The principles governing family relations in the two countries were, however, so different that it was found impossible to make a treaty ; and the British Government contented itself with being able to exact from the proper French Consul a certificate that the bridegroom had fulfilled all the requirements of the French law. One of the best-known cases of this sort was where a young French girl of large fortune, Mlle. d'Imécourt, married, at London, Paul Musurus Bey, the son of the Turkish Ambassador : on the demand of the girl's mother the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, in 1881, declared the marriage null and void, it having been contracted without the consent of the mother.

Marriages of foreigners in France are subject to French law as far as concerns the form of celebration; since the Government cannot allow other persons to exercise within its territory a function exclusively reserved to officials of the *État Civil.* When Bonaparte, at one of the meetings of the Council of State, asked why the Code said nothing about the marriage of foreigners in France, Réal replied to him, that it was because a previous article had declared that foreigners residing in France were subject to French laws. As concerns their *status,* foreigners in France remain subject to the laws of their own country, provided these laws are not opposed to good morals or to public law. On this point French decisions are unanimous.

Now the question comes, How can a foreigner in France show that in marrying he is doing nothing contrary to the laws of his own country ?

When a man wishes to be married in France, he must first go to the *Mairie* of the district where one of the parties is domiciled, and have a day appointed on which both parties, with their friends and relatives, can come for an examination. At this examination both parties must answer a series of questions with regard to their *status,* their relationship, and their intentions, some of which must be confirmed by other evidence. They must present, at the same time, their papers, which include a copy of the registry of their birth, a certificate of the legal marriage of their parents,—for the rules are different for the marriages of legitimate

and illegitimate children,—and the certified and attested consent of the parents, unless these be present to give their verbal consent. There is also sometimes required evidence to show whether it is necessary to publish the banns only in the place where the marriage is solemnized, or also in the country of the foreigner. When the *Maire* is satisfied on all these points, the banns are published, and posted in a public place set apart for that purpose at the *Mairie* for three successive Sundays. It is only after this that a day is appointed for the marriage, when the *Maire* dons his tri-colored scarf and proceeds to the celebration after the civil form required by the French law. The register is then signed by the parties and their witnesses, attested by the *Maire*, and a marriage-certificate is given for a ridiculously small fee.

Americans have more difficulty than other foreigners in showing that they are in conformity with the laws of their home. Even Germany and Switzerland, which are looser confederations than the Federal Union, have general marriage-laws of comparatively recent enactment. Probably nowhere in the United States is it necessary to have the formal consent of the parents to a marriage, where the contracting parties are at least of the ordinary legal age. In very many States there is no public official registry of births and marriages. Who is to certify to the existence of a law requiring the publication of banns or of the marriage? Indeed, who is to certify as to any of these things? The *Maire* is a civil and not a judicial officer; his province is not to weigh testimony as in a court of justice, but merely to accept a formal, properly certified statement of the actually existing foreign law. It is obvious that he cannot accept simply the opinion of a lawyer. How many American courts, without a special provision of law, would be willing to issue such certificates, except in the form of a judgment in a case tried before them? The Attorney General, or Secretary of State, might be willing to answer the question of a Minister or a Consul, addressed to him by letter or telegram, as to the requirements of the statute law; but he would hardly be willing to put it in the form of an official certificate. Even if such certificates were issued by competent home authorities, they would have to be legalized by the signature of the Governor and the official seal of the State; which must, in their turn, be legalized by the signature of the Secretary of State of the the United States; which must, in its turn, be legalized either by

the French Minister at Washington, or by the American Minister at Paris, or the American Consul of the district where the marriage is to take place; these being the only signatures and seals which the French authorities can officially recognize. The only persons, it would seem, who could easily issue a certificate which would at once be accepted, are the American Minister and the American Consuls. They would not need the same amount of formal evidence to the existence of the laws in question; and they would be willing and able to judge of ordinary testimony as to births and marriages, which could not be placed before a French *Maire*. A man who has not the training or judgment to do this is unfit to be a Consul; and if he be not prudent enough to ascertain the exact requirements of the statute law in any special State, by consulting the laws themselves, or by an inquiry of an authorized exponent of them, by letter or telegram (answer paid), before signing the certificate, he should be dismissed.

It must be remembered that all such certificates are mere formal proofs required as preliminaries to the solemnization of a marriage in France; they are by no means final proofs, and can be gone behind and set aside by a court of justice in an action to invalidate the marriage. If the marriage be in itself illegal, the certificate could not legalize it; it only facilitates it. At the same time, an error in fact which had been cured by time (as, for example, with regard to the age or the consent of parents) would probably by no court in the world be allowed to invalidate the marriage. There is therefore, no occasion for alarm on the part of persons whose marriage in France has been facilitated by certificates from the Consulate or the Legation.

Apparently all these considerations were not placed before the Department of State or the Secretary would hardly have made some of the statements and deductions contained in his dispatch to Mr. McLane, dated May 9, 1887, or those in the rather sharp rebuke to the late Consul-General Walker, who had maintained the view previously held as to the correctness and propriety of the practice of issuing consular certificates. Extracts from these and other despatches are printed, together with the order in question, in the appendix to Vol. iii. of Wharton's "Digest of International Law of the United States" (pp. 975–983).

It is somewhat surprising to note the naïve astonishment of the Secretary of State that the practice of issuing such certificates

should have sprung up recently. There have always been Americans in France since our colonial days; but the existence of an American colony in Paris, as an important body of residents, dates practically from the time of the Second Empire. There were probably American marriages in those early days solemnized in France, just as there are now occasional American marriages in Russia and Austria. But probably all of these marriages were celebrated, in the lax way usual in those times, at the American Legation by an American or an English clergyman, in imitation of English practice or precedent; or perhaps the ceremony was performed simply by the Minister or Consul. As the number of American residents increased, there was a greater frequency of purely American marriages, as well as of marriages between Americans and Frenchmen. In these latter cases especially, where the parties were to live in France and where the interests of property were taken into account, greater regard was naturally paid to the strict requirements of the French law. Indeed, the marriage of a Frenchman to an American lady at the Legation of the United States in Paris in 1868 was declared null and void by the French courts. What the French law desired was, in reality, only to know that the marriage was not prohibited by the national laws of the foreign party. French *Mairès*, following their own routine, naturally desired papers, copies of registers, and other documents, as similar as possible in form to their own. These could not always be obtained; and they then accepted what are called *Actes de Notoriété*, which generally have no real value, but which they also wished drawn up in the French way. As this was difficult, the evidence in question gradually came to be supplemented by certificates issued by the Consul; and finally an understanding was had with the Duc Decazes, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, that such certificates, when issued by the Legation or the Consulate, should be accepted as a sufficient compliance with the French forms. Occasionally, of course, a new or inexperienced *Maire* would at first reject such certificates, because he was unable to understand how anything could be done otherwise than in France; but in such cases he was speedily brought to his senses by an order from the Minister of Justice or of the Interior. This practice, once established in France, continued until Mr. Bayard's order of February 8, 1887.

These preliminary consular certificates were generally the following:

1. That in such a State, at such a time, there did not exist any public Registry of Marriages, but that sufficient evidence had been produced before the Consul that the parents of the party mentioned in the certificate were duly and legally married at the specified time.

2. A similar certificate, *mutatis mutandis,* in regard to the birth of the party.

3. That in a specified State, of which the party was a citizen, it was unnecessary to have the formal consent of the parents.

4. The requirements of the marriage-law in the State referred to.

In Italy, where there is also a large number of American residents, and where there have been many marriages of Americans with each other and with foreigners, the law is very precise. By sections 102 and 103 of the Civil Code, the capacity of the foreigner to contract matrimony is determined by the laws of the country to which he belongs; but he is also subject to the same impediments placed in the way of marriage of Italians, although there is a question among Italian jurisconsults as to whether some of these conditions may not be relaxed. Furthermore, the foreigner who wishes to contract matrimony in Italy must present to the official of the *État Civil* a declaration from the competent authority of the country to which he belongs, stating that according to the laws of that country there is no obstacle to the proposed marriage. By an order from the Ministry of Justice, certificates of Consuls are recognized as the only declarations in the meaning of the Code that can, on occasion of a marriage, be received by the Italian civil authorities. The procedure, we see, is simpler than in France, and these certificates of *nulla osta* (no obstacle), as they were technically called, have, since the establishment of the kingdom, been given by our Consuls, after having had the facts of each case proved to their satisfaction.

The general marriage-law of the German Empire, passed in 1875, says nothing of the marriages of foreigners, which are left governed by the common law, in most cases still uncodified, of the various German states. The ruling principles seem to be that, except for the form, the marriage must be governed by the law of the domicile of the husband. In Prussia, the law requires

foreigners wishing to contract marriage, to show by authentic documents that the laws of their country offer no obstacles.

In Switzerland, where American marriages sometimes take place, and where the question seems to have arisen which called out the order of the Department in question, the general marriage-law of 1874 provides that foreigners are governed by their personal law ; and Art. 31, 4, says : "If the bridegroom be a foreigner, the celebration of the marriage can take place only after the presentation of a declaration from the competent foreign authorities that the marriage will be recognized, with all its legal consequences."

Sufficient examples have been given of the difficulty of celebrating a marriage according to the local law, even where there is every intention and desire to conform to it. Not to speak of non-Christian countries, where it is impossible for foreigners to be married except at their Consulates or Legations,—which have extra-territorial rights, and where the Consuls have judicial powers, including those of marriage and divorce,—there are countries where it seems impossible, in certain cases, to get married at all. In Brazil, for instance, although the law admits all religions which do not offend that of the state or public morals, it does not admit that a man can have no religion ; and as civil marriage does not exist, a person belonging to no religious confession cannot be validly married. In Peru, the Civil Code demands that all marriages be celebrated with the forms established by the Catholic Church at the Council of Trent. Persons, therefore, who refuse to conform cannot be legally married in Peru.

In view of the irregularities and complications of the marriage-laws of all countries, and of the difficulties placed in the way of Americans desiring to prove their matrimonial capacity, when trying to conform to the local laws of marriage of other countries, it may not be amiss briefly to review the general course which our Government has taken on this question. It has been already stated that, according to the analogy of the English practice, marriages of Americans abroad were frequently celebrated at the Legation, it being supposed that the extra-territoriality and immunities of that place rendered the marriage subject only to the laws which would govern marriage in a territory of the United States. Of late years, even Great Britain has become more cautious in this respect, and has instructed its diplomatic agents

that, although marriages performed in British Legations are valid in Great Britain by statute, they are not necessarily valid elsewhere, and has advised that all such marriages be solemnized in accordance with the requirements of the laws of the country in which they take place—even although within the precincts of the Legation or Embassy.

On June 22, 1860, a law passed Congress (Revised Statutes § 4082) providing that marriages in the presence of any consular officers of the United States in a foreign country between persons who would be authorized to marry if residing in the District of Columbia, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, and shall have the same effect as if solemnized within the United States. This law speaks only of the matrimonial capacity, and says nothing about the form of celebration, or the person by whom the marriage should be performed. It was intended to regulate and correct a practice which had grown up of marriages being celebrated by Consuls in their consular capacity—a practice which had been sanctioned by the Department of State, even to the extent that Consuls at seaport towns were allowed to marry emigrants to the United States at the port of their embarkation, though neither of the parties was an American citizen, on the ground that they might "be so far regarded as domiciled in that one of the United States to which they are bound as to bring them under the shelter of local laws which make marriages solemnized in accordance with the law of the domicile valid." This practice used to cause many a lively scene at the Consulates in Bremen and Hamburg, and even on board the emigrant ships on the day of departure, besides being a source of large revenue to the Consuls. The law did not state that a marriage would be invalid if not performed in the presence of the Consul; but as the Consul was expected to attend, if his presence were asked, and was required to give an official marriage-certificate, it gave a responsible witness of the marriage whose testimony could be easily obtained by any court in the United States. The State Department almost immediately ascertained to its satisfaction—although there do not seem to be any legal decisions to that effect—that this law was practically of little consequence, and could only refer to persons domiciled in the District of Columbia or in the Territories, and not to citizens of the several States; and Mr. Bayard went so far as to say: "It

is very questionable whether, even as to marriages of persons domiciled in the District of Columbia and in the Territories, the Act of Congress has any effect out of those jurisdictions." (Despatch to Mr. Winchester, U. S. Minister at Berne, August 15, 1885. "Foreign Relations for 1885," p. 808.) It is unnecessary to quote further from this instruction, which will present to those who are interested one of the most categorical affirmations of State-sovereignty that has been printed in an American public document during the last twenty-five years. At present Consuls of the United States in Christian countries are forbidden to solemnize marriages. The laws of Massachusetts, which make them civil officials of the State for that purpose, are, therefore, a dead letter.

The issuing of preliminary consular certificates for facilitating marriages abroad was not only implicitly, but explicitly, approved by the State Department for many years; and it was not called into question until the correspondence which led to Mr. Bayard's order of February 8, 1887. This may be seen in the despatch of Mr. Fish to Mr. Marsh of June 19, 1875; and of Mr. Cadwalader to Mr. Marsh of April 15, 1875. In the former Mr. Fish said, among other things: "The competency of this Government to provide generally for the marriage of citizens of the United States abroad has not been called in question, nor has any opinion on that point been expressed." Furthermore, on February 16, 1872, the State Department published Circular No. 39, which was printed in the consular regulations as late as 1886, and which gave a digest of the requirements of the marriage-laws in all the States of the Union, for the information of Consuls when obliged to make a certificate as to the law of any particular State. If this circular had been supplemented by information as to the changes of the marriage-laws in any States,—which it was very easy for the State Department to obtain, as the statutes governing marriage seldom change,—there could be no possible excuse for a Consul issuing an erroneous certificate on this subject.

The importance of this subject will strike any one on the slightest consideration. The question of the conflict of marriage-laws has been taken up at several sessions of the Institute of International Law; and was presented in a Report and Project of International Agreement at the meeting at Heidelberg, in 1887, where M. De Bar maintained the plan of preliminary consular certificates as to status and law in the case of marriage in foreign

countries. In No. 6 of the *Revue du Droit International* for 1887, will be found a brief résumé of the marriage-laws of the chief countries of Europe and America, by M. Emile Stoequart, of Brussels.

To return to our original contention. The order of Mr. Bayard has rendered the marriages of Americans in foreign countries well-nigh impossible. Until this order be rescinded, or some remedy be found by legislation or otherwise, Americans abroad desirous to marry will be obliged either to return to America for that purpose, or to make a sufficiently long visit to England or the nearest British colony, or to go back to a practice which is even still not uncommon among British subjects in places where the marriage-laws are complicated—wait for the arrival of the next National man-of-war, the ex-territoriality of which, fortunately, does not depend on the decision of the Secretary of State. It can hardly be supposed that the Secretary of the Navy will follow the example of his colleague, and refuse the use of National vessels for such a purpose.

A partial remedy for this state of things has been found in France and Italy, by returning to the old system of *Actes de Notoriété* in a somewhat different form; but, as will be seen, this is worse still, because it opens the door to fraud. Four witnesses, who may know, or not know, the real state of the facts, appear before the Consul, and swear to an affidavit prepared by a lawyer or by one of the parties, comprising what was formerly included in the consular certificates. To this affidavit the Consul puts his official seal, and also officially certifies to an exact translation of the paper in the language of the country. This is done on the ground that the administering of oaths to affidavits and the furnishing of sworn translations come within a Consul's ordinary official duties. These affidavits, with their translations, are then taken to the proper official, whether of a tribunal, or of the *État Civil*, by whom they are received on the strength of previous decisions or precedents, and the marriage is allowed to take place. The Consul dares not inquire who the witnesses are, or whether they really know anything of the facts to which they swear; and even professes not to know officially for what purpose the affidavits are to be used, lest he may be removed by the President for rendering a service to a fellow-citizen of the United States in a matter which concerns the latter only as a citizen of Alabama or Kentucky.

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

IN JOSEPHINE'S GARDEN.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Over a little old colonial table, in the little red dining-room, has lain spread for many years, a cover of flimsy and faded silk. The inwrought blue scroll-work holds bravely its own, but the pink ground is pale with age. Its roses climb with a curve as spirited as that of their first blooming, but their hues are as dead as their perfume. Upon the silken tissue rests a picture of many-colored waters, a sea, as it were, of glass mingled with fire, beneath the radiating splendors of a tropical sunset. Close below, against the phantom roses, lies a real rose, folded and stiff, yet red and rich, with long stem and bold leaves and palpable thorns; but as still in death as the faded silk and the painted sea. Between the phantom fabric and the crushed and pulseless rose, stretch, ah! what woful memories, what a tragedy of youth and beauty and love and power, crumbling into failure and dire defeat and bitter death!

For the blue scroll and the woven rose are waifs blown to me from Josephine's Martinique over the golden azure and purple sea painted into my golden frame by a hand I love, beneath eyes that beheld the glory; and the red rose, faded and fragrant, I plucked from Josephine's own rose-garden at Malmaison.

Strange working of fate, that not her beauty or her brilliant fortune, but her degradation, was what gave her immortality. The dread of her life and her final despair became her royal and lasting crown. Had Josephine died the wife of Napoleon, she would have been known but derivatively to posterity as Napoleon's wife. Discarded by him, the ages have adopted her as a hero in her own right, and have conferred upon her the distinction of individual remembrance.

Underneath the crown and the doom, the glamour of empire and of martyrdom, what was Josephine? Between the rhapsody of her admirers and the revenges of her detractors, is it possible to get at the real woman, at the real man, at their actual relations to each other, at the truth of their love, at the nature of their ambition, at the fact of their fidelity? Perhaps not entirely, with absolute certainty; for the testimony of eye- and ear-witnesses is only valuable as we know the eyes and ears that witness. But in the deadly sweet stillness of Malmaison, Josephine smiled out of her rose-bower upon my eager, sympathetic questioning; Napoleon frowned sternly from his cabinet, yet softened, after all, to a questioning that was sympathetic; and thus, by the irresistible force of a common human nature deeper than any difference of time or blood or brain, they were constrained to lay aside all imperial reserve and tell their story, soul to soul. And it was a love story—not a perfect love; a sombre, an exacting, a suffering love, but a real, yes, and a great, love.

Meeting Napoleon thus, face to face and soul to soul, not only honest, but not on guard, we see that he is no demi-devil, as his enemies depict him, nor is he the demi-god of his worshippers—not a monster of intelligence, not a monster of heartlessness. He had a marvellous military genius, which sometimes blundered. He had a marvellously luminous intellect, which was sometimes obscured. He had a marvellously magnetic heart, with the possibility of cruel throbs. By such token he descends from the throne where eloquence had placed him, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality, but only to mount another throne, not less lofty because more intelligible; a leader of the masses, but of the masses himself—no hermit, in no solitude, but a man among men, and most a man of all, towering, magnificent, wholly human.

And Josephine—her faith, her devotion, her dignity are not imperilled because, in the intimate revelation of her rose-garden, she, too, confesses the impress of her time and her surroundings. She is always fair, graceful, elegant, whether in the simple muslin of her rural retreat, or in the heavy heart-weight of her coronation robes, kneeling to receive the crown proudly from the proud hand of her self-crowned Emperor, or standing in statuesque sorrow, avenged by fate for her discrowned state by the stately homage of conquering kings. Fair and graceful she shall remain,

and envious history point to the ravages of time upon her beauty, in vain.

With the scandals of her court it is idle to deal. They have been a thousand times proved and disproved. But her own words and deeds—these are a trustworthy indication of her character, and from these, which withdraw no measure from our pity for her suffering or from our admiration of her virtue, we may yet learn a lesson—which neither Napoleon nor Josephine ever drew—of the inexorable reign of law.

So, then, it must be said of these two, so high, so low, that they broke the universal law and tempted their fate. Great in strength, they were equally yoked in weakness. Distinguished for tact, Josephine sometimes and signally failed in tact. With an acute intelligence in her social sphere and for her own personal bearings, she failed utterly in a large intelligence for political affairs. She not only lacked the discernment necessary for discussion, but the discernment necessary for reticence. She failed not only to give her husband the stimulus of suggestion, but the repose of confidence. "A secret is burdensome to Josephine," he said, with amiable satire.

"Josephine," he dared patronizingly to address her, "your heart is excellent, but your reason feeble."

And Josephine herself confessed—avowed—with unconscious frankness, not even seeing whereunto the confession tended, "I never beheld Napoleon for a moment perfectly at ease, not even with myself. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely a feint to throw the person with whom he converses off his guard, and to draw forth his sentiments; but never does he himself disclose his real thoughts."

This in no wise militates against the indubitable fact of his love. Her gentleness, her amiability, her love for him, won his strong attachment. He found no fault with her for not keeping a secret; he simply confided no secrets to her keeping. He missed in her no stimulus; he was not wont—apparently he did not need—to receive any stimulus from others. He pleased her by protesting that he loved "kind, gentle, conciliatory women"; and of such was Josephine—"feminine, unaffected, and amiable, for they alone resemble you." He doubtless believed, if he thought anything about it, that a woman with mind complementary or corresponding to his own would have been hard, disgreea-

ble, unmanageable, troublesome; but even in 1889 men have not widely discovered the contrary. Napoleon would have been in advance not only of his own age, but of ours, if he had thought otherwise. Men still trust their theories more than they trust nature.

Nevertheless, it remains that, regarding one whole department of Napoleon's life, Josephine stood outside.

He loved her as men love women to-day—because she was charming: "I never saw her act inelegantly," he said, "during the whole time we lived together,"—a rare and delightful trait, worthy to bring a woman the love of a great man.

Because she was well dressed: "She was the goddess of the toilet. Everything she put on appeared elegant,"—a desirable and powerful achievement, still more rare and difficult, and, despite all prejudice to the contrary, nowhere more difficult than in Paris, ravaged by clumsy *couturières*.

Because she was kind and humane: "She was the most graceful lady and the best woman in France." On her deathbed she had the divine consolation of feeling "with truth, in this, my dying hour, that I never caused a single tear to flow." With truth, indeed, if wanton cause were meant.

"She possessed a perfect knowledge of the different shades of my character, and evinced the most exquisite tact in turning this knowledge to the best account." Yet Napoleon not only divorced her, but, what was worse, snubbed her—worse in manner, if not worse in substance. And this he could do openly, before her own ladies, sending her away cowering and ashamed. Then Josephine must have been sadly wanting in tact, or sadly ignorant of some shades of his character—if Napoleon means not to confess himself utterly brutal. And, with a capacity for brutality, he was not utterly brutal.

Certain it is that something other than mere materialism, in whatever grace of blossoming, was necessary to attract his friendship and secure his attachment. His love was not outrushing to youth and beauty. His best and most lasting devotion was to higher qualities. He could be brutal, even to women, but he was far from being wholly brutal. That he was a military monstrosity devoid of heart can never be believed by mind-readers, by character-readers. The man whose family, whose friends, whose discarded wife prayed for the privilege of immolating themselves

with him on the frighful fatal island where England bound him, to her lasting shame; the man whose comrades suffered every discomfort, not only, but every indignity, that they might soothe his exile; the man for love of whom thousands gladly, passionately, laid down life; the man for whom a fellow-sufferer refused deliverance even at his death, but voluntarily wore out seventeen years of solitary exile to guard his grave,—was a man of heart as extraordinary as his head. Nay, the very act of his life—blunder or crime—which broods forever in the silence of Malmaison, carries with it the incontestable proof of his tenderness. It was a crime and a blunder, but it was conducted from beginning to end with every delicacy which could veil a cruel act, with every honor which could attend degradation, with every sign which could attest suffering.

The shadow of her doom hung over Josephine's path long before the blow fell. From an early period she had sought, with innocent wiles, to centre the hopes of Napoleon upon his stepson, her Eugene. Her husband's keen perception divined easily her intent. "She never," he said, looking back afterwards, "showed any additional complaisance or assiduity when Eugene was receiving from me the greatest honor. Her grand aim was to assume that all this was *my* affair—that Eugene was *our* son, not hers. Doubtless she entertained the idea that I would adopt Eugene as my successor."

Napoleon saw what the poor hunted creature would be at, and he held his peace. His resolution was inflexible, but he would not anticipate torture. Yet his silence was her keenest foreboding. But when the deed was done, he was willing to remember her fancy, and use it to soothe her anguish and retain her friendship. In announcing to her the birth of his son, he suggested with kindly craftiness: "This infant, in concert with *our Eugene,* will constitute my happiness and that of France." He was not "our Eugene" enough to save Josephine, but enough "ours" to soothe her when lost; and poor, shallow Josephine did not remember, did not resent, but walked into the little trap and was tremulously pleased. "Is it possible," she exclaimed on reading, but not recognizing, this mockery, of her own wish and words, "—is it possible to be more amiable? This uniting my son with his own is, indeed, worthy of him." Napoleon saw through Josephine, but Josephine did not see through Napoleon.

Now, it is no discredit to a man not to understand a woman, because she is the more complex, the more highly organized, the superior being; but it is the business of a woman to understand the man.

With never-ceasing regret we must own that, when innocent wiles failed, Josephine had resort to wiles not innocent. Her own anguish blinded her to the weight of another's anguish, and she sought to avert fate from herself by means as cruel, as pitiless, as inadmissible as those wherewith Napoleon overpowered her. Unrelenting, this gentle, faithful lover, sacrificed to her love, her child. Her beautiful Hortense, fair, delicate, petted, gentle, brilliant, and gay, in the first freshness of life's morning, loved Duroc, and was beloved by him; a handsome, winsome man, a skilful general, a dear friend of the Emperor. It was a prudent as well as a proper marriage, but it would give no additional security to Josephine. Whereas, if Hortense should marry Louis, a favorite brother of Napoleon, their son would inherit the name and blood of Bonaparte, and thus might well become that longed-for and seemingly-imperative thing, Napoleon's heir. Then might Josephine retain her rank and—let us be just—her love. The stakes she played for were high. Women seldom have a more terrible temptation, and Josephine—fell.

Louis, too, was a victim, but not wholly of Josephine. Napoleon sinned the sin of Louis, and with less of temptation than Josephine. Josephine's motive was to avert the bitterness of death. Napoleon's was only to build up the pomp of life. Louis, not without virtues, intellect, imagination, had early become absorbed in a passionate and ennobling love for a daughter of the old nobility. But the old nobility, devoted to royal interests, might interfere with Napoleon's plans, and the marriage was prevented. From this disappointment Louis never recovered. Naturally pensive, not too forceful, and, at best, but little ambitious, he became taciturn, lost the last vestige of political aspiration, clung in solitude to study, and refused to listen to any proposal for any marriage.

Josephine manœuvred awhile, unsupported. "Josephine," said Napoleon, succinct as ever and, as ever, clear-sighted to her little schemes, "labors in vain. Duroc and Hortense love each other and they shall be married. I am attached to Duroc. He is well born. He is brave. He is general of division." This is

amiable and admirable. Napoleon plays well the part of benevolent and direct father against ambitious mother. We should be glad to think, also, that he had learned, in the matter of his brother, the evil of interfering with the course of true love, and would no more of it. Unhappily, the cloven foot appears in the next sentence: *"Besides, I have other views for Louis."*

But Josephine's inflexibility against her own divorce outwore Napoleon's negative advocacy of Duroc, and she prevailed. The loving young girl was separated from her lover and married to the disappointed, moody, and reluctant recluse—unwilling bride to unwilling bridegroom.

To whom for a good? The little heir came—and went before the innocency of infancy faded from his brow. Another succeeded him, but alienation and disappointment combined to set a shadowy bar-sinister upon his escutcheon, which never wholly faded out, and against which no dream ever could endow him with the inheritance of France. When all who had wrought the evil upon his parents and upon him were in their graves, he made himself Emperor for twenty inglorious years, to die in exile, leaving a dubious name; leaving France defeated, shamed, enraged, athirst for revenge, at the feet of her foes; leaving his one son, his one feeble Prince Imperial, to die prematurely, rushing unsummoned into a war without laurels, perishing miserably under the onslaught of a savage ambuscade.

"Ah! the pity for Josephine," said one, when her grief and fate were at their crisis.

"Pity Josephine!" hissed Duroc, pointing to a group where his wife and Hortense stood side by side. "Look at those women. One is heaven; the other hell! No, I do not pity her!"

What Napoleon did in divorcing Josephine was to turn his back upon the impelling force of his life, upon his political principles, upon his ecclesiastical polity, and divorce himself from his strength. It is hard to see how a man so gifted with insight could, in any sphere, be so blind. Thoroughly a man of the future, he threw himself into the arms of the past, which was, in him, a thousand-fold more weak than if he had been born to the past. Abandoning, or, at least, ignoring his sublime, because well-grounded, self-confidence, he leaned upon the slender staff of a royal alliance, and it pierced him to the heart. It was all the stranger betrayal, because his confidence had

never betrayed him. In his young manhood, wooing Josephine in a rank above him, Barras had assured Josephine that, if she would marry Bonaparte, he would secure Bonaparte's appointment to the army of Italy, and thus elevate him to a rank nearer hers. "Do they think I need *their* protection to arrive at power?" haughtily, splendidly, exclaimed the twenty-six-years-old soldier. Did he then need the protection of tottering thrones to retain power? No man better than he understood, or even to-day understands, the right and the might of the masses, the sovereignty of the people. "My ambition," he confessed, "was great, but it rested upon the opinion of the masses. Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, a career open to talent without distinction of birth." Yet against laws and interests of church and state, he set aside the woman who had risen with him from the masses, to ally himself with a daughter of royalty, in order that the Empire which he had shaped by his own right arm should descend, like the kingdoms which he overcame, to a ruler by right of birth!

The idea that a prescribed birth was necessary to the stability of his Empire, or could so much as secure it, was, of itself, a stultification, was to discredit his own title. Had he inherited his position? Nay, he boasted, righteously, "I became by my own exertions"—not by any transmission of blood—"the most powerful Monarch of the Universe." What had he to do with dynasties except to overthrow them, or, if need be, readjust them according to the new time? To found them was to begin again the old dull round of things, which had given way before the blows of his genius like the dust-decayed bole of a stately-seeming tree. When Bourrienne expressed his fear that Napoleon could not get himself acknowledged as Emperor by the old dynasties, he gayly retorted: "If it comes to that, I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them." It was the light-heartedness of conscious superb strength; and he turned from it to invoke the aid of an heredity in itself weak, but for him weakness itself!

On the night preceding his coronation, Josephine prevailed upon Napoleon to consent to a private religious celebration of their marriage, while already he was meditating its violation. Present ease was palpable; the tears of Josephine were immediate; the sanction or ban of heaven was neither,—but was yet so

efficient a factor in organized society that he forbade to appear at court a woman who had been kind to Josephine in adversity, and whom Josephine gratefully wished to reward with imperial recognition; forbade her because he was desirous of strengthening more and more the church he had reëstablished, by keeping at a distance from his court all who may have availed themselves of an opportunity for a divorce!

The peasant women who cried, "Napoleon is *our* King, but the Bourbons were the Kings of the Nobles," Napoleon declared to have sounded the key-note of the whole matter. How, then, could he strike such discord as to dethrone "our Empress," beloved by the people, and dream of establishing himself more firmly in their affection and accord by crowning an Empress of the Nobles—the hostile and hated Hapsburgs?

"Are nations simple enough to believe themselves the property of a family?" he asked, with the conclusive incisiveness of pure logical statement,—and forthwith broke hearts and laws for the sake of creating a family to own the French nation!

"When I heard the result of the battle of Waterloo," said one, "I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages." But of the hour struck at Waterloo, Napoleon himself had sounded the alarum when he turned from the resources of his own luminous intellect, the support of the enthusiastic masses whom he drew irresistibly to his side, the beneficence of the institutions which he had given to France, broke the heart of the best woman, and the highest law in France to entrench himself in a law which the world had begun to outgrow, and which his own clear brain had signally and repeatedly denounced. Before the clock of Waterloo went back Napoleon had tampered with the works!

But if Napoleon betrayed his principles, so, it must be admitted, did Josephine betray her instincts. Napoleon was resolved upon the divorce. That she could not help. She could have helped consenting to it. She had deprecated his assumption of the estate of monarch, foreseeing, foredreading what it meant for her, but I find no shred of testimony that she ever took her stand upon eternal right and wrong. I find no evidence that she ever presented to him, or herself discerned, the imperiousness of moral obligation, the inviolable sacredness of the marriage vow, the certain duty they owed to civilization and Christianity beyond any uncertain duty of founding a dynamic dynasty.

Josephine did but as many wives do—threw all the anguished energy of her heroism into conforming her own will to the will of her husband, rather than into conforming her husband's will to the will of God, to the everlasting law of righteousness.

Without vulgar contention, without active participation, by simply refusing to sign her name, by submitting to be a victim but declining to become an accomplice, Josephine would have preserved the full dignity of her position. Napoleon would have completed the divorce; would have compelled the sacrifice of her happiness; but he could not have compromised herself. Her position would have been commanding. As it was, she did but vie with him in his own line, and missed the great opportunity for a great deed—a helpless but imperial protest against wrong.

She went further. She not only gave in her adhesion to his will,—which was not even a virtue, since his will was law,—but she ran ahead of his will, bought or sought his continued friendship and companionship by taking a part, hideously unbecoming, in his unholy alliance. She entertained and expressed a preference as to the wife he should choose, and even offered her services to secure the Austrian connection; thus demonstrating that, in the matter of this divorce, her *morale* was no higher than Napoleon's.

And what good came of it at last? quoth little Peterkin.

Wreck,—swift, complete. Wreck to Napoleon of love, of ambition, as total as the wreck he wrought on Josephine. The desired heir was born, a beautiful boy,—and there was no kingdom to inherit. While he was yet a prattling baby, the great new government vanished into a memory, and France was delivered by foreign foes to her domestic foes. Napoleon's own eyes saw her forced back into the hands from which she had torn herself free—forced back under those Bourbons whom he justly taunted with having lived for twenty years on the charity of foreigners, in open war with the principles and the interests of France.

The young wife who was to bring her husband the flying buttress of a Royal house, made a faint-hearted attempt to aid him with her feeble influence and her feeble presence; then went her feeble way and consoled herself with another man—more her nature's mate—in some ignoble, unacknowledged, unhandsome marriage, if marriage, indeed, it were.

The haughty Hapsburg father had eaten humble pie as greed-

ily as any parvenu, and courted the Corsican soldier for his daughter when the Corsican was successful; but haughty Hapsburgs can turn a corner or a coat, for their own advantage, as fast as common earth. "My father," said the daughter of the Cæsars, "would never consent to the Emperor's dethronement. He repeated to me over and over again, when he placed me on the French throne, that he would always maintain me in that station; and my father is rigidly true to his word."

But "my father" piped to another key. "Francis," said the Czar, with all the *sang froid* of Artemus Ward, "—Francis will sacrifice all his personal affections for the repose of Europe."

And Francis did!

When the daughter of the Cæsars fled from the palace of the people's Emperor, the thunder of her father's approaching cannon told her how rigidly he was keeping his word!

The heir who was to be all carefully trained to preserve and transmit the great governmental system of his great father, lived his short life in profound obscurity, and of him the world knows scarcely more than name. On the horrid, torrid rock where the cruel and sovereign cowards fettered their great enemy,—sovereign because their sudden terror of this Man of the People overpowered their squabbles against each other long enough to permit them to combine to crush him,—no solace of wife or child was his. He never again heard the sweet, lisping voice, or saw the sunny, dimpling face, or felt the waxen touch of the baby fingers. In his bitter sorrow at St. Helena for these dear ones, did ever remorse come to him for the wives he forbade to Louis and Duroc; for the wife whom he plucked from Jerome; for the husband whom he forbade to Hortense, of whom he robbed Josephine?

No. Strange blindness of clear eyes—apparently never. All his plans had failed, and noble plans they were: the hands upon the dial-plate of Europe have not yet passed the hour that struck at Waterloo; yet Napoleon had so little learned the lesson that he could pause on the threshold of another world to murmur: "If my son remains in exile, let him marry one of my nieces; if France recalls him, let him seek the hand of a Russian princess."

I discern no sign that Napoleon ever discovered the moral wrong, or ever even appreciated the extent or the nature of Josephine's keen suffering. "There are moral laws as inflexible and imperious as physical laws," he said sagely, and could see that

the Bourbons had broken them in misgoverning France; but never could he see that he had broken them in repudiating Josephine. He was naïvely and really surprised at the poignancy of her grief, when he announced his resolution of divorce. He had told Hortense! Hortense should have prepared her for it! "I thought she had more firmness!" He confessed too much in designating his Austrian marriage as an "abyss covered with flowers." The flowers should have been for him what they were for Josephine, bitter rue and baleful aconite; but call them by what name we will, their distilled essence was a fatal poison to both—and he did not know it.

Of all the actors in that sad drama, Josephine wears the laurels. The world has agreed to overlook her weakness, to ignore her wrong; to remember only her wrongs, her dignity, her fidelity. Even on the low level where Napoleon the Great shrivelled to Napoleon the small, the future avenged Josephine. It is her descent, not his, that reigns in Europe to-day. The young prince who lately came down the steps of a throne to marry the girl he loved, has Josephine's blood in his veins, while the young girl who has just revolted Christendom with her unnatural marriage, is of the blood and name of Bonaparte.

Justly is Josephine crowned with the crown of them who love much. Her cruelty was not of her nature, but sprang from the frenzy of her despair. The comfort of her last hour, that she had never caused a single tear to flow, was worth an angel's remembrance. For all that Napoleon had done to wring her heart and wound her pride, she protested that she never felt the full extent of her trouble till it prevented her from joining him in exile. And so, unable to bear his grief, which she could not share, with his picture in her hand, with his name upon her lips, she died.

GAIL HAMILTON.

CHRISTIANITY VERSUS SOCIALISM.

BY THE REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN UNION."

"SOCIALISM means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce,—means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction." So says James Russell Lowell, in his essay on "Democracy" (page 40). This is what Christianity also means, or wishes to mean. How, then, do they differ from each other? This is the question to which I propose in this paper to give a partial answer. My aim is not to compare the Socialism of the Reds, with all its crude theories and sometimes revolutionary and even riotous spirit, with the Christianity of ecclesiasticism, with all its ceremonialism and scholastic tendencies. The one is as foreign to the intelligent Socialism of modern thinkers as the other to the simplicity of the method and spirit of Jesus Christ. My aim is to take what is best and purest in Socialism with what is best and purest in Christianity, and compare them. And, in doing this, I make no secret of my aim, which is to justify, after a well-considered comparison of the two, the methods of the Christian Church and the Christian ministry, and their refusal to abandon these methods for the philosophy and the methods of modern Christless Socialism.

Let me frankly concede, at the outset, that the contrast here suggested is, perhaps, unduly heightened by the antithesis. Christianity and Socialism shade off into each other; and if, on the one hand, modern Socialism is largely pervaded by Christianity, it is also true that modern Christianity is, in its practical workings, rightly adapted to and modified by the socialistic needs and move-

ments of the age. Leaving this general statement to qualify what follows, I endeavor, without repeating this qualification in each paragraph, to put the methods of a Christless and of a Christian Socialism—or, in more popular phrase, the methods of Christianity and Socialism—in contrast, for the purpose of at once interpreting, and defending from attack and unintelligent criticism, the methods of Christianity in dealing with Socialistic problems.

I. In the first place, then, all varied forms of social philanthropy proceed on the assumption that the thing essential to be done is to modify the social organism. They proceed on the assumption that, if the social organism can be made right, the condition of mankind will be made right. There are as many different sects in what we call socialistic philanthropy as there are in the Christian Church, or, if not as many, they are, at least, as antagonistic. One social reformer tells us that we must abolish the tariff, and then prices will be lowered and wealth will be distributed; another tells us that we must raise the tariff, and then wages will be raised and wealth will be distributed. One social reformer tells us we must levy all taxes on the land and take them off everything else; another tells us we must take them off the land and levy them on incomes. One social reformer tells us we must increase the power and extend the functions of government; another, that government is a failure, or, at best, a necessary evil, and that we must reduce its powers or abolish it altogether. But the high-tariff man and the Free-Trader, the land-tax and the income-tax advocate, the State Socialist and the Anarchist, widely as they differ, all agree in this one fundamental doctrine—that if we can only make the social organism right, humanity will be well taken care of.

They strike at the vice in the organism; demand reform in the organism; seek changes that can be wrought by legislation in the organism. Jesus Christ proceeded on a directly opposite assumption. He made almost no attempt to change social order or the social organism. The system of taxation that prevailed in the Roman Empire was abominably unjust. Christ said never a word about taxation. Labor was not only underpaid and ill-paid, but, for the most part, worked with its hands in manacles; but Christ said never a word about slavery. If drinking and drunkenness were not as bad in their forms then as they are now, by reason of the modern use of distilled liquors, then compara-

tively unknown, drinking habits and animalism, in all its forms, were worse in Greece than they have ever been in America; but Christ never levelled his shafts against the man that sold liquor, or against the liquor trade, or against the making of wine. Phariseeism was a phase of a great hierarchial system. Christ did not strike at the hierarchy and the system; he struck at the Pharisee, not at the *ism*. He struck at the injustice, not at the form which the injustice took on at a particular era, in a particular country, under particular circumstances. He sought to change, not methods, but men. He struck, not at the outward clothing of the wrong, but at the wrong itself. Accordingly, he said almost nothing about social evils and a great deal about individual sins. In strictness of speech, a nation does not sin. The individuals that make up the nation are the sinners. Sins are individual, and Christ proceeded on the assumption that, if we can get rid of sin in the individual, we shall get rid of evil in the state; but if we leave the sin in the individual, all social reform will result only in a change in the form of social evil.

Christ indicated in this respect the method which the Christian Church has, with more or less deviation, followed ever since. The Christian Church is not, and does not undertake to be, a social-reform organization; nor is the Christian minister a social reformer. Father McGlynn leaves the Roman Catholic Church, and Hugh O. Pentecost leaves the Congregational Church, and they go out into the halls and say, Follow us. But we do not, and do not intend to, follow them. We decline to turn aside from our work to debate the question whether the land tax or income tax, free trade or revenue reform, State Socialism or *laissez-faire*, are right or wrong, beneficent or maleficent. Our business is different. Our business is to make men, and trust that out of right manhood will grow right systems.

This radical difference is best seen in a glance at the proposals of the radical Socialist. He believes in manufacture, not in growth, of men. He would rub off from the slate all the experience of past history; then take the slate and write a new scheme for the industry of the future. A man who cannot organize his own household, who cannot live in peace with his own wife, who cannot manage his own children, who cannot earn money enough to keep his toes from peeping through his shoes or his elbows through his coat-sleeves, is ready to tell us how we are to organize

the industry of the world. But it is our Christian belief that social organisms are not to be manufactured. One cannot take a bit of timber here and a bit of iron there and make a new shelter for humanity. Social organism is a growth; and the fundamental condition of growth is personal manhood, out of which growth may come. It is not possible to make a solid ship out of rotten timber. It is the business of the forest, not to make masts and keels and knees and ships, but to make trees; when the trees are made, then men will take them and make of them masts and keels and knees and ships. It is not the work of the mountain to turn the busy machinery. It is the work of the mountain to furnish the springs and streams that gather together into a river which will drive the machinery. It is the work of the Christian Church to make the trees out of which the social ship shall be constructed, to keep full in men's hearts the spiritual and moral life which shall drive aright all industries, all political and social organisms of the world's industry. The work of the Christian Church is, the work of Christ was, primarily individual; only secondarily social and organic. Christ's method was based on the assumption that, if individuals were made right, society would rectify itself; and that is the method which he has bequeathed to the Christian Church and the Christian ministry. It is not for the church to tell what justice demands in taxation, but to develop such a spirit of justice in the hearts of men that they will work out that which is just in government. It is not the vocation of the minister to tell the capitalist what he must do in the organization of his labor, nor to tell the laborer what he must do in his treatment of the capitalist. It is the business of the Christian Church and the Christian ministry to inspire such sentiments of humanity and good-will in the hearts of the children of men, such faith in the Golden Rule and the brotherhood of humanity, that the capitalist and the laborer will find it easy to shake hands with each other and go on their way rejoicing.

This is not because Christ was indifferent to social evils; not because the church is indifferent to social evils, or a defender of the social order. From the days of Paul down to the present time, the true apostles and followers of Christ have been men that were turning the world upside down; and they will go on turning the world upside down until it gets right side up. But the process of revolution is one that must be wrought in the hearts of in-

dividual men. There is no short cut to the millennium by a manufactured social order.

II. In the second place, modern social philanthropy proceeds, primarily, in its work of reform by endeavoring to rectify man's environment. It does not work primarily upon the individual, but upon society; nor upon his character, but upon his circumstances. It acts upon the philosophy that man is made by his environment; that his surroundings are the creator, and he is the creature. Accordingly it demands clean streets, better food, good sewerage, improved lighting, improved tenements, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Now, this was not Christ's method. Christ dealt with men, not with circumstances. Pauperism was far more common in the first century than it is to-day; but Christ said nothing about pauperism. He did not even suggest its abolition. There was immeasurably less regard paid to sanitary conditions in the first century than there is to-day. Christ did not attempt to teach men sanitary and hygienic reforms. This was not wholly because sanitary science was unknown; for he had less to say about it than had Moses, fourteen centuries before. Modern social philanthropy proceeds on the assumption that, if you can make the environment right, the environment will make the men. Christ proceeded on the assumption that, if you can make men right, the men will make the environment. Social reformers wish us to abandon our spiritual work, in churches, Sabbath-schools, and missions; they propose to us to lay aside the Bible, substitute a primer on hygiene, stop preaching, and go out and clean the streets; stop talking about morals and religion, and give men decent homes and good sewerage; get rid of sewage-gas first and sin afterwards.

That, certainly, has not been the way of the Christian Church in the past, and will not be its way in the future. We do not disesteem sanitary reform, but our way to sanitary reform is, primarily and chiefly, by the reform of character. Circumstances do not make men: men make circumstances. Even the oyster makes his own shell. Changing one's circumstances does not change his character. The lie of the lady in silk or the gentleman in broadcloth, spoken with a smile, while standing on the Wilton carpet, is as base a lie as the lie of the man in rags, with a grin on his face, while standing on the sanded floor. The in-

dulgence which eats with a golden spoon is no whit better than the indulgence which eats with a wooden spoon. The pig is a pig still, whether it roots in the garden or wallows in the sty. It is not environment that makes men: men make environment. The same ocean washes Ireland and England; the same sun smiles on them both; the same beneficent fogs and rains fall on their greenswards; and the same kind of green grass springs up for them, making verdure in the one island as in the other. Why is Ireland Ireland, and England England? Because one is inhabited by the Celt, and the other by the Anglo-Saxon; and, I may add, because one lives under the stimulating power of a Protestant faith, and the other under the dwarfing and deadening power of a Roman Catholic ritualism. It is not the business of ministers and churches to make clean streets or improved tenements. It is their business, if they speak to landlords, to speak such sentiments of justice and truth that no man that rents a house shall leave the miserable tenement without air, without water, without sunlight. It is their business, if they preach to the poor, to preach such a gospel of cleanliness and order and decency that no man in his poverty will consent to live without these three things—fresh air, fresh water, God's sunlight.

III. In the third place, modern social philanthropy proceeds on the assumption that, in social reform, we are to begin with the lowest factor in man and work up to the higher. First, it says, deal with the body, then with the intellect, then with the ethical nature, and finally, if there is time and force left, with the spiritual condition of things. Give good food, good clothing, good external conditions. Build not a church, but a Palace of Delight. Following after these, give education, give schools and languages; let the intellect be developed. Then organize societies for ethical culture. Teach the second table of the law: Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery. As for God and immortality and Christ and theology, we will talk about that when we get to it.

Now, that was not Christ's method. He did not begin with the bottom of man and work up to the top. He began at the top of man and worked down towards the bottom.* He did not

* This was also the method of Socrates: "All good and evil, whether in the body or in human nature, originate in the soul and overflow from thence, as from the head into the eyes. And, therefore, if the head and body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul: that is the first thing."—*Charmides.*

attempt to lift men up by a leverage applied from below: he attempted to lift men up by a hand reached down from above. Did he not feed five thousand in the wilderness? Yes!—after he had preached all day; but he preached first and fed afterwards. These four things are, in Socialism, placed in this order: First, what makes for the welfare of man's body; second, of his intellect; third, of his ethical nature; lastly, of his spiritual nature. But in Christ's order, spirit comes first, morality second, the intellect third, body last of all. Christ assumed, Christianity assumes, that in every man, behind the shell, it may be, of rags and filthiness, behind the more impenetrable shell of luxurious and selfish wealth,—in every man, somewhere, there is a sentiment of reverence, of love, of divine manhood; and it is the work of the Christian Church and of the Christian ministry, as throughout all ages it is the work of God himself, to brood the soul until he has kindled into life this spiritual nature. When that spiritual nature has been kindled into life, it will develop an ethical life, it will demand an intellectual education, it will build up for itself the conditions of physical well-being.

To sum up in a sentence, then, this antithesis between the method of Socialism and the method of Christianity: the church has often, like the priest and the Levite in the parable, passed by on the other side, and left wounded humanity to the care of the heretic, while it hurried on to the temple service at Jerusalem. For that disregard of humanity in a pretended consecration to God, I have no words but of indignation and contempt. But in our care of humanity we adhere, not blindly or superstitiously, but deliberately and with due consideration, to the principles and methods of Jesus Christ. We rejoice in legal, social, sanitary reform, and give Godspeed to all such reformers; but, in our work as churches and ministers, we propose to work for the rebuilding of men rather than for the reforming of social organizations; for the change of character rather than of environment; and by appeals to men in the order of moral supremacy, appealing first to the dominant sentiments of reverence, hope, faith, and love; second, to the intellectual and social considerations of prudence and present well-being; last of all, to the mere physical and animal nature and its needs.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE DEBUT OF A DRAMATIST.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

I WAS eighteen years of age at that time. I am sixty-six now. Forty-eight years ago! *Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni!* Ah me! —where was I?

* * * * * *

Follow me down a narrow street leading from the Strand to the river: Villiers Street, I think it was called, but it has been improved out of the map of London to make room for the Charing-Cross Railway Station. Let us enter a dingy lodging-house and mount four flights of dark and greasy stairs. The door facing the visitors is that of the back attic, or rather the back garret, for the room is nestled in the roof of the building and receives its light from a dormer-window. It is small; so is its rent —four shillings a week. The furniture consists of a low iron bedstead, two wicked-looking chairs, and a washstand; there are neither curtains nor carpet; a plain substantial table, covered with manuscripts and writing material, stands near the window. The mantel-piece accommodates a row of books, consisting of prizes won at school, in their showy bindings; a score of French novels, ragged and disreputable as their contents; a copy of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary; a Shakespeare and a collection of Cumberland's London stage, flanked by an earthenware pot of tea and a monstrous tea-cup.

Leaning at the open window, contemplating the vista of chimney-pots and disconsolate tiled roofs that spread away to the smoky horizon of Lambeth, sat the lodger in this Bohemian asylum. He was something older than a boy and younger than a man. His slim figure, broad in the shoulders, thin in the flank; his black hair and gray-blue eyes; his complexion, as fair as that of a girl, indicate the Irish race. The clock of St. Martin's neighboring church struck three.

"Three o'clock!" he murmured; "the rehearsal must be over by this time. They told me this is the best time to see him. It shall be my last effort."

So saying, he slung himself into a pea-jacket, snatched his hat, and dived down the four flights of stairs. With swift steps, half in resolution, half in despair, he crossed the Strand, made his way up Bedford Street, along Henrietta Street, and into Covent-Garden Market. Crossing that filthy metropolitan nuisance, always reeking with rotting vegetable refuse, he sped round the block into the by-street in which was situated the stage-door of the old Covent-Garden Theatre. It looked like the vestibule of a prison. The stage-doorkeeper recognized him with a nod, half familiar, half sympathetic.

"Is the rehearsal over yet?" asked the visitor.

"Oh yes, an hour ago."

"Will you please take my name up to Mr. Charles Mathews?"

"It is all right," replied the janitor, glancing at the card. "Mr. Mathews has been expecting to see you since two o'clock."

The visitor stood agape.

"Did you not get the message?" continued the official.

"I? No!" stammered the youth, tingling all over with delight and astonishment. "When did he send?"

"An hour ago. Oh! here is his own man. I say, Williams, take this gentleman's name to Mr. Mathews, quick. Say Mr. Madison Morton is waiting."

Williams had vanished before the young man could gasp out: "No! It is a mistake. My name is Lee Moreton."

"Then why did you not tell me so?" growled the porter.

"You never asked me," retorted the boy, who stood for some moments irresolute. Then the situation burst upon him, and while he was laughing, in spite of his chagrin and disappointment, Williams reappeared.

"This way, sir, take care. The staircase is dark. Allow me to guide you." And up the dismal stairs and across the great gloomy stage they went, until they groped their way to a corridor into which several doors opened. At one of these the guide knocked discreetly, and, withdrawing aside, invited his companion to enter a comfortably-furnished room, half parlor, half office. Facing the fire sat a gentleman in a light-gray dressing-gown, faced with blue silk: his back was turned to the door by which

his visitor had entered. He was reading a manuscript. Without raising his head he motioned the intruder with his hand to a chair.

"One moment, my dear Morton. Sit down. Not a word until I have finished this scene—just half a page."

The young man took the chair and waited the manager's leisure, rehearsing the apology he should make. At length Charles Mathews rose, and, putting aside the manuscript on the mantel-piece, took to poking the fire vigorously.

"Well, Morton, you have put plenty of fun and animal spirits into that farce of yours, but somehow it does not read like your work. I like the part you have written for me immensely."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Mathews," began the youth timidly.

"Hollo!" exclaimed the comedian, turning round and scanning his visitor with amused wonder. "Who are you?"

"My name is Moreton, and by mistake I have been shown to your room. Allow me to explain how it happened"; and he did so.

Mathews laughed heartily at the blunder, and then, eyeing the youth with some curiosity, asked what he wished to see him about. Young Moreton told him that he had sent him a manuscript of a one-act piece some weeks previously, in the hope that he would find time to look it over; that he had called many times—he was ashamed to confess how many. Mathews listened with great patience and good-humor; then he answered that dozens of such works came in weekly and that he would get Mr. Planché or Mr. Bartley to look it up. Mr. Moreton had better leave the title of the play, and he (Mathews) would see it was returned to the author. As the manager said this, he walked to the desk in a manner to convey a dismissal. Moreton rose and, bowing, turned at the door, and said: "The title is 'A Lover by Proxy'."

"What!" cried Mathews, and returning quickly to the mantel-piece, he took up the manuscript he had been reading. It was the farce in question. "I see," said he quietly. "I see it is by L. Moreton, not by Madison Morton."

After a moment's reflection he continued: "And this is your work?"

"Yes."

"Sit down. What is your age?"

"I shall be eighteen next month," replied the boy, coloring to the roots of his hair, for he now felt and understood the impudence of the intrusion.

"You do not look so old," remarked the comedian.

The boy added: "I was born on the 26th of December, 1822."

"The deuce you were!" cried Mathews. "Why, that is my birthday! That is singular. And you tell me you had no assistance in the composition of this play?"

"Yes, sir. I know it is full of faults."

"Stop," said Mathews, eyeing him with great kindness. "Tell me what you are and who you are."

"I am alone in London, desolate and penniless. I have clung to the hope of earning some livelihood rather than return to Dublin, to my family, who are not too well blessed with fortune. I am friendless. Perhaps you do not know what that means," and here my hero broke down like a school-boy; indeed, he was little more. The comedian put his hand on the lad's shoulder and pressed him back into the chair from which he was rising. Then, in the most delicate, generous, and affectionate manner, he placed before him all the trials, the heart-breaking failures, and poor returns a dramatic author must encounter. He urged him to adopt some other occupation. When he concluded, Moreton took his hand between both of his own and said that he would rather break his heart and starve than abandon a hope that filled him to the exclusion of every other feeling. If this failed, he did not care what became of him. Well—he had two brothers in Australia; he would go out there.

"I wish heartily," said the manager, turning away and looking moodily into the fire, "—I wish I could help you, but we are glutted with farces. What we do want now-a-days is a good five-act comedy of modern life. Now, if I could find such a part as you have sketched here in this farce, expanded in a modern comedy, there would be room for such a work, for we have had nothing of that kind for many years."

Then, after a pause, he resumed: "Well, in any case let me retain your farce. I would like my wife, Madame Vestris, to read it. Meanwhile, I must put your name on the free list of the theatre, and I hope you will avail yourself of the privilege frequently."

With a full heart and a throbbing brain, the lad took his leave, but, hesitating a moment at the door, he turned and said:

"You have been good and kind to me, Mr. Mathews. I had no claim on your attention or on your sympathy; so I am the more grateful. Let me confess before I go that the name Lee Moreton is one I assumed when I appeared as an amateur in private theatricals. My name is Dion Boucicault. It does not matter much, but I don't like to wear any disguise with you."

"I see no reason for assuming any name but your own. I think it is the better one of the two."

The young man accepted the remark as advice, and from that moment shook off the silly incognito he had adopted.

Four weeks after this interview, Mr. Boucicault presented himself once more at the stage-door of the Covent-Garden Theatre and requested the porter to send up his name to Mr. Mathews, and again he was piloted into the room he remembered so well.

"Ah," said Mathews, who met him heartily, "I was wondering what had become of you. What can I do for you?"

The boy hauled a big roll of manuscript from under his coat, and, placing it on the table before the manager, said simply:

"There is the five-act comedy you wanted!"

"What comedy?" cried Mathews, bewildered.

"Well!" replied the lad, "I understood you to say that if you could find in a new five-act comedy a part similar to that I wrote for you in 'A Lover by Proxy,' there would be room for the production of such a work."

"Did I say so? Perhaps—yes, I think I did."

"Well, there is the comedy! I went home full of that little bit of hope you extended to me, and set to work with all my heart."

"Do you mean to say that you have written a new comedy in five acts since I saw you the other day?"

"Yes, such as it is. If you will read it, it will decide my future—one way or the other."

"Read it?" cried Mathews, heartily. "Of course I will! But pray do not build any hopes upon this venture. However, we have a little party next Sunday at our villa at Parson's Green. There will be Planché, John Cooper, Bartley, Madame [Vestris], and myself. We shall hold court over your offence! Good day."

This was Thursday. How the young fool spent the following days, standing on the brink of destiny and looking into the abyss of life, is not to be described. He felt the agony of a lover awaiting the reply of his adored; of the culprit awaiting the verdict during the retirement of the jury! Oh, the exquisite pain of that suspense!

On Monday morning Bartley sent for him to come to his private room at the theatre. The youth hurried there with his heart in his mouth.

"Sit down, my dear boy," said the old comedian, regarding the lad as tenderly as if he had been his own son. "Let me at once lay your anxiety at rest. We read your comedy and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews think very highly of it. Indeed, so greatly are they impressed that it is their intention to put it into rehearsal at once. I tell you, candidly, I do not share in their raptures. The play is undoubtedly very clever—a wonderful work for a youth in his teens. But remember, our opinion is not that of the public. It is not a verdict. Accept it as an encouragement. Keep your head cool; do not be sanguine."

All this came upon the young fellow so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that he broke down, and tears—very boyish tears—filled his eyes. He apologized for his emotion, of which he felt ashamed.

"Don't," said the old man. "It does you credit. Have it out now, before you meet the management. Your comedy will require great alteration; be prepared for all kinds of wounds to your pride as an author. Like a young bear, all your troubles are about to begin."

So, putting his arm around the lad, he conducted him across the stage to the room of Madame Vestris—the monumental beauty of the period. Vestris at this time was verging on the wrong side of forty, but still retained her great beauty and ineffable grace. Planché, Cooper, and Mathews were there. Seeing that the newcomer was speechless and very awkward, she came to him, took him by the hand, and led him to a sofa, making him sit down beside her.

Oh! the sweetness of manner of those artists, their affectionate reception of a poor, unfriended boy, will never be effaced from his heart! They stooped to encourage and sustain him, for they saw how bewildered he was, how unable he felt to speak. He listened

to these voices, so familiar to him on the stage. These people, whom he regarded with worship as the gods of his theatrical pantheon—was it possible they were tendering homage to him and receiving his humble self amongst them as somebody? Nay, it is a dream!

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A few day after this, the comedy was called for reading to the actors in the green-room of the theatre. The cast included Farren, Bartley, Anderson, Mathews, Harley, Keeley, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mrs. Humby. They were all there, stars of the first magnitude: no such group has ever since that time been assembled. The young author, with a trembling accent, proceeded to read his play. His audience, gathered round him, accompanied each act with profusion of applause, to give him courage. At the conclusion, Vestris, who sat beside him, rose, and, taking him in her arms, said:

"We cannot tell what reception your comedy may meet with; but the public cannot alter our opinion that it is a brilliant play, and that you will be numbered amongst the dramatists of the period. You have a future, and we are glad and proud to be interpreters of your first work."

The rest of the company crowded round him, with similar delighted assurances. Their applause was the first he ever enjoyed—and the sweetest—oh yes, the sweetest by far.

Alas! every one of those great artists—great hearts, gentle hearts, for without gentle and noble hearts they could not be the great artists they were—all are gone before! for I am sixty-six.

No! The heart and brain never grow old; and when I recall those events, those faces, I feel their hands in mine—I see their smiles—I hear their voices.

I am eighteen again!

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Intoxicated by the reception he had met with; petted by the loveliest group of women that ever graced the stage; elevated to the companionship of the great comedians of the day; brought into contact with the giants and critics of dramatic literature, Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer, Douglas Jerrold, Robert Bell, and a host of literary lights, the young author stood bewildered, but unable to overcome the latent suspicion that the whole fabric of this fairy palace would collapse like a vision, that there was no

reality about it. In secret he studied his comedy and found it trivial, thoughtless, and unworthy of the esteem in which the actors held it. He awoke to the fear that the fraud would be discovered. So he lent himself with eagerness to the suggestions of the actors made during rehearsal. Scene after scene was rewritten at the prompt-table and handed wet to the company. Thus the last speech of the play, which is technically termed "the tag," was composed and handed to Max Harkaway. The next day, or on some subsequent day, Vestris took the author aside and said: "Farren wants to speak 'the tag.' I suppose you don't mind?"

"Well," said the author, looking up with his Irish smile, "will it not sound rather strange in the mouth of *Sir Harcourt Courtly?*"

"Oh, never mind—I am sure the public will not. Bartley does not object; in fact, he approves."

And so it stood.

* * * * * *

The first night—March 4, 1841—came to pass. The name of the author was unknown to the public; so a half-filled house assembled to witness the first performance of "London Assurance." The original title of the comedy had been "Out of Town." Vestris had changed that. So also in the *dramatis personæ* of the play *Sir William Dazzle* had been changed to *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, and the name of *Dazzle* was assumed by Charles Mathews, who played that part. The French method of occupying the stage with only one scene per act was, it is believed, introduced to the English stage on this occasion. But the extravagance of innovation was reached when the author suggested that a *carpet* should be used in the drawing-room.

"What next?" mumured John Cooper, the stage-manager. "He will be asking for real flowers and real sunlight in the garden."

We have had the real flowers since, and the lime-light has furnished a very respectable substitute for sunlight.

During the performance the woe-begone author wandered about the corridors of the house, for he had been warned off the stage by Madame Vestris, who said his presence would make the actors nervous. So he crept up to a back seat in the upper boxes, and there listened to his play. Oh, how slow it seemed! how bald. The first act provoked a little laughter here and there, and then

he drew a breath. The beautiful stage-setting of the second act elicited the first round of applause. As the play proceeded he discovered Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, and Gilbert à Beckett seated together in the front row of an adjacent box. He crept into the row behind them and tried to overhear their opinions of the piece. When the situation arrived at the end of this act, Jerrold turned to his companions.

"That is fatal," he observed. "He has reached his climax too early in the play. Nothing will go after that."

The public had, indeed, greeted the scene with the wild enthusiasm an English audience alone are capable of displaying.

Wellington never awaited the arrival of the Prussians at Waterloo with the pale anxiety that the appearance of *Lady Gay Spanker* and *Dolly* in the third act was waited for by that young dramatist. Nisbett came, she spoke, and conquered. She outranked herself. The hunting speech carried the house by storm. Jerrold, Lemon, and à Beckett rose in their seats and cheered. The pit seemed to boil over. Nothing was heard for several minutes. The author left the house. Up and down Covent-Garden Market, back and forth, he paced, not sensible where he directed his steps, until he found himself on Waterloo Bridge, seated in a recess, trying to cool his face by pressing it against the wet stone balustrade. It was raining, but he did not know it. Then there crept over him a dread that the end of the comedy might change the tide of success. He rose and crept back to the theatre; the fifth act was on; there was an ominous silence. Hush! who was speaking?

Sir Harcourt.—Charles, who is Mr. Dazzle?
Charles.—Dazzle? Well, I don't exactly know who he is. I say, Dazzle, excuse an impertinent question.
Dazzle.—Oh, certainly!
Charles.—Who are you?
Dazzle.—I have not the slightest idea!

The house shook with peal after peal of laughter at the inimitable manner of Mathews. And every fibre of the young author quivered responsively. In a few moments after this the curtain descended. The actors had responded again and again to the enthusiastic calls and recalls of the public, when a strange uproar commenced—a din amidst which it seemed impossible to discern what the audience wanted. In the midst of all this the

author felt himself seized by some one, who cried, "Mr. Mathews is searching for you, sir, everywhere; please follow me at once"; and presently he found himself behind the scenes, standing at the prompt entrance.

"Come," said Mathews, "don't you hear the public? They are calling for you!"

"For me?" he stammered. "What for?"

Mathews caught the boy by the arm; Bartley pushed him forward, and he found himself suddenly in the presence of the audience. He could see nothing but the glare of the footlights; could hear nothing but the tumult of the multitude. After escaping from this ordeal he stood amid the crowd of actors in the green-room, and, looking round upon their beaming faces, he stammered out something very incoherent to each of them. Mathews led him forward to where Mme. Vestris and Mrs. Nisbett sat.

"There!" cried the comedian. "Does their presence not inspire you to speak? What do you say to your heroines?"

The boy looked from one to the other and said: "Will you kiss me?"

And they did.

"The boy has recovered his presence of mind," remarked Mathews.

That is all!

I cannot believe it was so long ago!

DION BOUCICAULT.

PLEAS FOR COPYRIGHT.

BY GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

In the March number of this Review, the Hon. George S. Boutwell, in an article entitled "Common-Sense and Copyrights," undertakes to show, first, that an international copyright will work to the disadvantage of the American public, and, secondly, that it is not required by any considerations of justice or equity. He mentions that the adoption of such a system "will necessitate the paying of increased prices for books, which will constitute a legalized system of taxation, the benefits of which will inure chiefly, if not exclusively, to persons who are not citizens of the United States." He believes that there would be more than three times as many American readers of English books as English readers of American books, and says: "Can we afford to pay three dollars to English authors, in order that American authors may receive one dollar from the reading public of Great Britain?"

Mr. Boutwell further contends that an international copyright is not required for the interests of American authors, because the more noted are already "amply compensated by their monopoly of the American market," while the works of the others, comprising the majority, "could, in any case, not find sale in Great Britain." The many American authors who have attained an honorable position in literature, and who are, nevertheless, unable to secure from the sale of their books the annual equivalent of a book-keeper's salary, may be inclined to question Mr. Boutwell's estimate of what constitutes "ample compensation." He does not admit that American authors have any ground for consideration under the principles of the protective system, because this "monopoly of their home market is all that any producers can demand." Mr. Boutwell fails to find any considerations of international justice or of international expediency adequate to offset the above

specified material objections to the proposed measure. He puts the inquiry, "When the author has sold his work and has received payment therefor, is it a crime in the purchaser to reproduce that book?" and replies: "Of course not, unless the act has been made a crime by law; for there can be no crime in such an act *per se.*" There is at present, he explains, no law to prevent such reproduction of English books in the United States, and the proceeding cannot, therefore, be characterized as a crime. He compares it to the carrying of goods from one country to another country between which there are no customs regulations. "Such an act," he says, "has no moral quality in it."

Let us first give consideration to his conclusions on the ethical point. Thirty years ago an American travelling in Europe found himself troubled, and his national pride mortified, by continually meeting expressions of opinion concerning the barbarism of the American institution of slavery. With this serious blot on their civilization, the United States were spoken of as having a standard of National conduct below that of the other nations of the civilized world, with which such an institution had long been a matter of ancient history. It was useless for any individual American to defend himself by explaining that he belonged to New York or to Massachusetts, where slavery was no longer tolerated. He could not escape his share of the responsibility of the National sin, and was obliged to hear his beloved "Land of the Free" classed with Turkey or the Barbary States. Whatever progress we had made or whatever enlightenment we had secured in other directions, in this matter of holding on to a relic of barbarism which the rest of the civilized world had discarded, we had placed ourselves, or had left ourselves, outside the pale of civilization. In what consisted our crime? We were breaking no law, national or international, for we had no international conventions or comities with Africa. The fact, however, that we were appropriating, without payment, the results of African labor, and that our American law rendered possible, and even legalized, such injustice, gave just cause for the condemnation of Europe.

To-day the American in Europe has fresh cause for mortification in continuing to hear the United States stigmatized as still, in one important respect, "outside the pale," and in being asked to explain why our National standard of morality should lag half a century behind that of the other literature-producing nations.

The ground for this present charge is that we are appropriating, without payment, the results of English labor, and that we maintain a system of law which legalizes such appropriation. In one respect, the present method of appropriation is even less defensible than that practised under the slavery system. The slaves received at least a living for their labor, if only because it was for the interest of their masters that they should continue to live. But Mr. Boutwell, and those who agree with him, contend that any payment whatever to these English laborers, whose work we are enjoying, would be an injustice to the American people. Mr. Boutwell should remember that, as mankind progresses, its standard of ethics grows higher, and in no respect has the development been more marked than in the furthering of wholesome international relations, and in the recognition of the possibility of "foreigners" having rights which natives are bound to respect. The old-time feeling of home patriotism—as expressed by "Who's that, Bill?" "A stranger." "Then 'eave a brick at 'im"—doubtless still exists in remote villages, but is assuredly far less bitter between nations than it was a century ago. Such an expression would, however, apparently still hold good for the United States, if the stranger happened to be an author, only, before "'eaving the brick," we should, under the existing system, pick his pockets.

Mr. Boutwell may say that it is possible to pay too much attention to the opinions and criticisms of Europe, and that America is as competent to fix its own standard of international ethics as to make seventy-four cents of silver equal to a gold dollar; and if the statement were so framed, it might even be possible to agree with it. But, after all, the attempt with the "buzzard" dollar is a matter of purely domestic significance, as we do not undertake to enforce upon Europe our peculiar system of National arithmetic. Questions of international relations, however, cannot be decided in any such off-hand domestic manner, but require, for a fair and trustworthy consideration, the opinion of some party not directly concerned in the question at issue. When, therefore, we Americans find that in this matter (mainly, as said, between ourselves and England) the consensus of European opinion is entirely against us, while we may not be bound to accept at once this verdict as final, it is certainly sufficient to cause us to examine carefully whether there be any

satisfactory defence for the peculiar position held by the United States.

Mr. Boutwell quotes the wording of our present Copyright Act, and appears to believe that, if American citizens fulfil the obligations imposed upon them by American law, all proper requirements have been met. But it is the contention of Europe that, in this matter of the recognition of literary property, American law is shamefully inadequate, and is half a century or more behind the present standard. Is it not always true that a sense of the injustice to be remedied must precede the enactment of law, and is it not time that our National law-makers recognized that our National law was legalizing injustice?

In the early part of the present century, the Barbary States were carrying on *their* little system of piracy. It was impressed upon them that the rest of the world had outgrown piracy and would no longer tolerate it; but the Barbarians took the very plausible ground that other nations had practised piracy until quite recent times; that it was not contrary to the domestic law of Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis; that, if they relinquished the plunder brought in by their freebooters and the advantage of the labor of their Christian slaves, their means of education in "the arts of civilization" would suffer; that for such European wares as they might still continue to use they would have to pay three rupees, where Europe took goods of but one rupee's value from them; and, finally, that they did not care for the opinion of Europe, anyhow. Whereupon the Barbary seaports were, very properly, bombarded by the vessels of the states whose citizens they had been plundering, until the Barbarians decided that they *did* care for European opinion, and concluded to abandon piracy. In the work of bringing these backward States up to a proper standard of morality in their international relations, our country, it may be remembered, took a creditable part.

The provisions of the International-Copyright Convention framed at Berne, in 1887, have been approved, with hardly an exception, by the several states of Europe, and the list of signers even includes the representatives of Hayti, Liberia, and Tunis. In this latest crusade for the suppression of piracy, little Tunis is, therefore, far in advance of the Great Republic.

Mr. Boutwell contends that no actual injury is done to the foreign author by the American reprinters, because such author

retains his home market, and the inducements of that market must have been sufficient, or the author would not have written. I answer that, according to justice, the amount of the author's compensation should be proportioned to the extent of the service he has rendered and to the number of persons upon whom he has conferred benefit or pleasure; and the fact that he might have been willing to expend his labor, and to produce a given result, for a smaller compensation, does not free from obligation any who have been benefited by this labor and who have failed to make return for the benefit. If the Englishman, Freeman, were giving a lecture in Mr. Boutwell's home town of Groton, I do not see why, on the principles set forth by the latter, he would not feel justified in securing his own admission to the lecture-room at a lower price than the regular fee, by purchasing a bogus ticket from a curb-stone speculator. Professor Freeman would, on Mr. Boutwell's contention, have suffered no actual loss, for no property would have been taken from him, and the fact that the sound of his voice reached the ears of Mr. Boutwell as well as of those of the more conscientious citizens of Groton who had paid full price for their admission, could not cause the lecturer any injury. Then, in any case, Freeman is only an Englishman, and our Government is under no obligations to protect an Englishman's income, even if he is doing a service to American citizens.

It has taken some centuries of literary labor to bring the world to a recognition of intellectual productions as property, and of authors as entitled to the same protection for their property as that accorded to other classes of producers. The fact that ideas, expressed in literary form, constitute a product, and that the author whose labor has formulated these ideas has a property-right in the result and is, in equity, entitled to a compensation from each person deriving benefit from such result, has, however, gradually gained general acceptance; so that, in all the literature-producing countries, the authors have, during the past century and a half, enjoyed the protection of domestic copyrights. The next step was logically inevitable. If such a property-right existed in an intellectual production, it could not with any propriety be abrogated by or limited by a political boundary. The recognition of this contention has been given in the various international-copyright treaties between the different countries of

Europe ; the earliest being that between Prussia and Wurtemberg in 1837, and the latest, representing a most substantial triumph for the principle, the great convention of 1887, already alluded to, which was held at Berne, and which may be said to have formulated an international law of literature for Europe.

Mr. Boutwell is a cordial supporter of the protective system, which is, for the present, accepted as our National policy; but he contends that "protection" has nothing to do with copyright. Why not? inquires the American author. Is it not one of the avowed objects of protection to save the American producer from being competed with to his disadvantage by the "pauper labor" of Europe? Can Mr. Boutwell point out, in the list of American producers, for whose interests the protective system assumes to care, a single one whose products are brought into competition with articles which, as far as this country is concerned, are as directly the work of "paupers" as are the appropriated books of English authors? However poverty-stricken the labor which has produced Chilian wool or English pig-iron, it must have received *some* payment for its product; and even if there were no tariff-tax to increase the cost of such imported wool or iron, the Ohio farmer or the Pennsylvania miner would, at the worst, have had a low-priced article, and not a "no-priced" article, to compete with. But an American book of a certain class must find sale in the face of a similar English book, the literary portion of which is a "no-priced" article—that is, an article for which nothing whatever has been paid to the producer. Under the pressure of such competition, the American writer of this class of books must, if he is a first-class man, accept a reduced and often an entirely inadequate return for his labor; and if he is a less capable man, or a beginner whose capacity is still to be proved, he may often sacrifice his labor for no return at all. Under the present system, which Mr. Boutwell believes should be retained, the American author, whose home market has thus been cut from under his feet by the "pauper labor" of England, is estopped from obtaining in England the proceeds which honorable English publishers would be glad to pay him, because our Government has thus far refused to take the steps necessary to secure for him the protection of English law.

Mr. Boutwell himself points out, in connection with his "three-dollars-for-one" argument, that the extent of the literary produc-

tion of this country is "not creditable to us as a literary people"; but it does not seem to have occurred to him to inquire the reason for the difficulty. Mr. Lowell, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Eggleston, and other authors who have given study to the matter, could have explained to him that the most important obstacle in the way of the wholesome development of American literature is the absence of an international copyright. The comparatively slow development of American literature from the colonial stage, in which it simply leaned upon or imitated the trans-Atlantic models, is, according to these excellent authorities, largely due to the fact that English books, good, bad, and indifferent, have, under the present system, been practically forced upon American readers. The American writer asks for no bounty, and for no privilege of taxing his competitors. He simply demands a fair field, equal conditions, and no favor.

I now come to what Mr. Boutwell would probably call the practical part of the question,—the consideration, namely, of the price that our people would have to pay for the privilege of practising the same standard of international morality as that accepted by the trans-Atlantic world; not only, it may be remarked, by Liberia and Tunis (where, as I frankly admit, the copyright question can, at present, possess little more than a theoretical interest), but by Belgium and Switzerland and the other book-reading countries of Europe, in most of which the commercial considerations are of very grave importance indeed.

Mr. Boutwell places first in his discussion of the subject this matter of the probable cost to our country. To me, however, it seems to be properly the second thing to be considered. I feel assured that when the American people, who are believers in fair-play, have once convinced themselves that they are doing an injustice to foreign authors, to American authors, and to their own good repute, they will be ready to remedy that injustice, even though they may have to pay something for so doing. It is very satisfactory, notwithstanding, to be able to assure the opponents of copyright, who are anxious about the question of cost, that in this case we shall not only have nothing to pay for the privilege of being honest, but we shall actually secure a "net profit" from such action.

The testimony presented last spring, when hearings on the pending bill were granted by the committees of the Senate and

the House (testimony which has been in no respect controverted), showed that, taking literature as a whole, American book-buyers will secure their reading-matter cheaper under an international copyright than under the present "general scramble" system of publishing. The supporters of the copyright measure contend that it will have the effect of lessening the price of all the better classes of books, which are of the most importance for the higher education and cultivation of the people, and of increasing the supplies of these, and that the only publications which will be at all increased in price are the cheapest issues of foreign fiction. In support of these conclusions I submitted to the Judiciary Committee of the House certain considerations, of which I here give the substance:

First.—The conditions of literature now in existence can, of course, not be affected by any copyright measure, as no such measure could be made retroactive, and there is, therefore, no foundation for the vague assertion, which has occasionally been made, that "the people are to be asked to pay more for their Macaulay and Tennyson."

Second.—It is to be remembered that the so-called "libraries" which have been supplying foreign novels at fifteen and twenty cents, after exhausting the books really worth reprinting, and after including in their lists (under the necessity of a periodical issue) a large mass of indifferent and undesirable material, by no means deserving the attention of American readers, are now, in great part, being discontinued, partly because of the exhaustion of reprintable material, and partly, also, because they are *no longer profitable undertakings*. One reason why these "libraries" are proving unremunerative is, unquestionably, because of a change in the taste and in the judgment of buyers of books, who are beginning to understand that they secure better value in paying fifty cents, or seventy-five, for a decently-printed volume that can be preserved for the use of a number of readers, than in expending fifteen or twenty cents for a flimsy quarto, fit only to be thrown away after one reading.

Third.—A material waste of outlay is incurred, an outlay from which there is benefit for no one, in the manufacturing and advertising of four or five competing editions of a foreign work. The type-setting and stereotyping of each of the five cheap editions now on the market of "Robert Elsmere" have cost about $400, and the outlay for advertising each edition has probably not been less. There has been also a similar quintupling of expense in the time given by the respective travelling salesmen in drumming for orders among the booksellers. Mr. Boutwell is clear in his mind that any payment made to the English author must come out of the pockets of the American book-buyer. Is it not evident, however, that, if the authorized publishers had been left in control of the sale of a single popular edition of "Robert Elsmere," there would have been a saving of from $2,500 to $3,500 of these needless outlays incurred on the four competing editions, which sum could have been paid to Mrs. Humphry Ward, without bringing upon the American reader a single penny of the "taxation" which Mr. Boutwell considers so objectionable? The question might be raised whether, if they had such control of the market, the publishers would have provided any popular edition at all. I answer, Certainly; not because they are philanthropists, but because, as business men, they would not fail to print their books in the form which was best suited for the American market, and which, as experience has shown, would bring the largest return to themselves. "Barriers Burned Away" and "The Leavenworth Case" are

American copyright books, each controlled by a single firm, but of both of these books, while they were in the full tide of their success, popular editions were issued, retailing at twenty cents a copy. The publishers of "Robert Elsmere" happen also to be the publishers of Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and this last they are able, thanks to certain chapters by American collaborators, to control for the American market. They have, nevertheless, not failed to provide this market at once with a popular edition selling at one-half the price of that issued in England; and a very moderate price it is for the material offered.

Fourth.—A large number of important English and Continental works, American editions of which would prove of material service to American students and readers, it is not practicable, under the present state of things, for American publishers to undertake to reprint at all, as in case their reprints are favorably received, any prospect of profit from these is promptly destroyed by the competition of rival and unauthorized editions, which secure the advantage of their literary judgment and their advertising. Such American readers as are obliged to purchase this class of works must, as a result, pay the cost of the expensive and often unsuitable foreign editions, while (as such editions cannot be adequately advertised) a large number of readers to whom such books would be of service are never even made aware of their existence. An immediate result of an international copyright would be the reprinting of inexpensive editions, suited for the wants of a large circle of impecunious buyers, of a number of European works now brought into this country only in expensive "limited" editions.

Fifth.—An international copyright will render practicable a large number of international undertakings which cannot be ventured upon without the assured control of several markets. The volumes for these international series will be secured from the leading writers of the world, American, English, and Continental, and the compensation paid to these writers, together with the cost of the production of illustrations, maps, tables, etc., will be divided among the several editions. The lower the proportion of this first outlay to be charged to the American edition, the lower the price at which this can be furnished; and as the publisher secures the most satisfactory returns from large sales to a wider circle, the lower the price at which it *will* be furnished. It would, perhaps, not be quite correct to say that these international series would be cheaper than at present, for there are, as yet, but few examples of them, but it is the case that, by means of such series (only adequately possible under international copyright), American readers will secure the best literature of contemporary writers at far lower prices than can ever otherwise be practicable.

Mr. Boutwell, and those who think with him, usually speak as if the flow of literature was something produced by nature, and which could be depended upon to give about the same quantity and quality of annual supply, whatever the attending conditions, and irrespective of the extent of the inducement offered to those concerned (under nature) in the production. So far, however, is this from being the case, that a very large and increasing proportion of the most important publications of each year are produced only at the instance of the publishers, and would never come into existence at all if it were not for the planning and the outlay of the publishers. Examples of this class of literary undertaking are afforded by the "American Statesman Series," the "International Science Series," the "Story of the Nations Series," and many others,—works which are practically the joint creation of

publishers and authors. The production of this class of literature, which now goes on under special difficulties, and which is, nevertheless, of the first importance for that "higher education of the community" that Mr. Boutwell is anxious about, would be very materially furthered by international copyright. It is as reasonable for the community to expect publishers to risk labor and capital in literary undertakings which they are not to be allowed to control, as it would be to expect builders to place substantial structures on ground to which no title could be given, and in which structures, when completed, the law of the community authorized any who so desired, to live free of rent.

Sixth.—The higher prices of current English books are cited as examples of what American readers would, under a copyright, be compelled to pay for American editions of similar works. It is, however, easy to show that the selling price of books depends, not upon the conditions of copyright, but upon the requirements of the market. Books are first issued in England in the high-priced editions because, under the English system, the first demand for new publications is largely through the circulating libraries, which have encouraged the maintenance of prices sufficiently high to hinder the buying of books. There is also the further reason that in England readers and buyers of books belong in much larger proportion to the wealthy classes than is the case in the United States. In France and Germany, on the other hand,—countries fully under the control of copyright, both domestic and international,—the first issues of standard and current publications, both copyright and non-copyright, are cheaper than anywhere else in the world. In Paris, for instance, a beautifully-printed and beautifully-illustrated edition of such a book as Daudet's "*Tartarin dans les Alpes*" is published at seventy cents, and this is one example of many. In Berlin, we find such series as "*Das Wissen der Gegenwart*," "The Knowledge of the Present," issued in handsomely-printed, well-illustrated and neatly-bound volumes, of which sixty-two are now ready, selling at one mark (twenty-five cents) each. The works in this series are written especially for it by the leading scholars and scientists of the continent, and this series is one of many. It is also the case that, since the establishment of international copyright between the different states of Germany and the several countries of Europe, there has been a steady decrease in the prices in these countries of standard and current literature, copyright as well as non-copyright, and a marked impetus has been given to publishing undertakings of service to the community.

As Mr. Brander Matthews has well pointed out, the cheapest books to be bought to-day in the United States are mostly inferior stories by contemporary English novelists, while the cheapest books to be bought to-day in Europe are the best works by the best authors of all times. In America, where the system, or lack of system, of "open publishing" prevails, the cheapest books are the least important and often the less desirable. In Europe, where international copyright is in force, *the best books are the cheapest.* The absence of international copyright encourages bad books or poor books, and discourages good books. Such exam-

ples show that the selling price of a book depends, not on the copyright, but on the extent of the market that can be assured for it. Without an international copyright, no assured market is possible, and no low-priced international series can be planned or prepared for American readers.

Seventh.—A reduction can also be looked for in the selling price of certain lines of American fiction and other current literature. Under the present "cut-throat" competition, the publishers of the works of such authors as Howells, James, Aldrich, Bret Harte, and other leading American writers have practically given up the attempt to compete with the unpaid-for reprints of foreign writers. Knowing that they can depend upon certain (comparatively limited) circles of readers, they find it to be more profitable to obtain from these readers the highest prices they are willing to pay. When, on the other hand, the foreign works are put on the same footing as those of American writers, the publishers of the latter will find it to their interest to plan for the widest popular sale, and for this purpose will at once issue their books at popular prices. The possibility of exporting stereotype plates or editions of standard American works will also lessen the proportion of first outlay to be charged to the American edition, and will enable this to be sold profitably at lower prices than would otherwise be practicable. An example of the advantage given to the American buyer by such an export arrangement is afforded by the great Latin dictionary lately published by the Harpers. Duplicate plates of this were sold by the publishers for the edition issued by the Clarendon Press, in Oxford, and the saving secured from the proportion of the type-setting and editorial outlay charged to the English edition, has enabled the American publishers to sell the book in this market much more cheaply than would otherwise have been practicable.

To summarize: The selling price of books depends, not on the copyright, but on the requirements of the market, and the extent of the market that is controlled by the author and his representative. American buyers are accustomed to cheap books, and will not buy a dear book, and the publishers are not likely to throw away their money by making dear books for which they could not find a sale. The wider the market and the greater the number of editions between which the first outlays can be divided, the smaller the cost of each edition and of each copy, and the lower the price at which each copy can be and will be supplied. With assured markets, and with an assured control to authors and publishers of the result of their literary undertakings, there will be a greater increase in the publication of international series, which will provide for American readers, at the lowest prices, satisfactory editions of the works of the leading writers of the world, American, English, and Continental.

The pending Copyright Bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, a Republican and Protectionist, who has for years done most earnest and effective work in behalf

of the desired reform, and who has been its acknowledged leader in Washington. His resignation from the Senate, just announced, will be a very serious loss to the cause, but when the reform has been secured, his unselfish and effective service will not be forgotten. The bill was introduced in the House by W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, a Democrat and a Revenue-Reformer, who has been cordially interested in attempting to secure the enactment of the measure for which another Kentucky statesman, Henry Clay, was working fifty years ago. The bill was passed in the Senate by a vote of thirty-five to ten, and fully two-thirds of the House were recorded as in favor of it. A small group of filibustering opponents was, nevertheless, able, under the peculiar rules of the House, to prevent the consideration of the measure during the session which has just closed. The responsibility for its enactment will now rest with the Fifty-first Congress, and it is hoped that, under a wholesome pressure of public opinion, the bill may this year become a law, and, after half a century of effort, our country may at last be freed from this long-standing reproach.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

THE CHINESE MUST STAY.

BY YAN PHOU LEE.

No nation can afford to let go its high ideals. The founders of the American Republic asserted the principle that all men are created equal, and made this fair land a refuge for the whole world. Its manifest destiny, therefore, is to be the teacher and leader of nations in liberty. Its supremacy should be maintained by good faith and righteous dealing, and not by the display of selfishness and greed. But now, looking at the actions of this generation of Americans in their treatment of other races, who can get rid of the idea that that Nation, which Abraham Lincoln said was conceived in liberty, waxed great through oppression, and was really dedicated to the proposition that all men are created to prey on one another ?

How far this Republic has departed from its high ideal and reversed its traditionary policy may be seen in the laws passed against the Chinese.

Chinese immigrants never claimed to be any better than farmers, traders, and artisans. If, on the one hand, they are not princes and nobles, on the other hand, they are not coolies and slaves. They all came voluntarily, as their consular papers certified, and their purpose in leaving their home and friends was to get honest work. They were told that they could obtain higher wages in America than elsewhere, and that Americans were friendly to the Chinese and invited them to come. In this they were confirmed by certain provisions in the treaties made between China and the United States, by which rights and privileges were mutually guaranteed to the citizens of either country residing in the other. No one can deny that the United States made all the advances, and that China came forth from her seclusion because she trusted in American honor and good faith.

So long as the Chinese served their purposes and did not come into collision with the hoodlum element afterwards imported to California, the people of that State had nothing to complain of regarding them. Why should they, when, at one time, half the revenue of the State was raised out of the Chinese miners? But the time came when wages fell with the cost of living. The loafers became strong enough to have their votes sought after. Their wants were attended to. Their complaints became the motive power of political activity. So many took up the cry against the Chinese that it was declared that no party could succeed on the Pacific coast which did not adopt the hoodlums' cause as its own. Supposing that no party could succeed, would the Union have gone to ruin?

Those who remember events of some thirty-five years ago will see nothing strange in the antagonism of one class of laborers to another. Opposition to the Chinese is identical with the opposition to the free immigration of Europeans, and especially of the Irish; for it was once urged against the trans-Atlantic immigrants that their cheap labor "would degrade, demoralize, and pauperize American labor, and displace intelligent Americans in many branches of employment." There was a bitter conflict, but the sensible view prevailed. For it was found that a greater supply of unskilled labor made it possible for skilled laborers to command higher wages and more regular employment.

Why is it that the American laborer was soon raised to a higher social and industrial plane, and ceased to fear Irish competition, while the Irish still dread the competition of the Chinese? It is simply because the Irish are industrially inferior to their competitors. They have not the ability to get above competition, like the Americans, and so, perforce, they must dispute with the Chinese for the chance to be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Such industrial conflicts occur every day, as, for instance, between trade-unionists and scabs, Irish and Germans, Italians who came yesterday and Italians who come to-day. Let them fight it out by lawful means, and let the fittest survive; but you do not take the side of one against the other,—least of all, the side of the strong against the weak. Why, then, take the side of the European immigrants against the Chinese? But you say there are many objections against the latter which cannot be made

against the former, and the Chinese stand charged with too many things to make them desirable. Ah, yes! I see. But it is only fair to look into these charges before we pass our judgment. It has been urged:

I. *That the influx of Chinese is a standing menace to Republican institutions upon the Pacific coast and the existence there of Christian civilization.*

That is what I call a severe reflection on Republican institutions and Christian civilization. Republican institutions have withstood the strain of 13,000,000 of the lower classes of Europe, among whom may be found Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, Nihilists, political assassins, and cut-throats; but they cannot endure the assaults of a few hundred thousands of the most peaceable and most easily-governed people in the world!

Christianity must have lost its pristine power, for, having subdued and civilized one-half the world, it is now powerless before the resistance of a handful of Chinese! Surely the Chinese must be angels or devils! If angels, they would go without your bidding. If devils, you would not be able to drive them out.

The argument advanced against Chinese immigration by some members of Congress is substantially this: "China has a starving (!) population of 400,000,000; she can spare 10,000,000 easily. It costs only $60—a mere trifle—to come over here. Therefore, as Senator Sargent declared, 'the Pacific Coast must in time become either American or Mongolian.'" The beauty of this argument will strike you at once, if you reflect that the Chinese are not a migratory people; that hardly 1,000,000 have left the country by sea in 100 years; that even to adjacent provinces their migrations have been limited; and that the disposition to lead a life of adventure is peculiar to the people of Canton and its outlying districts.

Moreover, the ten cents per day earned by a *starving* population, though sufficient to buy all the necessaries of life, will not warrant a saving of more than $3 per year. At that rate, how many years will a man require to enable him to save enough for his passage?

II. *That the Chinese have a quasi-government among themselves.*

If I deny this, perhaps you will not believe me. Allow me to quote the testimony of a man of irreproachable character, the

Rev. Dr. William Speer, who wrote to the New York *Tribune* that the Six Companies, credited with the government of the Chinese colony, were purely benevolent associations, and that he had frequently attended their meetings, and could, moreover, speak from many years' experience as a missionary in China. It is a significant fact that the minister of the Gospel, who knew all about the subject, was not believed before howling, ignorant demagogues. It was laying a premium on ignorance.

III. *That the Chinese race seems to have no desire for progress.*

In the last fifteen years the Chinese Government has educated upwards of two hundred students in Europe and America, has built arsenals and navy-yards, established schools and colleges on Western models, disciplined an army that whipped the Russians, created a navy that would put the American navy to shame, put up thousands of miles of telegraph wires; and it is now busily opening up mines, building railroads, and availing itself of American capital and experience to put up telephones and establish a national bank. The Chinese are not ashamed to own that they appreciate the Americans.

IV. *That the Chinese have displaced white laborers by low wages and cheap living, and that their presence discourages and retards white immigration to the Pacific States.*

This charge displays so little regard for truth and the principles of political economy that it seems like folly to attempt an answer. But please to remember that it was by the application of Chinese "cheap labor" to the building of railroads, the reclamation of swamp-lands, to mining, fruit-culture, and manufacturing, that an immense vista of employment was opened up for Caucasians, and that millions now are enabled to live in comfort and luxury where formerly adventurers and desperadoes disputed with wild beasts and wilder men for the possession of the land. Even when the Chinaman's work is menial (and he does it because he must live, and is too honest to steal and too proud to go to the almshouse), he is employed because of the scarcity of such laborers. It is proved that his work enables many to turn their whole attention to something else, so that even the hoodlum may don a clean shirt at least once a month. You may as well run down machinery as to sneer at Chinese cheap labor. Machines live on nothing at all; they have displaced millions of laborers; why not do away with machines?

Besides, are you sure that Chinese laborers would not ask more if they dared, or take more if they could get it?

It is the Chinese who are constantly displaced by Caucasians. As soon as an industry gets on its feet by the help of Chinese "cheap labor," Chinese workmen are discharged to make room for others.

V. *That the Chinese do not desire to become citizens of this country.*

Why should they? Where is the inducement? Let me recite briefly a few of the laws and ordinances which, though couched in general terms, were made for their special benefit.

The Foreign-Miners' License Law, which forced every Chinese miner, during a period of twenty years, to pay from $4 to $20 per month for the privilege of working claims which others had abandoned.

An act of the California Legislature, 1855, laid a tax of $55 on each Chinese immigrant.

Another, 1862, provided (with a few exceptions) that every Chinaman over eighteen years of age should pay a capitation-tax of $2.50.

A San Francisco city ordinance, passed March 15, 1876, provided that all laundries should pay licenses as follows: those using a one-horse vehicle, $2 per quarter; two horses, $4; no vehicle, $15. This is discrimination with a vengeance!

I maintain that a sober, industrious, and peaceable people, like the Chinese, who mind their own business and let others do the same, are as fit to be voters as the quarrelsome, ignorant, besotted, and priest-ridden hordes of Europe. Are you sure the Chinese have no desire for the franchise? Some years ago, a number of those living in California, thinking that the reason why they were persecuted was because it was believed they cared nothing about American citizenship, made application for papers of naturalization. Their persecutors were alarmed and applied to Congress for assistance, and the California Constitution was amended so as to exclude them.

In view of the above-mentioned evidences of the fostering care of the State of California, you will not be surprised that very few ventured to bring their families to America. Many would have brought their families over, if they could have been assured of protection.

VI. *That the Chinese live in filthy dwellings, upon poor food, crowded together in narrow quarters, disregarding health- and fire-ordinances.*

The Chinaman does not object to dainty food and luxurious lodgings. But the paternal government of California taxed him as soon as he came ashore; permitted its agents to blackmail him at intervals; made him pay $15 a month for carrying his customers' washing in his hand; levied a progressive poll-tax, without providing a school for him; a road-tax before he began to travel, and, when he went to the mines, collected a water-rent of thirty cents a day, and a progressive license-tax from $4 to $20 per month. Even if he earned five dollars a day, he could not have fifteen cents left to live on.

Sensible people will, perhaps, ask, Why do you permit the Chinese in your city to disregard health- and fire-ordinances? Is it not the business of the municipal authorities to punish such infractions of the law? Must the Nation compromise its honor and disregard its treaty obligations because the officials of your city neglect their duty?

VII. *The Chinese neither have intercourse with the Caucasians nor will assimilate with them.*

Yes, just think of it! As soon as the ship comes into harbor, a committee of the citizens get on board to present the Chinaman with the freedom of the city (valued at $5). A big crowd gathers at the wharf to receive him with shouts of joy (and showers of stones). The aristocrats of the place flock to his hotel to pay their respects (and to take away things to remember him by). He is so fêted and caressed by Caucasian society that it is a wonder his head is not turned (or twisted off).

In spite of such treatment, the Chinese will keep "themselves to themselves" and snub the American community. Did you know that the Jews accused the Samaritans of refusing to have intercourse with them?

VIII. *The Chinese come and go as pagans.*

Mr. Beecher said in reference to this charge: "We have clubbed them, stoned them, burned their houses, and murdered some of them; yet they refuse to be converted. I do not know any way, except to blow them up with nitro-glycerine, if we are ever to get them to heaven." In spite of these doubtful inducements to become Christians, more than 500 have been admitted to the church.

IX. *That the Chinese immigrants are mostly criminals.*

It is not true. I admit that we have a criminal class in China, but the few that got over here came through the neglect of the officers of the Custom-House to enforce the laws.

In 1860 the population of California was	379,994
" " Chinese population in California was	34,933
The whole number of prisoners was	516
" " " " Chinese prisoners was	28

While the Chinese population was one in ten, their quota of criminals was only one in eighteen ; and that, too, when judges and juries were more or less prejudiced against them. Every fair-minded man can testify that the Chinese are the most law-abiding people in the community, that they are not easily provoked, but are patient (oh, too patient !) under insult and injury. They seldom appear in court-rooms in the character of prisoners. You have never seen one drunk in your life. But, you say, he smokes opium. That, I answer, is his own affair. The law provides no penalties against private vices. You have never heard of Chinamen who organized strikes, stuffed ballot-boxes, and corrupted legislation at the fountain-head. Why, then, are they not as desirable as other immigrants ? Is it a crime to be industrious, faithful, law-abiding ? wrong to coin one's honest toil into gold, and, instead of wasting one's earnings in drink and debauchery, to support wife and children therewith ? This brings me to the next charge.

X. *That the Chinese drain the country annually of large sums.*

Indeed, the California Senate, in its memorial to Congress, November 15, 1877, said that there were 180,000 Chinese in California. The statistics of the Custom-House and the best authorities said there were (in 1877) only 104,000 in the whole country. Of course, while there were only 104,000 in the United States, there were 180,000 in California ! The part is greater than the whole. The memorial also said that the 180,000 Chinese drained the country of $180,000,000 annually. Isn't that enough to frighten anybody ? Now, 180,000 Chinese sent home on an average $1,000 apiece. Each must have earned $1,250 per year ; that is, about $4 per day. You call that cheap labor ? Two dollars and fifty cents is fair wages for Caucasians there. You must not think that the august Senate of California meant to lie. Califor-

nians are only slightly given to exaggeration. I will now answer the last and most terrible charge.

XI. *That the Chinese bring women of bad character to San Francisco, and that their vices are corrupting the morals of the city.*

How serious a charge this is we cannot realize until we get at all the facts. Just imagine California, the most virtuous of States, and San Francisco, the most immaculate of cities, lying helpless under the upas-tree of Chinese immorality ! Have you ever been to San Francisco ? Unless you can endure paradise and Eden-like purity, you would better not go there. Why, the Sabbath stillness in that city is simply appalling. The people all go to church, and if you suggest whiskey toddy or a base-ball game on Sunday, they will turn up their eyes, throw up their hands, and pray the Lord to have mercy on you. There are no drunken brawls at any time (except in Chinatown), and it is the policeman's picnic-ground (except in Chinatown). Besides churches, they have numerous temples dedicated to Venus, wherein pious persons work off their surplus devotion. Why is it that these fair vestals wear so little clothing ? They are afraid to clog the things of the spirit with the habiliments of sense. Californians are pure, moral, and religious, in all that they do. As for having disreputable houses, or women with loose morals about them, I tell you they are as innocent as lambs. Indeed, Satan could not have made a greater commotion in Eden than the Chinese in California. One would suppose that such a model community would "clean out" those bad Chinese women. But it did not. It deputed a number of special policemen to watch them and arrest them, but it seems that these specials had the marvellous power of transmuting their brass into pure gold, and that, in the exercise of that power, they were as blind as bats. If the virtuous community of San Francisco permitted their morals to be corrupted, it is their own fault.

Such are the charges made against the Chinese. Such were the reasons for legislating against them;—and they still have their influence, as is shown by the utterances of labor organs ; by the unreasoning prejudice against the Chinese which finds lodgment in the minds of the people ; and by the periodical outbreaks and outrages perpetrated against them without arousing the public conscience.

YAN PHOU LEE.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF A CONSPIRACY.

BY JOHN T. FORD, FORMERLY PROPRIETOR OF FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON.

"Truth is confirmed by inspection and delay; falsehood by haste and uncertainty."—*Tacitus.*

On the morning of July 6, 1865, I was startled by the announcement, then first made public, that Mrs. Mary E. Surratt had been condemned to death by the Military Commission, of which the Hon. Joseph Holt was the judge-advocate general, acting as the representative of the Government and the adviser of the Military Court or Commission.

For a few days in April I was in prison with Mrs. Surratt, prior to her removal to the penitentiary (the Arsenal building). While in the first prison, I came in contact with the witnesses against her, Weichman and Lloyd, and was, by what I heard from them, convinced of her innocence of any knowledge of or complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. She was an entire stranger to me. I had never met her, and had no memory of ever having heard of her, or even her name. The witnesses mentioned were also equally strange to my acquaintance or memory.

These two witnesses, Weichman and Lloyd, were early conspicuous in their expressions of terror to most inmates of the Carroll Prison. Many yet living may recall their fright. Weichman sought advice from the writer, saying that Secretary Stanton had, in a threatening manner, expressed the opinion "that his (Weichman's) hands had as much of the President's blood on them as Booth's." He added that "Mrs. Surratt was as good as a mother to him. She mended his clothing, took him to church, and treated him in every way as a son; that, as a woman, she was the most exemplary he ever knew." Of Lloyd, several there said

that, after his arrest in the country, he had been threatened with torture, and intimated that he had to say what he did to secure relief. Others said that he had been a drinking, swearing, talkative Southern sympathizer, with a bad memory, when sober, of what he said when drunk, and he was quite drunk the evening of the 14th of April, at Marlborough, before he started for home, where he met Mrs. Surratt.

The memories of my contact with these witnesses, without whose testimony there was no shadow of a case against Mrs. Surratt, made the announcement of her conviction, and the intended swift and terrible execution of her sentence on the following day, a fearful horror. I deemed it a duty to devote every moment, up to the time she was doomed to die, to an effort to have her sentence commuted. I felt it was a criminal weakness, without justification or precedent in this country and age, to rush her to the scaffold and strangle her in haste upon questionable evidence, by a Commission whose legality had been denied by the leading jurists of the country.

I did not sleep during the night of July 6, devoting most of it to writing earnestly to the President. I left my home in Baltimore at 3 A.M. on the 7th and reached Washington by rail about 6 A.M. I sought the residence of the Hon. Montgomery Blair, and found that he was asleep; I sent him the letter for the President, which implored the commutation or suspension of the terrible sentence of death against Mrs. Surratt until he could hear me, and urged that a few days would suffice to establish the truth, with a free hearing, and as she was a woman, a mother, and one whose previous life had been without a blemish, justice could not be balked in any way by a brief delay. Judge Blair told me afterward that my letter reached the President and his advisers that fateful day. I found personal access to those in authority barred and guarded in every way at the White House ; a hearing refused to the daughter of the condemned woman ; the writ of habeas corpus defied; and Mrs. Surratt a dangling corpse before I turned homeward.

While in the Carroll Prison, I recall the handcuffing of a witness named Howell, a former blockade-runner, who bore the irons on his wrists for many days in my presence. When asked why he was ironed, he replied : "I suppose because I won't say what I don't know. They wish to make me criminate those that I

know nothing against." As soon as I was released, I told Judge Peter W. Crain (yet living in Baltimore) of this treatment of Howell. Judge Crain was a pronounced Unionist; he acted as counsel for Howell, and at the time denounced the outrage on his client to the authorities. But the purpose of such treatment had been realized in its effect upon others.

I was committed to, or, rather, put in, Carroll Prison on the 18th of April, 1865. I was not confronted at any time with any charge, or placed before any one in authority. I remained there thirty-nine days, and was liberated as unceremoniously as committed, owing my release to the kind and active offices of the Hon. John A. J. Creswell, of Maryland, who, with the Hon. Henry Winter Davis, had interfered to secure my liberty.

When imprisoned in an upper garret room, as soon as I could procure pencil and paper, I wrote to Secretary Stanton, asking him to release me on a bond for any amount he might choose to name, and permit me to aid in securing the punishment of those guilty; I told him that a wife and six children would also be my hostages, and the Hon. Henry Winter Davis and others, my indorsers; that, with my influence over my employees, I could reach the truth, and the whole truth, about the terrible crime committed in my house; that I had every motive for aiding the Government to the uttermost, etc. I wrote this letter on the floor—I had neither chair nor table in my room. The letter was delivered at the War Department, and is probably there yet, in the archives. I received no reply to it. I then studied the evidence carefully, eager for the truth. I had every incentive to pursue it, through every person and every fact that I could reach. I noted that the prosecution soon formulated a theory which they would sustain, and that some witnesses for the prosecution were aware of what they were expected to prove. Those for the defence were terrorized in many ways. Some were imprisoned; one, before alluded to, was manacled; others were intimidated, and made to feel that to testify in the interest of Mrs. Surratt, especially, would be unpleasantly resented. Out of these shameful circumstances, I extracted the following history of Mrs. Surratt and others connected with the fateful 14th of April, 1865, and I am convinced that it is literally true.

I premise this history of a day with the statement that John Wilkes Booth, several months prior to March 4, 1865, had con-

ceived a project to kidnap President Lincoln, either at one of the theatres or in the highways of the District, and convey him through southern Maryland to the lower Potomac, then across into Virginia and into the Confederate lines; and that he had conspired with Payne, Adzerott, O'Loughlin, and Arnold, in 1864, and with John H. Surratt in addition in 1865, promising these associates the aid of an actor. If the capture was made in the theatre, all the lights were to be extinguished by one knowing how to do it, and it was arranged, if necessary, to use Lloyd's house *en route* to the lower Potomac, where they expected to cross into Virginia. This conspiracy failed, and the conspirators separated soon after the 4th of March, 1865, Arnold, O'Loughlin, and Surratt leaving Washington. The design of abducting the President was then finally abandoned.

On the morning of April 14, 1865, it was fully 11 A.M. when John Wilkes Booth came from his chamber and entered the breakfast-room at the National Hotel, Washington. He was the last man at breakfast that day; one lady only was in the room, finishing her morning meal. She knew him and responded to his bow of recognition. He breakfasted leisurely, left the room when he had finished, went to the barber-shop, and, after his toilet was completed, walked out, and, stopping a few minutes at Pumphrey's stables, near the hotel, he went up Sixth Street to H. Going then to Mrs. Surratt's dwelling near by, on H Street, he met that lady, and she told him she was preparing to go to Surrattsville to urge the payment of a debt due her; that she had a letter from the estate of Charles B. Calvert, urgently demanding settlement of a debt due it; that she had been to church during the morning (it being Good Friday), and that Mr. Weichman was to drive her to her country place, from which she hoped to return before night. Booth, knowing the people there (it being probably a rendezvous intended to be used by the kidnapping conspirators, if successful), sent a vague message by her to Lloyd. He then left her house, and there is no evidence, save a clouded after-statement by Weichman, controverted by other testimony, that he was there afterwards, or ever again met Mrs. Surratt. She went to the country with Weichman, was there some time, and waited for Lloyd. Before he came her buggy had been turned city-ward. A spring was broken, affecting its security, and it is probable that Mrs. Surratt would not have waited at all, had it not been

that she wanted the wagon made strong enough to take her back. Lloyd came at last, besotted and unfit to talk understandingly, but he did fix the spring of the buggy with a rope. When she reached her home in the city with Weichman, it was about nine o'clock.

When Booth left the Surratt house in Washington, on H Street, on April 14, about mid-day, he walked up to Tenth Street and turned down towards Ford's Theatre. A group of young men were in front of the theatre on Tenth Street, near E. When they perceived him approaching, one said, "Here comes the handsomest man in Washington"; and the appearance of the youngest of the Booth race justified the admiring words. He was elegantly dressed in a dark suit, light-drab overcoat, hands gloved, with a cane in one, a black silk hat, slightly tipped, on his head; his long hair, black to brightness, glistened in its sheen, and his walk, one of easy swagger, was full of grace. He was then twenty-six years of age. As he passed, four out of five on the street would turn to look at him again,—such was his personal magnetism. The writer has always maintained that Booth was animated by a pride that contained elements of insanity, and many of his acquaintances recognized this peculiar bent.

It may here be said with propriety that, with his health, youth, personal grace, and dramatic inheritance, he could earn, in the very alluring work of a leading actor, from $500 to $1,000 per week at that time. Yet the eccentricity born within him made him ambitious, when in a strange mood, of emulating the "youth who fired the Ephesian dome," or to act the part of Brutus in real life. His abduction plot was a matured plan, conceived in the fall of 1864, brilliant, daring, and full of danger; but it failed, and he felt the mortification as if it were a sort of disgrace. The assassination was the Brutus-impulse, and it came to him only on the day of its performance, and after he learned of an opportunity, as may be seen by what followed his arrival at the theatre. Letters from other cities were waiting for him there that day. He received and read them in the front of the building. He was pleasantly taunted by some of his Union friends there with the information that the President and General Grant would both be at the theatre that evening, and one added: "General Lee will be with them."

Booth quickly responded: "They won't parade Lee as the Romans did their captives, I hope."

The remark about Lee's coming was withdrawn, but the effect of the information as to President Lincoln and General Grant was apparent. Booth grew abstracted and thoughtful, and soon departed, *with the first possible information he could have had of the President's intention to visit the theatre that night.* He went down Tenth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue. He was met there by several yet living. He spoke to John F. Coyle of Brutus, as he paused for a moment's talk. He first went to the Kirkwood House and sent his card to Vice-President Johnson, inquiring if he was disengaged. The Vice-President not being in his room, Booth sought and found Adzerott and Payne, and arranged to meet them both at 8 P.M. at the Herndon House. He then probably went to Grover's (now the National) Theatre, as Pumphrey testifies, and wrote a communication for the *National Intelligencer.* From Pumphrey's stable he took a horse at 4 or 4:30 P.M. to find Herold, whom he wanted as a guide. He observed Matthews, the actor, walking, as he (Booth) was riding along Pennsylvania Avenue, and, hailing him, gave the statement for publication to him, with instructions. Matthews burnt the package that night to avoid possible crimination. After he found Herold and conferred with him, Booth rode to the Herndon House and met Payne and Adzerott, and from there went to the rear of the theatre, reaching it between 8:30 and 9 P.M., as several witnesses testified. There he left his horse to go to the front of the house.

At 10:20 he assassinated President Lincoln. In jumping from the private box, in which the crime was committed, to the stage, he fractured what is commonly known as the shin-bone of his right leg. He hopped on one foot to the rear door, had much difficulty in mounting his horse on account of the great agony the fracture caused, but finally did so, and escaped from the city. Intense suffering and a fall from his horse forced him to go out of the nearest path of escape to procure the medical aid of Dr. Mudd, whom he knew, and to that act alone the physician owes his involvement. Otherwise, Booth would have pursued the direct route to the lower Potomac.

A thorough sifting of all the evidence published by authority of the Secretary of War, indorsed by Judge-Advocate-General Holt, certified to by Special Judge-Advocate Burnett as to its "faithfulness and accuracy," will practically sustain this account

of the movements of Mrs. Surratt up to 9 P.M., and of John Wilkes Booth up to 10:20 P.M., on April 14, 1865. This book, so carefully prepared under Judge Holt's own supervision, and every line scrutinized by his assistant, Colonel Burnett, *does not mention or record,* in any way, "the recommendation of mercy," which was just as much due to the accuracy of history, due to the world, due to the memory of Mrs. Surratt, as it was due to President Johnson on the 5th of July, 1865. It was an essential part of the history of the proceedings of the Commission. Its omission in the publication is, however, in keeping with its suppression at the White House; in keeping with a large majority of the rulings of the Commission adverse to its unfortunate victim; in keeping with the insult put upon the distinguished counsel, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, when he volunteered to defend Mrs. Surratt. This book also, in its account of the death of Booth, graphically told by Conger, describes minutely articles found upon his person, with one exception—some photographs, which indicated much as evidence of some of his Washington acquaintances. This was also a suppression with a purpose.

There is now to be considered the question whether John Wilkes Booth—a young man of the personal attractiveness already described, of a family of great professional distinction, with the world before him, of undaunted courage, liberal with his purse to profuseness, eloquent and persuasive with his tongue—was not the very man to lead Payne and others into a conspiracy to abduct the ruler of a great Nation and to carry him into captivity. To them, ardent sympathizers with the South as they all were, the plot was full of fascination and seemed within accomplishment. If successful, it would have startled the world and made heroes of those participating in it. Both of the theatres in Washington were considered favorable places to make the capture at night; and after a rush from the city and down through the peninsula, if uninterrupted, day-break would have found them across the river and within the Confederate lines. It was also planned to make the capture either on the 4th of March or as near it as possible, and on the street, if opportunity permitted.

Booth's alleged cause for conspiring to abduct was to force, if successful, an exchange of prisoners. He quoted to his followers how it had been done in past ages, and, in his talk among his acquaintances, the only time he exhibited feeling was when criti-

cising the National authorities for refusing to exchange. He blinded Mrs. Surratt entirely as to his plotting with her son; his position, means, and pleasant manners evidently won her admiration and confidence; she was proud of such a visitor, and at her house he could confer in a secluded room, with impunity, with his confederates, without her dreaming of his ultimate purpose. It was well known to her that at the hotel his associations were the very best. He could learn from Weichman, at her house, he being employed as a clerk under Colonel Hoffman, the commissioner of prisoners of war, their locality, number, etc., without suspicion. It is a matter of unpublished, but easily-proved, history that Booth's associates in crime, whether in the projected abduction or the assassination, denied most solemnly that Mrs. Surratt had any part whatever in the plot to abduct; but, on the contrary, they were warned, over and over again, to keep all knowledge of it from her. Asseverations were made also by those who were executed, on the day of their death, of her entire innocence of their crime. Arnold and O'Loughlin, before going to the Dry Tortugas, protested that she was not known in any way in the conspiracy to capture and convey to Virginia the person of the President.

I now wish to advert to Judge Holt, not in the bitterness and vehemence of despair that he betrays in his letters published in THE REVIEW for July, 1888, denouncing the ex-President, with whom he found much pleasure at one time, and adversely criticising two others almost as conspicuously prominent in the military trials of 1865—the Secretary of War and the Attorney General, neither of whom, although they were friends of his and bitterly antagonistic to ex-President Johnson, would bear witness that the Judge-Advocate did submit to the President a recommendation of mercy, which was signed by five members of the Military Commission. I have near me the book before alluded to, entitled "The Trial of the Conspirators, compiled and arranged by Benn. Pittman, Recorder of the Commission, published by permission of J. Holt, Judge-Advocate General, June 30th, 1865, by the authority of the Secretary of War, under the superintendence of Col. H. L. Burnett, who will be responsible to Judge Joseph Holt, of the Bureau of Military Justice, for its entire accuracy." It was so published, including, as was promised, the entire proceedings, the findings, and the sentences; but it contains, I

must say again, no mention whatever of the petition which Judge Holt declares (page 88, July REVIEW) that he did present to the President, "signed by five members of the Military Commission," asking clemency on behalf of Mrs. Surratt. That petition, left with Judge Holt,—an addition to the very findings of the Commission ordered to be attached to them,—which he says he did present to the President on July 5th, *is not mentioned* in the printed record of the trial, which was not issued from the press until October, 1865,—seventy-five days after Mrs. Surratt was strangled. The world hardly knew in the seven years which followed, up to 1872, that she had been recommended in any way to mercy, and is yet (1888) in grave doubt whether President Johnson ever read the recommendation. A Commission advised by Judge Holt condemned her; a President and Cabinet, practically influenced and advised by Judge Holt, hanged her, *with less than two days' notice.* The very man of God who shrived her soul for eternity was said to be constrained to promise that she should not communicate with the world. As the poor martyr walked in her shroud to the scaffold, it is also said that she begged the ministering priest by her side to let her tell the people "she was innocent." She was told that "the church was permitted only to prepare her soul for eternity; that already she was dead to all else."

I was present at the trials before the Military Commission. I recall poor Spangler, as innocent as Judge Holt "of any guilty knowledge," manacled while on trial, and it was known that he was hooded when first arraigned before them. I can now read the words of that grand old jurist, Reverdy Johnson, when he cites the authority of an English jurist, Lord Holt, who, hearing the clanking of fetters in court, said: "Let them be instantly knocked off. When prisoners are tried, they should stand at their ease." I saw Mrs. Surratt totter, as if fettered, to her seat in the dock, and I remember reading in the Washington *Star* and the Baltimore *American* that her ankles were fettered. I saw all the others in conspicuous irons at the trial. I know that the great representative Maryland lawyer, who had been Senator, Attorney General and Minister to England, was told that he was not qualified to plead for a helpless woman from his own State. I recall his sturdy, manly glare at the Court, which he afterwards pronounced "illegal, unconstitutional, and disqualified" to try any

one. I heard, within the same year, Henry Winter Davis say that Mr. Johnson was never nearer right than when he denied the Commission legal jurisdiction or existence. With these memories, Judge Joseph Holt's statements of what is "due to the right"—in his Speed letters—amaze me.

I am a mere layman, unlettered in law, except what I have studied in this case. I have felt it my duty to speak what I deem the truth for the memory of a lady whom I only saw thrice in my life—each time in prison—and of whom I never heard until her great trouble. I am not of her church or her people in any way; but I recall a Commission that was advised by Judge Holt, which caused her to be strangled until dead, and with many facts still untold, I am striving in my humble way to do justice to her memory. I would that it were possible now to have her trial reviewed by a fit tribunal. Enough witnesses are living yet to secure the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is far more important to history that Mrs. Surratt should be vindicated before the world than that Judge Holt should be exculpated from his share in her hanging, for which exculpation he begged so piteously from Attorney-General Speed. The living can write and talk, but the dead must depend on the supreme right of legal justice either to justify or condemn their fate.

JOHN T. FORD.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF ALCOHOL.

BY DR. W. S. SEARLE.

Is TRUTH ever a debtor to falsehood? Are reforms ever promoted by exaggeration, misrepresentation, or deliberate untruth? On first thought—no. On reflection—yes. History affirms this, and philosophy explains it. Indeed, no reformation can be cited, whether in law, custom, morals, or religion, which has not been largely indebted to fanatical leaders who, by as much as they were so, were beyond and largely outside of the realm of truth. Free trade had its Cobden, religion its Luther, emancipation its John Brown, and temperance has its Matthew and its Dow.

Philosophy explains these facts. The inertia of the human mind and soul is immense. Absorbed as men are in the struggle for existence, in the gratification of passion and appetite, in the thousand aims of life, their attention to existing evils can with difficulty be aroused. Still harder is it to initiate reform; harder yet to carry it to a successful issue. Not until a cause finds fanatical advocates, who can look but one way, see only one goal, put aside everything—even truth itself—to reach it, and thus arouse discussion and opposition, can a reform make notable progress. And thus truth becomes a debtor to falsehood.

Rarely, if ever, are these *avant couriers* right either in the principles they advocate, or in the means they employ to establish them. In time, the world moves forward toward them; sometimes to one or the other side of them; perhaps even beyond them. But if it ever occupies their ground, it is not for their reasons. Such men are as narrow in their views as they are intense in their purposes. Like red-hot pokers, they burn their way where broader natures would fail to penetrate. But the holes they make are small. Still, when their cause is good, we must applaud them for the results which, without their aid, would fail of accomplishment.

It is thus we regard those who would rally the world to temperance reform under the banners of total abstinence. They are fighting a hideous evil, they are leading the "forlorn hope" in conflict with it, and, for the sake of the good which has come, and is to come from their efforts, we accord them hearty applause, and cordially second their aims.

But yet temperance is the true doctrine, and total abstinence is fanatical error. Alcohol is not, in all its forms, and everywhere, and under all circumstances, an evil. On the contrary, not seldom it is a benefit and not an insignificant one. Can it injure this reform to state this? to prove it? Can it hinder the coming of the millennium of temperance by an hour? If we thought so, not a line would we trace. But it cannot be. For on whatever basis of law or custom the world finally rests as regards this question, it must be that which is supported by the exact truth, and not by fanatical falsehood. To every philosophic mind, the very fact that the pioneers of this reform insist upon their peculiar views and methods is *à-priori* proof that they are untrue and impracticable.

But broad views of this subject are out of place here, since the editor of this REVIEW has asked me to speak to only a single phase of it—viz., the idiosyncrasies of alcohol. Our query, then, is, Does alcohol, in its various forms, bear the same relation to all men, affect all alike, produce in all identical physical, mental, and moral results? And the reply must be, Surely not. Are we misstating when we attribute different views to abstinence advocates? Do they not, with their favorite physiologist, Richardson, at their head, represent alcohol in all its forms, to be everywhere and under all circumstances poisonous to the human race? Do they not hold that, if every substance containing it were at once and forever annihilated, mankind would reap benefit only, and injury in no particular? Overlooking all other causal factors, do they not constantly attribute to its pathogenetic influence a multitude of diseases which are by no means exclusively found in drunkards? These are mere samples of their many exaggerations and perversions of fact. Have any of them faced about and studied, with and through the eyes of practical physicians, the possible benefit of a proper, rational use of alcoholic beverages?

Let us first consider the pathological effects of alcohol. We shall find them far from uniform. Not seldom, as is the case

with tea, coffee, tobacco, arsenic, and other substances, the human system gradually becomes accustomed to alcohol and tolerant of its presence. If consumed in moderate quantities, and in its milder forms, it is extremely doubtful whether it is capable of producing any disease in the majority of individuals. Indeed, with much reason, it may be claimed that it sometimes prevents disease. It is doubtless true, however, that, in moderate quantities, even wine and beer, and, much more, distilled spirits, do produce certain forms of both functional and organic diseases, in many instances. Prominent among these, and best authenticated, is that class of diseases the essential feature of which is an increase or hardening or thickening of the cellular tissue of various organs. But the list of pathological changes attributed, with more or less (often less) reason, to the habitual use of alcohol, is too extensive for even enumeration here. If we are to believe some pathologists, there is no known poison which is responsible for such a number of organic changes.

It should give us pause, however, when we remember in how many instances men consume alcohol in large quantities, and in its most pernicious forms, during many years, and yet survive to a green old age. One may find examples of this sort in every community, and not seldom cases of almost unparalleled longevity in drunkards are recorded in the public press. On this very day the Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune* narrates the following history: M. Dronin was born in Brittany, as attested by a Navy-Office certificate, in 1787. He has just died by accident while intoxicated. He was wont regularly to consume a bottle of wine with his dinner, and follow that meal with a glass of brandy. According to his own testimony, he "never knew one of his ancestors who was not fond of cider brandy." He also affirmed that he "always went to bed partially intoxicated." It is added that the physicians who made the autopsy were astonished at the soundness of his organs, and stated that, if it had not been for the accident, he might have lived twenty years longer. It is true that this is a newspaper account and may, therefore, be unreliable, but, in view of numerous similar histories, it is also quite possibly true.

But such facts give no pause to some pathologists. They go right on attributing the majority of lesions found in the bodies of drunkards to alcohol exclusively. If scleroses, fatty degener-

ations, etc., were not reasonably frequent in sober men, and these forms of disease were always found in inebriates, their conclusions would have more weight. That alcohol does produce organic diseases is highly probable; indeed, it may be said to be quite certain. But surely this does not warrant an entire disregard of all other causes, nor the selection of this one with such confidence in each individual case. Other wiseacres have found in vaccination the origin of nearly every disease. Others still, with equal vigor, curse tobacco. But logical minds must class them all together as cranky and fanatical. Surely if men composed of flesh and blood and bone, like their fellows, can drink distilled liquors freely and steadily for fifty, sixty, seventy years, and finally die, like few others, of old age, we are justified in concluding that there must be exaggeration somewhere as to the pathogenetic effects of alcohol.

Probably those diseases named above and a few others are justly and largely attributable to alcohol. And if so, its pathogenetic powers, as compared with those of other poisons, are exceedingly multifarious. Original hereditary influences, variety of employment, the rapid elimination of this substance by the emunctories, and established tolerance, count for much in solving the problem of the variety of results; but, even so, it must be acknowledged that no other drug can be named the pathogenetic effects of which are so diverse, and which yet not seldom fails to show itself nocuous at all. It may justly be claimed, however, that in the sedentary, and, therefore, bilious, degeneration of the liver is most constant, while in those of nervous temperament, brain diseases are most common.

It may also be noted that alcohol is least injurious to men of lymphatic temperament—slow, heavy, unexcitable samples of humanity who seem to need some whip to wake them up. Many such absorb large quantities of stimulants with as little visible effect as water, and upon such it produces its minimum of evil, as well as its maximum of benefit. When one of such temperament leads an active, out-of-door life, which necessitates rapid breathing, profuse perspiration, etc., it may well be doubted whether, upon the whole, a moderate use of stimulants is not a physical blessing, prolonging and enriching life, as well as preventing disease rather than producing it.

But if the physical results of alcohol are varied, much more

diverse are its effects upon the mental and moral nature of man. Indeed, they are as multiform as man himself. One general classification only is possible. Certain individuals (fortunately, the small minority) are always pleasurably affected by stimulants. Each successive dose arouses in them increased exhilaration, and when intoxication supervenes, their sensations are delightful. Their every sense is exalted; they fancy themselves endued with every gift—with all power and possession. As is often remarked, these are generally men of the most brilliant intellect, and of the most charming moral qualities. Once led captive by alcohol, these unfortunates seldom have sufficient power of will to refrain from renewed indulgence. No moral considerations avail to restrain them, and, with few exceptions, they yield wholly, finally, and fatally to the tempter. For such men total abstinence is the only refuge. Such an one was Gough, the celebrated temperance advocate, who, from the day of his reformation until his death, was consciously and imminently in danger of relapse into his former vice, and only kept from it by a powerful will, aided by strong religious sentiment.

Upon the large majority of men the effects of alcohol, taken to intoxication, are clearly and essentially different; although at first exhilarated, repeated indulgence brings drowsiness, dulness of apprehension, anæsthesia, vertigo, nausea, and vomiting—in short, bodily and mental symptoms which are excessively disagreeable. Of this class very few become drunkards, and those are men to whom anæsthesia becomes desirable as a temporary refuge from bodily pain or mental distress. Herein lies the sole explanation of the fact that the proportion of drunkards to moderate and habitual drinkers remains so small. And hence most largely and influentially the salvation of the world from this fearful vice.

The influence of heredity upon intemperance is a most interesting and profitable study, and one, as yet, but little exploited. It cannot be doubted by any intelligent student that, in the whole range of ætiology, no factor has anything like so powerful and extensive an influence as heredity. Were it not so, natural selection and environment would soon so differentiate mankind as to people the world with monsters. What our ancestors have inherited of tendencies to disease, of longevity or brevity of existence, of mental or moral characteristics, they transmit with more or less of certainty and precision to their descen-

dants. To some extent, also, doubtless, they endow us with what they have become by the influence of habit during their own lives. Thus drunkards beget drunkards or progeny predisposed to inebriety or to some other form of disease. But it is necessary to be upon our guard here, for I think the influence of habit upon the individual and his progeny is currently supposed to extend too deeply and widely. It is true that a large proportion of inebriates can be shown to have had drunken ancestors. But to assume that this relation is the sole determining factor in the statistical result is plainly a *non sequitur* and is against evidence.

To make such a claim is to ignore all the other causes which tendto induce inebriety, and which are many and powerful! Were it true, as is too commonly assumed, what a state of things might we expect in countries where the use of even the stronger kinds of alcoholic beverages has been and is almost universal. For example, during the last century the consumption of rum in the New England States was enormous, compared with what it now is. Its use might be said to have been universal. At the convocations of the clergy, in the fields of the farmer, at every wedding and funeral, rum was an essential and unfailing beverage. Those who abstained from its use were marked exceptions. For centuries the Scotch peasantry, as well as many of the higher classes, have been regular and constant consumers of whiskey. But in neither of these countries has the number of inebriates increased as it should have done, did habits like these modify heredity so profoundly as some philosophers would have us believe. Out of six hundred inmates of the Kings County Inebriates' Home, nearly one-half are reported as having had inebriate ancestors. And forthwith the conclusion is jumped at that heredity of drunkenness, in this proportion, is proven. But this proposition cannot be accepted by any logical mind. It proves too much to be true. Did space permit, a profitable comparison might here be drawn between the influence of heredity and that of habit. But this and other cognate points of great interest must be neglected.

I cannot refrain from remarking, however, that no branch of science is so untrustworthy as ætiology. The moment men begin to talk of cause and effect, they seem to take leave of logic and even of common-sense. In no respect is mentality more barbaric. To the mind of the simple Indian there was a direct causal rela-

tion between the will of Columbus and the eclipse which followed. And still, in the noonday of civilization, even intelligent and educated men are far from emancipation in this regard. They must find a cause for effect, and often they thus link together the most distant and incongruous things.

One other idiosyncrasy of alcohol is noteworthy. "*In vino veritas*" is an ancient saw, and it contains truth. But it is only a semi-truth after all. The "Autocrat" says that every man contains a trinity—the real John, John as he appears to himself, and John as he appears to others. Now, it must be owned, that in the earlier stages of intoxication, the real John is very apt to appear. Alcohol anæsthetizes the mind as well as the body. And as, one by one, environing restraints lose their influence, the true mental and moral characteristics of the man appear. The lecherous becomes unchaste; the generous, prodigal; the brave, reckless; the cunning, treacherous; the sentimental, maudlin. But when intoxication becomes fully developed, there is little except the animal left; not enough, often, to make a decent dog.

When the drunkard is also a dipsomaniac,—that is, when his brain is really diseased,—then intoxication renders him a madman—indeed, furious, destructive, murderous. Nothing is more awful to the intelligent drunkard, when he has become sober, than the conception of the possibilities of his nature as developed by a debauch. If, then, the proverb be true, it can only be so of the earlier stages of intoxication: when reason has been dethroned, and passion is crowned, *falsitas* has usurped the place of *veritas*. We hear much of dipsomania, but few seem to comprehend its true signification. By some, considerable doubt is expressed of the existence of such a disease. They regard it as a mere pathological hypothesis or invention of physicians in palliation of crime. By the intemperate, it is seized upon as an excuse for indulgence in their vicious habits.

Dr. L. D. Mason, consulting physician to the Kings County Inebriates' Home, and one of the most distinguished experts on alcoholism in America, defines dipsomania as "an irresistible craving for alcohol in some form, and that to intoxication." Like all other manias, it is more or less pronounced, is marked from sanity by no definite line, and is simply a convenient, proper, and necessary title for a disease

of which no well-informed and candid mind can deny the existence. All acknowledge that there are persons sane and persons insane. But the fact that not a few are so near the arbitrary boundary between these classes that it is difficult to decide as to their sanity, furnishes no valid reason why such a distinction should not be regarded as both proper and necessary, either as regards mental philosophy or moral responsibility. Dr. Mason, in a monograph upon this disease, holds that there are three causes for its development.

1. It may be produced by the habit of intoxication in a man otherwise healthy and of sound heredity. He allows, however, that authorities differ on this point, and concedes that it is an open question.

2. Dipsomania may be caused by sunstroke, by cerebral concussion, or by cerebral disease.

3. Most dipsomaniacs are found among those who have a history of inebriety, insanity, epilepsy, or other neuroses in the direct line of descent, or in collateral branches, or both, who inherit a weak nervous organization, and become dipsomaniacs, not from habit or choice, but from necessity.

With the exception of the first point, he is supported by a long array of English and Continental authorities of great learning and experience. The sole question, then, and one which Dr. Mason concedes to be an open one, is whether this disease may be acquired by an entirely sound and healthful man. In his opinion, this may be the case. This is a most important question. For if his opinion be accepted, many a criminal now in prison, and many another whose crime has been expiated upon the gallows, properly is, or was, rather, a subject for an asylum for the insane.

Such a doctrine ought not to be accepted without the most clear and decisive evidence of its accuracy—evidence which surely does not now exist, and which, probably, can never be furnished. Society cannot afford to believe that habitual inebriety furnishes any excuse for crime or any favorable modification of responsibility. Indeed, quite the contrary has been and should be the decision of courts and juries. It does not appear, however, that there is much danger in this direction.

It is difficult to persuade any twelve men that the drunken criminal is irresponsible, whatever may have been his heredity,

and even though he may have been the victim of accident, like those mentioned, previous to the formation of the drinking habit. So that, for the present, at least, this question may safely be relegated to the scientists for discussion.

I have elsewhere* and at some length considered one of the beneficial effects of alcohol. Others also might be mentioned. For example, it is well known that, of a number of children inheriting phthisis, those who are assisted by alcohol are often enabled to pass the critical period when this disease is wont to develop, and thus avoid it altogether. Nor is it doubtful that, among those in mercantile life who pursue their business with such unremitting attention as is necessary to success in American cities, there are many who might escape early collapse under the enormous loads they carry, if they would renounce their total-abstinence principles and practices, and partake of wine with their meals. They would eat less, digest better, carry fewer worries to their beds, and so be better able to endure a life which moves at a faster rate and higher pressure than any other on the globe. To some of them, the nervous natures especially, and to the class of individuals named above, the adoption of such a course would prove disastrous. But, just as surely, twice that number would be saved from premature graves or the worse fate of insanity. Every intelligent man can and should either settle this matter deliberately for himself, or act upon the advice of some broad-minded and experienced physician.

W. S. SEARLE, M. D.

*See NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, August, 1887, "Sedentary Men and Stimulants."

INADEQUATE CONGRESSIONAL SALARIES.

BY THE HON. JONATHAN CHACE, EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.

UPON my recent resignation from the United States Senate, a Washington correspondent sent a communication to his newspaper saying that I had resigned because the compensation was too small. Nothing could be further from the truth. The statement is a fabrication, without the least foundation. In connection with that statement was published part of the remarks of Senator Platt in the Senate on the inadequacy of the compensation of Senators. While I do not feel called upon to deny the statements of anonymous newspaper men, this circumstance furnishes a convenient text upon which to construct an article upon the subject.

The history of the legislation in regard to the salaries of Members is curious. In 1873 an act was passed increasing these salaries from five thousand dollars to seven thousand five hundred dollars per annum. The law was retroactive, going back two years in its operation. Immediately the newspaper press all over the land set up a universal howl. Day after day, and week after week, hundreds of presses poured forth a flood of indignant condemnation. Legislators who would have spurned, as the plague, an unworthy motive, who had led spotless lives, and whose names were the synonyms of integrity and uprightness, found themselves satirized and mocked at in the daily papers as thieves. This was pointed at as evidence of the decadence of moral fibre in public men ; a new and startling evi-

dence of the growing greed for pelf which had at last invaded the temple of liberty itself, and corrupted the fountain-head of the Nation. For accepting the back pay, Members were relegated to private life in disgrace. In a paroxysm of abject fear, Congress made haste to repeal the law, and again reduced their pay to five thousand dollars per annum. That should never have been done. It was a case of truckling to mere noise.

There was nothing new about this retroactive feature of the law. Seven times since the adoption of the Constitution had laws been enacted increasing the pay of Members of Congress. In every instance those laws were retroactive, varying from a few days to seventeen months. By the act of September 22, 1789, the compensation of Senators and Representatives in Congress was fixed at six dollars a day, and thirty cents a mile for travelling to and from the seat of Government. This rate was to continue until March 4, 1795. The same act fixed the compensation from March 4, 1795, to March 4, 1796 (at which last-named date, by its terms, it expired), at seven dollars a day, and thirty-five cents a mile for travelling. This act was retroactive, extending back six months and eighteen days, viz., to March 4, 1789. The act of March 10, 1796, fixed the compensation at six dollars a day, and thirty cents a mile for travelling. (This act extended back over six days only.) The act of March 19, 1816, fixed the compensation at fifteen hundred dollars a year, "instead of the daily compensation," and left the mileage unchanged. This act was retroactive, extending back one year and fifteen days, viz., to March 4, 1815. (This act was repealed by the act of February 6, 1817, but it was expressly declared that no former act was thereby revived.) The act of January 22, 1818, fixed the compensation at eight dollars a day, and forty cents a mile for travelling. This act was retroactive, extending back fifty-three days, viz., to the assembling of Congress, December 1, 1817. The act of August 16, 1856, fixed the compensation at three thousand dollars and left the mileage unchanged. This act was retroactive, extending back one year, five months, and twelve days, viz., to March 4, 1855. The act of July 28, 1866, fixed the compensation at five thousand dollars a year, and twenty cents a mile for travelling (not to affect mileage accounts already accrued). This act was retroactive, extending back one year, four months, and twenty-four days,

viz., to March 4, 1865. The act of March 3, 1873, fixed the compensation at seven thousand five hundred dollars a year and actual travelling expenses—the mileage already paid for the Forty-second Congress to be deducted from the pay of those who had received it. This act was retroactive, extending back two years, viz., to March 4, 1871.

Stationery was allowed to Senators and Representatives without any special limit, until March 3, 1868, when the amount for stationery for each Senator and Member was limited to $125 for the session. This was changed by a subsequent act, taking effect July 1, 1869, to $125 a year. The act of 1873 abolished all allowance for stationery and newspapers.

Those men have excellent company. Since 1789, all the way down, great, good, and distinguished men of every party have received back pay, have been "salary-grabbers." If it be *now* pronounced a crime, our national Roll of Honor must be sadly blotted. But what is the argument of these self-constituted censors of public virtue? They say one Congress may properly vote an increase for the next. "If the Forty-second Congress had voted an increase for the Forty-third, that would have been honest." The "Pickwickian" idea seems to possess these critics that men must not vote themselves money. But how about the men in that Congress who were already elected to another, and the Senate, which is a continuing body? Upon their theory, a majority of the Senate must, in honor, always vote against an increase, because a majority of the Senators always hold over from one Congress to another. Congress makes no contract with the people. Its members are the sole judges of what compensation they shall pay themselves, and the people so understand it, the only limitation being the law of reason.

The country is rich and prosperous, and the people are not only willing to see, but they take a pride in seeing, the men who represent them enabled to live in a manner befitting the important position which they occupy before the world. The simple question is: Is five thousand dollars a reasonable salary for the service and the conditions surrounding it? My judgment is that, if a consensus of opinion of those who have recently left Congress could be arrived at, it would be found to be overwhelmingly that the pay should be largely increased. I am sure that Members who have spoken are nearly unanimous. The honest judgment of

Members still in service, apart from a feeling of selfishness, is that the present pay is very inadequate.

Members of Congress receive	$5,000
The Secretary of the Senate receives	6,000
Circuit judges receive	6,000
Cabinet officers receive	8,000
The Speaker of the House receives	8,000
Foreign ministers receive from	$7,500 to 17,500
Judges of the Supreme Court receive	10,000
The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court receives	10,500
(The Judges of the Supreme, Circuit, and District Courts, may, under certain conditions, retire under full pay.)	
Inter-State-Commerce Commissioners receive	$7,500
A Major-General in the army receives	7,500
The Lieutenant-General of the Army receives	11,000
(retiring at sixty-two with three-quarters pay).	
In the Navy on sea-duty the Rear-Admiral receives	6,000
Vice-Admiral receives	9,000
Admiral receives	13,000
(with provision for retiring under three-quarters pay).	
The Solicitor General receives	7,000
The Vice-President receives	8,000
The President receives	50,000

A great many presidents of banks and insurance companies receive salaries of from $10,000 to $15,000. The president of an insurance company in New York did receive $40,000. Railroad presidents are paid from $10,000 to $25,000. Railroad superintendents are paid from $10,000 to $15,000, and the managers of the great industrial enterprises earn and receive similar salaries. Men eminent in law and medicine, without number, earn much larger sums. Aldace F. Walker, one of the Inter-State-Commerce Commissioners, relinquished his salary of $7,500, it is said, to take the chairmanship of the Inter-State-Railroad Association, at a salary of $25,000. There is nothing in either of the positions enumerated above, bearing those high salaries, which calls for broader previous training or better mental equipment in order to discharge successfully the duties, than is necessary for a useful Senator or Member of the House. The Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are men very eminent in their profession, but their places could easily be filled from either House, nor are their duties more arduous. The routine duties of Members and the personal demands of their constitutents wear out their energies, and prevent the necessary attention to the philosophy of legislation, the science of government, and the study of National questions.

Long service is necessary to the best equipment, and these years are taken out of the best of a man's life, when, if ever, he is to make the necessary provision for his declining years and for his

family after him. Year after year, and every year, we see men in either house, of strong physique and tough mental fibre, break down from excessive overwork. Some die ; others retire with broken constitutions. It is within reasonable bounds to say that most Congressmen spend fourteen out of twenty-four hours in active mental occupation, oftentimes of the most exacting character. Every one of them needs a paid assistant, capable of rendering such services as cannot be procured for a small salary. Some need two or three. What is there in the service of a Cabinet officer, a Circuit Judge, a Commerce Commissioner, a second- or third-class Minister, a Major-General, a Vice-Admiral, or a Solicitor General, which calls for higher qualifications or larger compensation than a Senator receives ?

What in connection with the Presidential office calls for ten times the pay of a Senator ? The duties or obligations, official or social, are not ten times as great. Is it a matter of National dignity ? The office of a Senator is second only to that of the President. He shares the Senators' legislative prerogative through the veto power; they share with him the appointments and the treaty-making power. Washington is becoming the social and intellectual, as well as the political, capital of the country. The Congressional Library attracts students. The Medical Museum and Library, unexcelled in the world, the National Museum, the Smithsonian, the Hydrographic Office, the Fish Commission, the great Bureau of Ethnology, and the Geological Survey, with its splendid scientific corps built up by Major Powell and his able assistant, James C. Pilling, are constantly attracting to the city people eminent in art, science, and literature. All must meet and be entertained by Senators and Members. Every turn of the social wheel increases cost.

Do you say the salary has been increased two and a half times ? The exactions of society, of politics, of charity, are tenfold. With the great increase of population in the country has also come a great increase of individual activity. The growth of commercial, mechanical, and business activities, with the wonderful facility of communication, causes the constituent to impinge with increased force upon his Representative. The two Senators from New York, no doubt, represent more people to-day than did the whole of the first Senate, and the city of New York probably does more business than the whole country did then; and when it

is known that each Member has in his keeping the interests of the whole sixty millions of people, it is readily seen how greatly his responsibilities are multiplied. The Senate has been characterized as a "millionaire club." Fully one-half are men of small or no means. A large proportion of the rest are men of moderate fortune. A few are rich, and there are three or four great estates. The wealth is nearly evenly divided between the two sides of the chamber. In the House the only great fortune in the Fiftieth Congress was on the Democratic side. The argument that small means or paucity of the salary lays Members open to temptation is not justified by the facts. I repudiate that. Many years of careful observation lead me to the conclusion that few Members are, or could be with safety, approached by corrupt offers. They are, as a body, not only among the ablest, but the best, men in the Nation, and have been so Congress after Congress. The cause rests upon other and better grounds. Much of the best talent, the stanchest integrity in the land, is found among men of small means.

No man likes to put himself in a position where he cannot live in a style comporting with the average of his associates, or spend the best years of his life with the probability of finding himself at the end of the term worn out, and nothing saved for his declining years. It is no argument to say that there are hosts of candidates. The weight of the argument is that it is inequitable. It is unbecoming in a great Nation to pinch the salaries of those who occupy an office so great in the eyes of the world; nor do the people desire it. Members of Congress feel it to be their right to receive more adequate pay, but are deterred from fear of adverse criticism by the press. Had the office not been elective, the salary would long since have been doubled.

JONATHAN CHACE.

FOG-SIGNALS AT SEA.

BY CAPTAIN C. W. KENNEDY, CAPTAIN SAMUEL BROOKS, CAPTAIN GEORGE BURTON, AND CAPTAIN A. BOYER.

THE International Marine Conference to secure greater safety at sea originated with the Superintendent of the New York Maritime Exchange. He observed that the maritime disasters daily communicated to him were of a few general types, the most frequent being the result of collisions in fogs. The main cause of these, he found, was that one vessel could not know the course of another vessel in her vicinity, each being invisible to the other. To lessen chances of collision, it was obvious that representatives of all marine nations should meet and agree upon some simple means by which ships could indicate the course they were steering. The International Marine Conference is called mainly for that purpose, although, while assembled, its delegates may act upon other matters in which all are interested. Still, the adoption of a course-signal is its main object.

It is true that, by common consent and for their own protection, ships and steamers, when enveloped in fog, sound fog-horns or a steam-whistle. But these only announce, "Look out; a vessel is approaching!" In a moment there may be a crash, a few gurgling cries, and "the wealth that far down in the deep ocean shines" may be enriched by another sunken wreck. Had the fog-horn or steam-whistle, by a preconcerted signal, indicated how the approaching craft was moving, the collision would have been averted. But no such signal has ever yet been adopted, although ships have sailed, and been sunk by collisions, from prehistoric times. To our country and our day it has been reserved to apply a remedy.

The Conference of the nations is necessary because, although Neptune's vast domain thrice exceeds in extent all the kingdoms of earth, that mythical potentate has no Congress or Parliament

to make laws for those who walk his waters. They themselves must agree upon regulations for all seamen to observe. The President of the United States has invited the nations to unite in the Conference, and their representatives will meet at Washington in October.

What they will decide upon no one can say. But whatever the fog-signal may be, it should be so very plain and simple that whoever hears it, however unlettered he may be, can instantly and unmistakably comprehend its meaning. Various plans, more or less complicated, have been proposed, but as yet none free from objection. Some favor long and short sounds on the principle of the telegraphic alphabet—excellent in quietude and for educated ears, but indistinct amid the tumult of an ocean storm, even if understood. At the best, sounds seldom penetrate far to the windward in the teeth of a tempest. Some advocate electric signals, and Edison's magic may, perhaps, yet solve the problem. Inventive genius is seldom behind in the race with necessity, and in this case will doubtless come out ahead.

F. W. H.

SINCE the number of steamers trading between the continents of Europe and America has increased, there has also been an increase in the number of collisions. In some cases these have resulted in the total destruction of one of the ships, with a lamentable loss of life. Each time a collision occurs, the question immediately arises, Can nothing be done to avert these terrible disasters? This has caused many a thoughtful man to make it a subject for study; and the result has been that several codes of compass fog-signals have been brought out and laid before the public.

Several years ago, Captain Griffin, of the American Pacific Mail Steamship Company, published an admirable code; but, after being before the shipping interest for a time, it was, like many other useful inventions, laid aside and forgotten. Ten years ago another code of signals for use in fog was brought out by Captain Barker, of this country, which was even better than that arranged by Captain Griffin. I first saw it exhibited in Liverpool, and gave it my particular attention and study. Being then in command of the White Star steamer "Germanic," I was instructed by the company to inspect it and make my report ac-

cordingly. I did so thoroughly, and, being convinced of its utility, I strongly favored its adoption. The same code was laid before the British Admiralty and the Board of Trade. Although it was approved by these bodies, nothing was done towards introducing it into the mercantile marine, and again the subject was allowed to drop. Several codes have since been introduced by others, but they were too complicated, and more liable to cause mishaps than to prevent them.

Every year the number of collisions is increasing; and the travelling public are now asking if something cannot be done that will lessen, if not entirely do away with, these terrible disasters that are becoming too frequent. The steamship companies all acknowledge the necessity of such a code, and, I am convinced, would willingly adopt it, if the Government would take the matter in hand, and make its use compulsory on board all steamers.

At last, after years have been wasted in fruitless agitation, the American Government has taken hold of the matter, and has issued an invitation to all maritime nations to send representatives to a Congress to be held at Washington for the purpose of selecting and adopting a code that will prevent collisions at sea.

In selecting a code for general use, the fact should be borne in mind that the fewer the signals, and the more simple they are, the more effective and useful they will be, and the less liable to cause mistakes. In my opinion, eight signals are all that are necessary; viz., a signal for every fourth point of the compass—N., N.E., E., S.E., S., S.W., W., and N.W. In addition to these eight signals, I would advise a separate signal for ships bound eastward and westward, to be used when a fog is first encountered. In this way two ships sailing in opposite directions could tell by the first sound of the whistle which way each was bound. Then the compass sound-signal could be used to denote in which direction each ship's head was pointed.

By using such a code, if the officers in charge acted promptly, it would be next to impossible for two steamers to come into collision.

I would suggest that the steam-whistles used should be of a uniform size and tone, and not, as they are at present on many small ships, so inferior that they can scarcely be heard a distance of half a mile. When in command of the "Germanic," I had a steam-whistle made in New York of the latest pattern—viz., one

twelve-inch cylinder, with one eight-inch on each side; these gave three distinct tones, which, when blended into one, produced a sound that could be heard, in ordinary weather, eight miles away.

I would advocate that large steamers of high speed should have whistles of large dimensions and great power, and that all should be subjected to a Government test before leaving port on either side; for I believe that a good whistle on board a steamer is as essential as a good chronometer.

That such a code is necessary is proved by the number of collisions that have occurred during the last few years, and these will be more frequent as the number of steamers increases. Had a code been adopted ten years ago, very few, if any, of the collisions that have happened in that time would have been heard of.

Another subject of importance is that the officers of every steamer should undergo a thorough examination as to their acquaintance with the code.

For the benefit of seamen and the public at large, I hope that the Congress that is to meet at Washington will be largely composed of nautical men, who are far better able to judge of what is necessary than landsmen.

CHAS. WM. KENNEDY,
Late Commander White Star steamer "Germanic."

IN my opinion, a code of fog-signals, to be efficient, must be of the simplest kind. I have seen many propositions, some of which would require a large number of blasts to show the course a steamer is steering by compass; but all that I have yet seen have been too complicated to be of use in a sudden emergency. Two steamers approaching each other at the rate of nearly forty miles an hour (combined speed) would not allow their commanders sufficient time to act, if they had to make use of such compass signals, and nine times out of ten, in cases of sudden danger, the signals would probably be misunderstood, and thus lead to disaster. I would, therefore, strongly recommend the adoption of the same signal which has been used for many years by the New York ferry-boats, namely:

One short blast—"My helm is to port."

Two short blasts—"My helm is to starboard."

Thus if I hear a steamer's whistle ahead on my port bow, I immediately put my helm hard-a-port and blow one blast. If I hear the whistle on my starboard bow, I put my helm hard-a-starboard and blow two blasts. Now, if those simple signals are properly understood and acted upon by steamers approaching each other, it is certain they will pass without the slightest danger of collision.

SAMUEL BROOKS,
Commander Guion Line steamer "Arizona."

I THINK steamers ought to be fitted with two separate steam-signals. This could easily be arranged by having two valves on the same steam-pipe. The sounds emanating from these would be as distinct as possible. Thus, the fog-siren would be the ordinary fog-signal to indicate the proximity of a vessel. The whistle could then be used to indicate the approximate course: one whistle, for instance, for "from North to East"; two, for "from East to South"; three, for "from South to West," and four, for "from West to North." When long and short whistles are used, they are apt to be confusing; but any rule which is made by the Maritime Conference should be authorized and enforced by all maritime nations.

Stationary fog-signals, such as those on light-ships and light-houses, might be made more useful by the use of explosives. The ordinary siren, with an explosive signal (it might be a steam one) every two minutes, would allow the mariner sufficient time to distinguish between it and the moving vessel.

GEORGE BURTON,
Commander White Star steamer "Coptic."

YOU ask my opinion concerning fog-signals, and are desirous of learning what I would recommend for the consideration of the Maritime Convention. This is a very complex question; but it is of such prime importance in promoting safety of navigation that I give my opinion without hesitation, convinced that it is the duty of all seamen to contribute their experience to the solution of this serious problem.

Collisions at sea form to-day the gravest—I would add, perhaps the only—danger to navigation. Unfortunately, the rules

laid down by the International Convention are absolutely insufficient to enable even the most vigilant navigators to avoid collisions in thick weather. Are these international rules capable of improvement? I think they are.

According to Article 12, every steamship must be provided *with a steam-whistle, or with some other instrument operated by steam, so placed that the sound shall be unbroken by any obstacle.* Let us observe here that most steamships have the whistle placed in front of the funnel,—a thoroughly ineffectual system, because the waves of sound are broken toward the bow by the masts and and yards, while toward the stern there is a wide section, both right and left of the funnel, in which the sound waves are feeble and probably deflected. The true place for the whistle is, undoubtedly, on the bow of the ship.

But the regulation is wholly silent as to the power of these steam-whistles, although an essential point. Supposing two steamers to be approaching each other with great speed: it is necessary that they should hear each other's signals before the distance separating them becomes too small to permit manœuvring. If each is going at the rate of twenty knots, a maximum speed on the high seas at present, the two boats are approaching at the rate of forty knots an hour, or $\frac{66}{100}$ of a knot per minute. It appears to me indispensable that the respective whistles be heard at least six minutes before the ships meet. Hence it is necessary that the whistles should carry the sound $\frac{66}{100} \times 6$, or $\frac{396}{100}$ of a knot—equal to about four nautical miles.

The same Article says, farther on, that vessels, whether sailing or steam, shall be provided with a fog-horn of sufficient power. It is especially the means for signalling employed by sailing ships. In this wording there is the same vagueness as in the rule as a whole. What are we to understand by the words *sufficient power?* It is evident that a sailing ship, moving more slowly than a steamer, might have an instrument less piercing than the steamer; but still it is necessary that the minimum power should be fixed, and it appears to me that it is important to make the limit two miles for sailing vessels.

Article 12 enumerates the rules adopted for regulating fog-signals: A—*Every steamship, when in motion, should give a prolonged blast of the whistle at intervals not exceeding two minutes.* A steamer has, therefore, the right to sound its signal not oftener

than once in two minutes. Two steamers approaching, accordingly, at the rate of twenty knots each, would thus be able to hear each other's whistles only twice before meeting. It follows that the interval between the blasts of the whistles is altogether too long, and that it has become necessary to decree the blowing of the whistle at intervals not exceeding one minute. It should be the same for sailing ships.

We next have Article 13, according to which every vessel, whether steam or sail, shall go at reduced speed in thick weather, be it fog or snow. The evident intention is, if not altogether to avoid collisions, to render them less disastrous. But it requires more precision of statement. What is the meaning of *reduced speed?* The phrase is so vague that I have frequently heard of captains who have been satisfied by merely checking the speed a few turns of the engine. It is, therefore, essential to have a given maximum of speed distinctly stated.

But I hardly think that the advantages resulting from such reduction of speed can counterbalance the commercial disadvantages to navigation Many captains consider that by moving ahead rapidly they may sooner pass out of the fog-belt and reduce the time of exposure to collision, while, if in the neighborhood of land, in the absence of astronomical observations and the horizon being hidden, the ship must be kept at a normal speed, in order to form an approximate estimate as to the degree of approach to the land and thus avoid shipwreck. Finally, speed forming the chief element in the success of steamship lines, few captains would yield such an advantage in the general competition. They are willing to accept a certain reduction of speed ; but if said reduction be too great, it may be feared that they would not observe the rule, which would be the worst possible solution of the problem. Therefore, I do not think it expedient to avoid collisions by forbidding a speed of over seven or eight knots. Nevertheless, in view of their responsibility, a precise regulation fixing a maximum speed in such cases would be a thousand times more acceptable to sea-captains than the indefiniteness of the rule now in practice.

In fine, I am inclined to think that at a distance of, say, sixty miles from land, steamers may be allowed to go at full speed under the following conditions :

First.—That they have whistles, or some other instrument of

sound, capable of being heard at a minimum distance of four nautical miles.

Second.—That this whistle be placed ahead of the foremast.

Third.—That they cause the whistle to be blown at intervals not exceeding one minute.

Fourth.—That they be required to bring the engine to a stop as soon as they hear the signal of another vessel.

The last rule will not be satisfactory to navigators, as they desire to preserve steerage-way; nevertheless, it seems important that the exact position of a ship in the vicinity should be ascertained. After a few minutes, when the speed has been reduced, the captain can order the engine set slowly in motion again before the escape of steam extinguishes the sound of the signals of the other vessel. While collisions may not always be avoided by this means, their results may be rendered much less terrible.

The existing rule is entirely silent as to the management of steamers when their respective signals are heard. It is, unfortunately, true that numbers of collisions might be avoided if the vessels but kept on their course. And often the courts have condemned captains who have altered their course with the best intention, and brought about collisions avoidable if the regular course had been followed. On the other hand, there is no record of how many accidents have been escaped because one of the meeting ships has held on her course. The uncertainty on this point is great. Nevertheless, it is well to observe that Article 15, like Article 16, clearly specifies that, when two steamers meet, that one which *sees* the other in a given position shall manœuvre to avoid a collision, while the other keeps on her course. The rule emphatically implies that, before altering their course, the ships should see each other, and that to do so without so seeing each other may cause a collision.

It may be said in favor of holding the course that if, in case of collision, one of the two ships should not move, even in clear weather, the captain who keeps on his course gains fifty to one hundred chances in his favor. In addition, it should be well understood that two ships on the sea are like two moving points in the midst of boundless space, and that nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand these two points would not meet but for the awkwardness of man. It is, however, essential that, if

the Conference decides that the two steamers shall hold their course, the rule to that effect be strict and clearly stated.

It is to be hoped that science may discover some means for more precisely locating a sound at sea, as now it often appears to come from a direction opposite to that from which it actually proceeds. Were that to become the case, there would be nothing to prevent laying down such rules as apply to ships when able to see each other, and directions could be indicated such as are used in the Morse alphabet, as, for example, a long ———— signal to indicate a ship going in an easterly direction, N. E. to S. E., followed by a short whistle thus ——— ——.

It remains to be said that steamships should be required to follow a specified route, changeable with the seasons. Such routes could be deduced, for example, from the admirable American Hydrographic pilot-charts. Assuredly, with one route for going and one for returning, sufficiently separated along the most frequented ocean highways, the risks of collision between steamers would be reduced. Although the danger of collision between steamers and sailing ships might continue as formidable as before, yet on this point we may say that the number of sailing vessels is constantly decreasing, while the number of steamships is as steadily on the increase.

Finally, our methods of construction may be so improved as to add to the safety of navigation by increasing the number of compartments to such a degree that a ship may continue to float even after many of her compartments are filled.

Such is a résumé of my views on this question. In this rapid survey I have said nothing which may not be known to all navigators, but I shall not the less esteem it an honor if my experience can prove of use in reopening the revision of regulations that are out of date, badly arranged, and often even dangerous.

I cannot end without calling attention anew to the very remarkable and complete work which M. Bavaré, head of the branch of Nautical Instruction at Paris, published on this subject in several numbers of the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* during the year 1888.

A. Boyer,
Captain French Line steamer "La Champagne."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERRENCE.

I HAVE been reading Mr. Croffut's very interesting article upon "The Open Gate of Dreamland," in a recent number of THE REVIEW, and I notice that Mr. Croffut says that his result can be, in all cases, explained by the phenomenon of suggestion. He says: "If I face a responsive to the wall, I can have no effect upon him unless I speak to him"; and again: "The responsive must know what is wished." In regard to thought-transferrence and some other exhibitions he says: "My own experiments have not reached any of them, and, failing to do so, have suggested that they may all be delusions." It occurs to me that this deduction of Mr. Croffut's may be premature; that he has not met with the exhibitions named because they can only be developed by a different line of experimentation; and I beg to present an experience of my own as possibly a case in point.

The incident occurred to me in the summer of 1881, while passing a few weeks in a boarding-house devoted exclusively to women. I was convalescing from an illness which had been accompanied by great pain, and I was still very sensitive to light, sound, and, indeed, to all forms of irritation. One evening there were twenty or thirty of us together in the parlor, and in the dearth of interest frequent on such occasions, a woman who was considerably older and more experienced than the rest, suggested a game in which one of us, being blindfolded, was made to do something previously agreed upon by the company, the medium of communication being the operator's hands upon the subject's shoulders. The proposition interested me, from its assumption of power to communicate ideas by a method outside of my experience, and, others failing to do so, I offered myself as the subject. I expressed willingness to do whatever would be required of me, thus narrowing the problem down to simply the communication of the requirement to my mind. I said: "If you can in any way make me know what I am to do, I will do it." The game is not a new one, and is probably familiar to many readers.

Under the guidance of the hands on my back, I searched for lost articles, passed from one room to another, and performed a number of other feats. So far as I had expected anything, I had expected a picture or presentment of what I was to do, in such shape as to allow me to exercise my will and marshal my forces for its accomplishment; and I was prepared for considerable mental effort in grasping the idea which was to be projected into my mind. Nothing of the kind happened. No idea was given me. I proceeded blindly. I advanced very slowly, each step being taken simply in response to a loss of equilibrium. Apparently I first inclined in a certain direction, and then took a step to save myself from falling. I sat, I knelt, I reached out my hand in response to similar impulses. With my mind fully awake, but willingly passive, I was an automaton.

I am aware that similar exhibitions have been explained by conscious and unconscious suggestion conveyed through the hands of the operator, the weight of her body being the propelling power, and I would accept this explanation for my own case were it not for what followed. Finding me so docile, I suppose, it was deter-

mined to give me something more difficult to do. With the operator's hands upon my shoulders, I again successively felt the loss of equilibrium and advanced as before for a number of steps, when I stood upright without any further forward impulse. While wondering a little at this loss of the feeling of propulsion, I commenced to feel a contraction in the muscle around my mouth. In a few minutes the puckering of the lips became very marked ; so much so as to suggest kissing. Upon this, I immediately said to myself : "If they require me to kiss any one, it will be a mistake, because that is something which I will not do." Instantly, however, I corrected myself for allowing my thoughts to wander, and said to myself : "I must forget this kissing or I will not be able to receive the impulse and do what is required of me." I then succeeded in putting the idea out of my mind and resumed my previously passive and receptive condition, but no further inclination came to me. Although the operator's hands were still upon my shoulders, I had no further loss of equilibrium, nor an impulse in any direction, and the experiment was declared to have failed. It was then told to me that I had been required to kiss one of the young ladies. I had advanced to her side, but had made no further response.

It will be seen that my experiment goes a step further than Mr. Croffut's experiments. Mr. Croffut must have the coöperation of the mind of his subject. In my experiment, the mind of the subject had nothing to do with the result. The contraction of the orbicularis oris preceded the idea of kissing and was the cause of its suggestion. The contraction of the orbicularis oris occurred while my mind was a blank. A second point of difference is the fact that hypnotism was not essential to the result ; but simply a degree of passivity possible to any trained mind.

In reviewing this experiment, it might be premised that kissing is an exercise to which I have a repugnance. I never voluntarily kiss even my dearest friends. I was thus made to perform a muscular action repugnant to me, at a time when not the remotest suggestion of such an action was in my mind. That this motion, at least, could not have been instigated by propulsion through the operator's hands will be apparent. Any other mechanical explanation I cannot suggest. For my own part, I believe the occurrence to be in the line of proof that, under certain conditions, the muscles belonging to one body may be controlled by the mind belonging to another body, its own mind being passive in the matter. Nor should I be surprised to learn that such substitution is not rare. It seems to me that the mind of the well substitutes the mind of the sick again and again in the practice of all successful physicians. I can recall two cases of otherwise incoercible vomiting which were apparently controlled by such substitution. One of these was a case of pneumonia, with a very high temperature during several successive days, and absolute rejection of both medicine and food. The patient's condition was desperate. I remained with her for a night, and the tendency to vomit seemed to be inhibited by my keeping myself very much alert to the necessities of the case. Personal contact seemed to assist in this result. If I left her bedside for five minutes, the vomiting recommenced ; while holding her hand appeared to strengthen my influence. In this treatment, I had at the time no theory as my guide, but simply followed an instinct in the matter. The patient was too much reduced for self-control. I did not address myself to her at all, but simply tried with all my might to do for her that which she was unable to do for herself. In another case of incoercible vomiting, I recall the same attitude of mind. The forlorn patient was not appealed to, but, as I left for the night, I said to the nurse: "If that woman vomits, your reputation will be nothing with me." The woman did not vomit. Dr. James R. Wood had a way of saying to his nurses, "That patient has got to get well," thus recognizing this same personal equation in his results.

It seems to me that the transferrence of thought or will belongs to a different order of phenomena from those described by Mr. Croffut ; perhaps equally beneficial and not to be disproved because not to be arrived at by the same means. Mr. Croffut's reflections upon the medical profession I simply do not understand. In this city, at least, our leading neurologists are interested in this movement, many of them being members of the Society for Psychical Research. If by opposition he means disapproval of exhibitions in which intelligent beings are made to believe in the presence

of a seven-headed cow, and to comport themselves in a way which, in their saner moments, is calculated to cause them chagrin, the medical profession but voices the opinions and will have the support of all of the intelligent, self-respecting portion of our community.

SARAH E. POST, M. D.

II.

SOME NEWLY-DISCOVERED HEROES.

THE country has, these many years, been pretty well informed about "Daniel Boone and the hunters of Kentucky," and, indeed, the early history of none of the older States has been more thoroughly written than that of this heroic commonwealth. But neither Harrod, nor Logan, nor Boone planted the first American colony beyond the Alleghanies. That was done by James Robertson along the Watauga, in what is now Eastern Tennessee, in 1770, four years before Harrod settled Harrodsburg, and five before Boone built a fort at Boonesborough. But about these first pioneers the country knew next to nothing till so late as 1886, when the Appletons issued the first volume of James R. Gilmore's (Edmund Kirke's) series of southwestern histories.

This first volume, "The Rear-Guard of the Revolution," Mr. Gilmore prefaced with the bold statement that these Watauga settlers "thrice saved the country by thwarting the British plan to envelop and crush the southern colonies, and by turning the tide of the Revolution at King's Mountain," and, after the Revolutionary War, "frustrated the design of Spain to dismember and weaken the Union by causing the erection of a separate republic in the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi"; and he pronounced the three Watauga leaders—John Sevier, Isaac Shelby, and James Robertson—"characters worthy of the most heroic ages." These statements, if substantiated, would give these three unknown men an exalted place in our annals, and show Tennessee to have acted no inconsiderable part in achieving our independence; and we are bound to say that Mr. Gilmore seems to have substantiated them by the facts comprised in his three volumes, and thereby to have added a new and important chapter to American history.

But still the questions will arise, Why has no one else given us these facts, and why have they been so long buried under the dust of the past century? These questions are not yet answered, but, in Mr. Phelan's recent and well-written history of Tennessee, we have, from a native Tennessean, an indorsement of these facts and of Mr. Gilmore's estimate of the three Watauga leaders; and, moreover, Mr. Phelan fortifies his opinions by reference to a list of authorities which covers no less than sixteen closely-printed pages. Of John Sevier he says: "He was, in his sphere, a statesman of the first order; as a warrior, he was excelled by none who engaged in the same mode of warfare, and that he never lost a battle claims for him a high place among the great men of the world." "He is," says Mr. Phelan, "one of the heroes of our history; and he grows larger and more resplendent as he advances. He is the most brilliant military and civil figure this State has ever produced. Without him the history of Tennessee would, in many important respects, not be what it now is. He defined its boundaries, watched over and guarded its beginning, helped to form it, and exercised a decisive influence upon its development." "His claim to a higher order of ability is justified by his clear vision of the present needs of his people, and of the future requirements of the State, whose greatness he foresaw," and "his diplomacy and generalship hastened the settlement of Tennessee by a number of years which cannot be calculated." Mr. Phelan says, further, that Sevier's "enthusiasm, his personal daring, his resolute quickness, his knightly disposition, made him the idol of his soldiers and his neighbors. The grim mountaineers worshipped him with an extravagance of adoration. They loved him with a warm, almost intense, personal regard." "Sevier not only possessed great popularity; he deserved it. The basis of his character was laid in sincerity, in truth, and in honor. He was loved, because he had a loving heart. The gentle word, the quick sympathy, the open hand, the high purpose, the dauntless courage, the impetuosity, the win-

ning suavity, were the wings and the turrets and the battlements of a magnificent and harmonious structure. The most beautiful trait of Sevier's character was the exquisite sweetness of his disposition."

All this agrees perfectly with Mr. Gilmore's estimate of Sevier, and a like agreement is observable between Mr. Phelan's view of Shelby and Robertson and Mr. Gilmore's admiration of those remarkable characters. Indeed, so closely do these two authors agree in their facts, and harmonize in their opinions, that a cursory reader might be tempted to conclude that the first two hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Phelan's book were a mere rewriting of Mr. Gilmore's previous volume. But this supposition is disproved by the evidence of personal investigation which nearly every one of Mr. Phelan's pages gives. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses," it has been said, "every word may be established"; and here we have the testimony of two independent and reliable witnesses to the fact that the country has had heroes and statesmen of eminent ability of whom it has known nothing. We are bound to accept such testimony, and we are glad to welcome these new heroes to our National Walhalla, and to concede the fact that the noble "Volunteer State" did not begin her glorious career with the Creek War or the battle of New Orleans.

S. FORSYTHE.

III.

HOW ARTEMUS WARD BECAME A LECTURER.

ARTEMUS WARD was undoubtedly the greatest humorist America has yet produced. He was genial and companionable, but not a great conversationalist, nor did he scatter the scintillations of his wit and humor broadcast, but, on the contrary, was modest and reticent in company, and only once in a while set the table in a roar with some dry joke, at which he never laughed himself. In fact, Artemus could not make an off-hand speech at all, and even the simplest of responses had to be written out and committed to memory.

It may be interesting to know how the great humorist came to take to the lecture platform, when, before his great success in that line, he had confined himself exclusively to the pen; and, as I had a finger in the pie, I will relate it. About thirty years ago there was a paper published in this city by several brothers named Stephens, called *Vanity Fair*, having for contributors such men as Thackeray, Fitz-James O'Brien, George Arnold, Henry Stanley, and, in fact, all the literary talent of the country, with editors such as Charles G. Leland, Henry Clapp, and Frank Wood; and yet it was plain that the public did not want it, and it was about to give up the ghost, when the publishers consulted me as to what they should do. My advice was to get an editor who was well known for his comic proclivities, and advertise him as connected with the paper, and I declared that there were only two men in the whole country who filled the bill—John G. Saxe and Artemus Ward, whose real name I did not then know. I knew that Saxe could not be had, as he was a candidate for Governor of Vermont; therefore the publishers empowered me to correspond with Artemus and offer him $30 per week and travelling expenses to come to New York as the new editor. The response was immediate acceptance, and $25 and two weeks' salary were forwarded,—he afterward told me the offer was a godsend, as he was getting but $10 a week on the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, as a reporter,—and in a few days Browne arrived in New York and assumed the chair. The paper languished on for a few months, and then went the way of all funny papers.

One day, when this had happened, I was walking up Broadway and regretting the result, for I had become very much attached to Browne. He was talking about going back to Cleveland and resuming his old position, when I suggested to him that he try lecturing. At this he laughed, declaring himself totally unfit, not being able to speak in public at all, and having no subject. I insisted, and gave him, as a subject, "Ghosts," New York at the time being very much exercised over a foolish humbug got up in the newspapers and called "The Twenty-seventh-Street Ghost." Before we parted, Artemus had promised to write such a lecture and to meet a knot of literary and artist friends the next evening at Pfaff's, on Broadway, near Bleecker

Street, a noted restaurant and resort of Bohemians, and read what he had written. He came with about half his effort, and for three-quarters of an hour the party was, literally, in a roar. He called it "A Lecture About Ghosts," and no small part of the fun was that there was not a word about ghosts in it. The next day he finished it, and then the question was to bring it out. I knew an actor, and sometimes manager, by the name of De Walden, then part of the old Wallack company, who had some money, and I managed to get him interested. He took Niblo's saloon, now the dining-room of the Metropolitan Hotel, for one night, with the privilege of six. The first night, with the help of the press, who were all friends of Artemus, was a triumph, and he ran the week, clearing for himself and his manager $4,200. From that time his lecturing was a grand success, and, while Artemus was more than liberal, he saved money, or, rather, he made it so fast that he could not help its accumulating in his hands. He died worth almost a hundred thousand dollars, of which he left the income to his aged mother, and, after her death, to found an asylum for old and disabled printers, to which craft he originally belonged.

J. W. WATSON.

IV.

INTERVIEWING AS A FACTOR IN JOURNALISM.

I SUPPOSE it has fallen to the lot of every American newspaper man whom pleasure or business has taken to England within the past dozen years, either to hear discussed or to take part in a discussion concerning the possibility of starting and carrying through to success in London a newspaper conducted according to American methods. Such a venture, indeed, has lately been set on foot by the proprietor of a New York paper, and no little curiosity as to the outcome is expressed in journalistic circles. For my own part, however, I have seldom heard what seems to me a correct view of the situation expressed even by men of far more than my own knowledge and experience.

It never seems to have occurred to them that in America news is far more easily collected, inasmuch as, outside the newspaper offices and their staffs, a vast army of helpers exists in the shape of the public itself. The foundation, as it were, of all news in this country is the interview ; our people are one and all, from the rich merchant and professional man down to the humble inhabitant of Avenue A, ready and willing to be interviewed at any time and on any pretext. For the benefit of those unlearned in newspaper routine, let me point out the usual fashion in which a piece of news, police or otherwise, is " written up."

First, we will suppose a bare announcement of some fact, important in its way, arrives at the desk of the city editor from police headquarters or other official source. "A dead body has been found at such or such an address"; or a simple death notice: "At such or such a number Fifth Avenue, John Brown, of heart disease, aged seventy-nine." Reporters are at once sent out with the slip containing this news, and with a few words of instruction from the city editor. They proceed to interview in every direction. Friends, relatives, neighbors, officials of every degree, are quickly put through brief cross-examinations. Seldom is the least difficulty experienced by a reporter of tact in getting civil answers to his leading questions, and these answers form the skeleton of his "story." The interviews are not quoted; probably the names of the persons interviewed are never mentioned; for the account is put in purely narrative form. It is, then, these unquoted interviews which are the real news, as we see them recast and condensed in the columns of the daily papers.

In England other methods prevail. Men of the upper classes, in particular, would resent as impertinence the visit to their private houses of newspaper reporters at all times and seasons; the lower classes would suspiciously refuse to answer when questioned, unless by the authorities. In New York it often falls to the lot of a reporter to ring vigorously the bell of a stately mansion and rouse up the master of the house, who, in his *robe de chambre*, half sleepily, but wholly civilly, gives such information as lies in his power. Across the Atlantic, imagination fails to conceive the reporter s probable reception under similar circumstances.

This, then, I take it, is the chief obstacle in the way of the bold man who has started a paper in England, if he endeavors to gather his news in the prevalent American fashion. As to the relative values of the two systems of news-gathering—the English, which trusts simply to official sources, and gives the bare facts in all unimportant cases, and the American, which is based on the principle that under the most apparently commonplace statement may lurk a world of interesting detail, only to be learned by close questioning of all concerned—I shall offer no opinion. I can only say that it seems to me to be a question of news or no news, with the odds in favor of the former.

HORACE TOWNSEND.

V.

TURKISH FREETHINKERS.

THE progress of free thought is not altogether confined to the lands of the North-Caucasian nations. In the cities of Japan, the name of a Buddhist zealot has become a by-word, as odious as "Jesuit" in its latter-day significance, and the private creed of educated Turks is generally a vague theism, strongly tinged with agnosticism. In the bookstores of Constantinople, skepticism in its most pronounced types forms the staple of conversation. The Padisha himself (like Mohammed the Second and the Caliph Al Motadi) is well known to be a rationalist; and a correspondent of the *Pesther Lloyd* describes a soirée at the residence of a Syrian pacha who entertained his guests with anecdotes à la Mary Montagu, quizzing the ulemas and the superstitions of the orthodox peasantry. *Meshdân*—literally an epileptic, a person gaining influence by pretended fits of religious ecstacy—is a sort of freemasonry term which an investigator found to apply to no less a personage than the Prophet himself, and which metropolitan Moslems often use with a chuckling irreverence that would delight the soul of Colonel Ingersoll. "If Mufti Meshdân had revealed the secret of breech-loading six-shooters, instead of his ordinance of six daily prayers," remarked the impious Syrian, "we could still smoke our pipes on the ramparts of Buda, and probably on the Alcazar of Toledo."

A. L. FRANCIS.

VI.

GEOGRAPHICAL DELUSIONS.

THERE is a story of a Spanish artist who decorated the church of his native town with a fresco, depicting the "Siege of Jerusalem," and exhibiting the camp of a Roman army with a battery of heavy siege-guns. That anachronism, however, is matched by the blunder of numerous modern painters, who insist on representing the landscapes of biblical and classic geography with long ranges of treeless mountain-chains; for there is no doubt that up to the beginning of our chronological era the coast-lands of the Mediterranean were covered with magnificent forests. The writings of the ancient classics abound with allusions to the "sylvan solitudes of Arcadia," the "wild beasts of the Numidian forests," the "shaggy woods of Mount Ætna," and the "wood-covered slopes of the Apulian highlands" (the southern Apennines). The Bible speaks of the woods of Bashan and Lebanon, of sacred groves in the land of the Canaanitish idolaters; and even southern Syria teemed with cities and hamlets that can have supported their inhabitants only on a basis of abundant vegetation. The Hebrew synonym of "desert," indeed, means a "wilderness," rather than a sand-waste; and in western Asia and northern Africa, vast territories, now as void of life as the lava-fields of the moon, were once as fertile as the garden-lands of our southern Alleghanies.

The author of "Exile Life in Siberia" has exploded an idea that Asiatic Russia is nothing but a snow-covered steppe; but the "Dying Continent," too, deserves a better opinion. According to the estimates of Professor Bassières, of the Belgian exploring party, Western Africa, south of Lake Tschad, still contains more than a million square miles of almost continuous forests, not to mention the park-like hill-country

of the Orange River and Upper Zambesi, and the vast highland forests of the Atlas range. Nor would it be correct to suppose that climatic considerations would prevent the Mormons from transferring their New Jerusalem to the land of Ham. A few years ago, I met an amateur naturalist who had pursued his zoölogical studies in four different continents, and greatly regretted the reckless pot-hunts that threaten to make North America the least happy hunting-ground of the habitable globe.

"What part of the world would you prefer for a permanent residence?" I inquired.

"Paris, of course," was the good American reply.

"Yes, but outside of heaven?—from a standpoint of physical geography, I mean."

"Well, for sporting purposes, Ceylon is hard to beat," said my cosmopolitan friend, "but the climate of Southern Africa would turn the scales. On Lake Nyassa and in the Western Transvaal, I have seen a hundred successive days of sunshine that could not be matched by the October weather of Southern Switzerland. Even the so-called 'rainy season' up there is dryer than our Indian summer. Our northern winter would horrify a native of that country, as sewer water would disgust a fellow used to the best freestone mountain springs."

FELIX L. OSWALD.

VII.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ AND HIS CRITICS.

ONE cannot but contrast the half-patronizing tone of those church dignitaries who venture comment on the precept and example of Count Tolstoï, with the tone of former churchmen toward the truth-tellers and truth-actors of their time. It is a question, however, whether the current praise, mingled with mild disparagement, of such, would not change to cries of "crucify him," were there any danger of the world adopting Tolstoï's practice. So many modern chief priests and scribes would be in danger of losing their office that it is doubtful if human nature would be any less vindictive than in the days of Annas and Caiaphas.

Wherein lies the strength of this Russian enthusiast? Not so much in his proclaiming of human brotherhood,—that proclamation may be heard anywhere on the first day of every week,—but in that obliteration of self which, if human brotherhood be a desirable consummation, is the only way to bring it about. Tolstoï's strength is the strength of self-renunciation, that supreme quality which every one is ready to praise, and no one to imitate.

From earliest times, the main line of division between social classes has been the nature of one's employment. Those conditions of employment which most gratify human pride are esteemed the most honorable; those which most mortify human pride are esteemed the least honorable, which last always fall to the weak, the ignorant, and the necessitous. Every one who can, avoids these so-called menial or servile employments. It is because of the struggle to accomplish this that man's inhumanity to man never ends. We may feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, minister to the sick, and teach the ignorant ones, in all sympathy; yet as long as we, at the same time, persist in shifting upon them those employments which, as Homer says, take half away the soul, they feel we are not wholly sincere, nor can there be any permanent bond of sympathy between them and us. Human brotherhood is impossible so long as pride reserves to itself anything of that distinction which is based upon difference in employment.

It is this age-long barrier that Tolstoï would break down, by having every one naturally perform a share of those offices which are considered common or unclean, he himself setting the example. The world feels his reproach, but it will not imitate him. Political and social reformers have always recognized the injurious effects, in one way or another, of certain conditions of occupation; but where the old thinkers relegated all such occupations to slaves, the modern thinkers, like Tolstoï, can only make them incumbent, to the extent of his need, upon every individual,—a requirement which the world would go back to slavery before it would accept.

ALFRED H. PETERS.

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THE ANNEXATION OF MEXICO.

BY M. ROMERO, MEXICAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE opportunity to discuss questions of transcendent character is certainly when they are not being agitated, because the public mind is not excited then, and reason can have its full sway. Such is now the case with the question, which can hardly be so called, of the annexation of Mexico to the United States.

None of the political parties, and, in fact, no sensible man in this country, now favors any such scheme, if attempted to be brought about by force, and I think that very few would accept it, even in case it was asked voluntarily by Mexico, should they fully weigh the very serious consequences which that step would entail. It is only a few selfish persons interested in promoting and obtaining personal ends, regardless of the consequences to their own country, who would really favor annexation at any cost.

In two ways could annexation be accomplished—by conquest or by the voluntary act of Mexico. As I have already said, I do not think that there is now a political party in the United States which favors the conquest of Mexico. Although it is innate with every people,—the wish to increase its power and area,—such a wish is quite different from a spirit of conquest, although sometimes that end could not be accomplished but by conquest.

The very political organization of this country and its traditions show very plainly that the United States are not a conquering country. Conquest and subjugation of a people are against the principles proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, and incorporated

afterwards in the Constitution of the United States, which established a government by the people and for the people. Therefore, when the United States assume, if they shall ever do so, the role of conquerors, they will have to undergo a very essential change in their present institutions, and there is no indication for the present, so far as I can judge, that any such change will take place in the near future.

Should the United States ever attain that solidarity of political union which merges the individual into the nation, as in some countries, where the sovereignty of the nation has all the attributes of a personality, while the individual significance of the people is lost, that change of institutions might easily take place; but in the United States the unity of sovereignties is now the individual, represented by majorities, while Mexico, on the contrary, is as compact a country as any European nation, and the different changes in her form of government have not in the least affected her nationality.

The several and very large accretions that this country has added to its original comparatively small territory, have always been made, with a single exception, through purchase and not through conquest, and even in the single case of conquest alluded to, the United States preferred to give it the appearance of a purchase by paying some consideration for the conquered territory.

The Monroe doctrine, which has been grievously misunderstood by many, taking it as a menace from the United States against the independence of the Spanish-American nations, had just the opposite object, namely, to secure their autonomy and independence, and it always contemplated a defensive and not an aggressive policy. The Monroe doctrine originated in the doings of what was called the Holy Alliance, formed in 1815 by the monarchical nations of Europe, supporters of the doctrine of the divine rights of kings, soon after Napoleon's downfall, which, by a treaty signed by their Congress at Verona in 1822, agreed to join their efforts for the purpose "of putting an end to the principle of representative government, whenever it is known to exist, in the states of Europe, and to prevent it from being introduced into those states where it is not known." In 1821, France, supported by the Holy Alliance, suppressed an insurrection which had broken out in Spain, and restored to power Ferdinand VII. as an absolute monarch.

England, the chief European nation which had for centuries a successful representative government could not look with indifference at the aims of the Holy Alliance, and Mr. Canning, then Prime Minister, informed Mr. Rush, United States Minister in London, in August, 1823, of the intentions of the Holy Alliance to hold another Congress to decide upon a plan of interference with the representative governments of South and Central America, and proposed that England and the United States should unite in declaring "that while the two Governments desired no portion of those colonies for themselves, they would not view with indifference any foreign intervention in their affairs, or their acquisition by any third party."

The United States decided not to act in conjunction with England in that matter, but to make such a declaration by themselves, and President Monroe, in his message to Congress of December 2, 1823, said:

"That the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power."

* * * * * * *

"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

It must be borne in mind that, while at the time when such a declaration was made (1823) the Government of the United States had acknowledged the independence of some of the Spanish-American colonies, like Mexico and Colombia, etc., the war of independence had not ended in several others, like Peru and Bolivia, as the final battle which accomplished the independence of the Spanish South American colonies was fought at Ayacucho, on the 9th of December, 1824, and that, although Mexico and Colombia had actually achieved their independence, Spain had not yet given up the struggle, as she sent an army to Mexico, which landed at Tampico, under General Barradas, in June, 1829, for the purpose of subduing that country.

The best exponent and interpreter of the Monroe doctrine, should any be required, would undoubtedly be John Quincy Adams, who was Secretary of State during the two Administrations of President Monroe, who succeeded Mr. Monroe as President of the United States, and who, in a special message to Congress of March 15, 1826, on the proposed Panama Congress, after

referring to the message of his predecessor, above quoted, which had been sent to Congress only two years and a few months before, said :

> "Should it be deemed advisable to contract any conventional engagement on this topic, our views would extend no further than to a mutual pledge of the parties to the compact to maintain the principle in application to its own territory, and to permit no colonial lodgments or establishments of European jurisdiction upon its soil."

The same spirit of fairness and liberality which inspired the Monroe doctrine appears recorded in Article I. of the treaty signed in Washington on the 19th of April, 1850, generally known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, wherein it was agreed "that neither [of the two contracting parties] will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same [the ship canal], or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America." The restriction of this stipulation to Central America is explained by the fact that the principal object the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty had in view, was to remove existing difficulties about the construction of an inter-oceanic ship canal through Central America.

But the question naturally arises, If the United States are not a conquering country, why did they wage a war of conquest against a neighboring republic in 1846 and 1847 to obtain over one-half of her territory? The answer is a very easy one. When the slavery question divided this country, the North being arrayed against the South, and when the immense domain of the West was being settled by Northern, or anti-slavery, men, it was natural that the South should seek for some territorial compensation at the expense of its southern neighbor, because it expected that any new States coming from that quarter would be slave States. This condition of things, which at the time made the acquisition of southern territory almost a measure of party self-preservation, explains the cause and object of the Mexican War. and of its natural consequence, the acquisition of Texas, New Mexico, and California, as well as the different attempts made then by Administrations belonging to the same political party to purchase the island of Cuba.

Even in this case the South was sorely disappointed, as it naturally expected that all the territory acquired from Mexico by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, would be organized into slave

States; but out of the four States into which that territory was divided, only one, Texas, became a slave State, while the remaining three, California, Nevada, and a portion of Colorado, were all free States, and out of the three territories, New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona, into which the rest of the land then acquired was organized, only one, New Mexico, might have been a slave State, had they attained Statehood before the abolition of slavery. Could the leaders of the Mexican War have foreseen this result, it is not likely that they would have been so much in earnest for the acquisition of that territory.

So, instead of the Mexican acquisition giving the political preponderance to the party in favor of slavery, which was its principal, if not its only, aim, it only precipitated the final struggle for the abolition of slavery, which was so disastrous to the South, the promoter of the Mexican War.

But since slavery was abolished in the United States, the former condition of things has materially changed, and the old fundamental principles and doctrines of this government have regained control over this country. Under this new condition of things, brought about by the Mexican War and by its corollary, the Civil War, the acquisition of territory, whatever may be the reasons alleged in its favor or the popularity of the idea, has now assumed a new aspect, and a very serious one for this country, and, fortunately, has no longer anything to do with slavery.

It is very plain to any statesman, and, in fact, to anybody endowed with the faculty of anticipating events, how dangerous it would be to the future unity and welfare of this country further to increase its territorial area, especially when the new territory is already inhabited by a people of a different race, speaking a different language, and having different habits. It is, in my opinion, worth while pointing out some of these dangers, objections, and perils, notwithstanding that they are quite plain to any careful observer of human events.

The United States has already as much territory as any other free country ever had, and embraces within itself different elements, with different and antagonistic interests, which will, in all probability, grow stronger every day. The patriotism, talent, prudence, wisdom, and ingenuity of its best men will be heavily taxed during the next century to keep together the bonds of union which now happily exist, and prevent their disruption;

and should they succeed in this very difficult task, they will certainly have rendered a very great service to their country.

The Roman Empire, which was the government that covered the largest superficial area in the world, and the most stable one of which there is any record, excepting perhaps the Chinese, was not a free and popular government, like the one established here, but from the time of Augustus a military despotism, although for its age it was an enlightened one and very tolerant to the subjugated people; notwithstanding all this, when it was too much spread and embraced many discordant and antagonistical elements, it was first divided between the East and the West, and finally crumbled to pieces.

But if the American statesmen, whose task it is to pilot this great Nation to a safe port, undertake to increase the already existing difficulties of the situation, which, in all probability, will daily grow greater, by adding to them the introduction of a whole nationality of twelve millions of people, of almost insuperable assimilation, at least for many generations to come,—a people of a different race, speaking a different language and possessing very different habits and ideas, two-thirds of whom are pure-blooded Indians, who, although docile, peaceful, and law-abiding, are, on the whole, ignorant, and will, beyond all doubt, present the same social and political problems that are now offered by the colored race of the South, which are so difficult of a satisfactory solution that many of the most enlightened men of this country would prefer to see them out of it,—the task of keeping together this great country they will find almost impossible to accomplish.

But there is, in my opinion, another objection of still greater force, and of far more immediate effect, growing out of the annexation of Mexico to the United States. The United States are now about equally divided in politics, between the North and the South; so much so that a single State has often had a controlling vote in the Presidential elections. Since the abolition of slavery, which was for a long time the bone of contention between the political parties, the social question between labor and capital, or the economic question, as it might be more properly called, is taking its place. The whole South, or the *solid South*, is arrayed on one side, and the majority of the North on the other. If, under such circumstances, and even in case they should come to an agreement on that or other questions, there should be added to the present diffi-

culties of the situation twelve millions of a heterogenous, dissatisfied, unwilling people, with a representation in the Congress of the United States of fifty-six Senators and seventy-nine Representatives, according to the present apportionment, and the corresponding number of votes in the Electoral College, the fate and future of this country would then be placed in the hands of that dissatisfied element, which would thus exercise a controlling influence in its destinies. That influence will, of course, increase as the number of political parties may increase in this country.

I do not think it possible, unless the American institutions were substantially changed to meet that emergency, that the Mexican population could be kept disfranchised, especially when the right to vote and to have equal representation in Congress has been granted to the colored race here, and when all Mexicans now enjoy such political rights.

When it is taken into consideration that the spirit of the age is to extend rather than restrict self-government, and that the leading nations of the world, who have made the largest conquests, have come to the conclusion that the best way to keep their dependencies and colonies is to grant them the precious boon of self-government,—a principle practised here on a larger scale than anywhere else, and which accounts, in a great measure, for the preservation and growth of this great country,—it would appear almost a folly to suppose that it would be denied to Mexico, in case of its annexation to the United States, even if this could be accomplished by conquest.

To be sure, the Mexican Senators and Members of Congress could not, by themselves, carry out any measure of any kind, but that fact would not deprive them of a controlling influence in the legislative power of the United States, and their number would be sufficient to defeat many measures. If the question which arose in 1861 had been presented under such circumstances, they would, in all probability, have sided with the South, and the disruption of the country would have been sanctioned by the authority of Congress. Besides, such a large number of Senators and Members, united and compact, could obtain many advantages by transactions and in other ways usual now in the course of legislative affairs.

The United States are now decidedly against the immigration of Chinese, for the reason mainly that they work for lower

wages than native citizens. The feeling of not allowing the competition of foreign cheap labor with the native is growing so strong that it has begun to affect the laws about European immigration, and there exists a marked tendency to restrict the coming into this country of what are called pauper immigrants.

The annexation of Mexico would revolutionize materially the labor system of the United States, and the objections to Chinese and European pauper immigrants would have, should Mexico be incorporated, tenfold force. At least three millions of able-bodied Mexican laborers, whose wages range now from twelve and a half to fifty cents a day, and who would be quite willing to come north or west for the purpose of earning higher wages, would be thrown on the market, clothed with the rights of citizenship, and without any possibility of closing to them the doors of the country, as they are now practically closed to the Chinese. To be sure, their present Mexican wages would then have to be increased, but in any case they would certainly remain lower than the present Chinese wages.

I have purposely refrained from dwelling on the actual difficulties of the subjugation of 12,000,000 of brave people, proud of their nationality, and ready to fight to the last extremity to preserve it, and on the difficulties of keeping subdued such a large number of people, because, although these considerations are very serious, and, in the opinion of many competent minds, should be enough to forbid such a conquest, and are not likely to be overlooked here, they have only a secondary importance when compared with the paramount gravity of the others, and for the sake of argument I am willing to assume that the conquest of Mexico could be accomplished; but I think it opportune to mention that a great military authority has recently said that a war with Mexico now would be quite a different affair from the one of 1846 and 1847, and its consequences would also be quite different. Although it is a law of nature that the stronger can subdue the weaker, there are several factors in a struggle between two nations which may affect the final issue, and often the result may not quite compensate the magnitude of the effort.

A mere glance of the history of the United States shows that, instead of encouraging annexation, especially since the Mexican War, they have, on the contrary, realized its serious objections and acted as if they were opposed to that step.

Should the United States intend to pursue the policy of annexation, it is but natural that they would begin with Canada, as the Canadians belong to the same race, speak the same language, have an identical origin, profess the same religion, and are practically the same people, divided only by an imaginary line. And yet there is no party here, to my knowledge, favoring the annexation of Canada by force or conquest, and some of the most prominent men of the country have expressed their opposition to such a measure, even if asked voluntarily by the Canadians. One of the strongest reasons advanced against such union is that about one fourth of the Canadians are of French origin, and therefore difficult of assimilation.

There is another fact which shows how difficult it is to carry out the consolidation of governments, or annexation, under the institutions prevailing here. Great efforts have been made for some time to consolidate into a single municipal government the twin sister cities of New York and Brooklyn. They are really one city, divided only by a stream, as is London by the Thames, Paris by the Seine, and Rome by the Tiber, and yet the consolidation has not yet been effected, and a long time may elapse before it is accomplished. How much more difficult would it be to consolidate in a single government two different, independent nations.

Had this country desired the annexation of any portion of Mexico, it might have tried to accomplish it, availing itself of several opportunities which have been presented. From 1846 to 1848 some reckless political leaders of Yucatan took advantage of the invasion of Mexico by the army of the United States to proclaim the independence of that State, giving, as a reason for that step, that the central government of Mexico did not protect it against the invasion of the Maya Indians, provoked by the acts of said leaders, and assisted by the inhabitants of British Honduras or Belice, adjoining the rebel Indians, in providing them with arms and ammunitions from said colony to carry on a war of desolation and extermination against the white race. The *de-facto* rulers of Yucatan sent a representative to Washington, who, in the language of President Polk, in his special message to Congress of April 29, 1848, "laid a communication from the Governor of that State, in which the constituted authorities implored the aid of this Government to save them from destruction, offering, in case this should be granted, to transfer the dominion and

sovereignty of the peninsula to the United States. Similar appeals for aid and protection have been made to the Spanish and the English Governments."

While President Polk deprecated the acquisition of Yucatan, which had been declared neutral by him in the war against Mexico, he stated "that the United States could not consent to the transfer of the domain and sovereignty of that State to any European Power," intimated the convenience of a military occupation of Yucatan, and concluded by submitting "to the wisdom of Congress to adopt such measures as in their judgment may be expedient to prevent Yucatan from becoming a colony of any European Power,"—which could only be its annexation to the United States. A bill was forthwith introduced in the Senate to authorize the President to take military possession of Yucatan, and its approval was urged by all the friends of annexation. This incident afforded a very easy way to bring about the annexation to the United States of the whole peninsula of Yucatan, with its very important location, as it forms the southern entrance to the Gulf of Mexico; but notwithstanding all this, and although President Polk, who had made war on Mexico, was then in power, lent his support to the measure, the resolution, after a long debate, did not pass.

Another very good opportunity to accomplish the same purpose, perhaps on a larger scale and under far better circumstances, was offered by the French intervention. When the American Civil War ended in April, 1865, this country had a well-disciplined and equipped army, of about half a million of veteran soldiers, and could have sent a portion of the same to assist Mexico in her struggle against the French Emperor, demanding at the end of the war, the payment in territory of its expenses, notwithstanding Mexico's resistance. Instead of following such a policy, the Administration then ruling this country preferred, precisely with a view to avoiding the possibility of such a result, to follow a neutral course, while giving to Mexico a decided moral support. I was at the time in Washington, representing Mexico, and I know well the views of that Administration.

If the United States had had any desire to acquire territory of the Spanish-American Republics, and specially of Central America, they have had several opportunities, growing out of the complications which have arisen in those states, in which they could have attempted to do so with an apparent show of reason,

such as other nations have had in similar cases. Perhaps the occupation and control of Nicaragua by Walker, whose government was recognized by the United States, offered not the least of such opportunities, notwithstanding the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Should they ever have had any such designs, they would never, of course, have signed such treaty.

The rejection by the Senate of the United States of the treaty annexing Santo Domingo is another fact very significant in this respect.

All thoughts of annexation being discarded, as they are practically now, the wisest policy to be pursued between the United States and Mexico, and one to which all political parties in this country seem now to adhere, would be, in my opinion, so to enlarge the political, social, and commercial relations between the two Republics as to identify them in great commercial and industrial interests, but without diminishing the autonomy or, much less, destroying the nationality of either. That policy would give to the United States and to Mexico all the advantages of annexation without any of its drawbacks. Both countries have already practically been made a single postal territory. It is to be hoped that before long their commercial intercourse will grow in such proportions as to make possible and convenient to both something more than commercial reciprocity. Their contiguous territory closely united by several trunk lines of railroad will necessarily hasten that result.

Public opinion is divided in Mexico about the best policy to be pursued toward the United States. The conservative, or Church party, as well as a large portion of the people, inspired by the recollections of the disastrous war of 1846 and 1847, which General Grant characterized as unjust, and ignoring or overlooking the political changes which have since occurred in this country, are always afraid of annexation, and advocate the policy of isolation from, and complete non-intercourse with, the United States; while the liberal party, having the bond of similarity of political institutions, considers the contiguity of territory as a stubborn fact which cannot be ignored, and believes that the best way to prevent annexation is to open the country to the United States, and to grant to them all reasonable advantages, so as to make annexation useless and even dangerous. In pursuance of that policy, the old Mexican land laws have been recently modified,

and the most liberal railroad, mineral, and other grants have been freely given to its citizens.

But both parties, and, in fact, the whole country to a man, are decidedly opposed to annexation, not only because they are proud of their nationality, but also because they have the conviction that annexation for them means extermination, and naturally they are not willing to contribute to their own destruction. I do not share these views, myself, so far as the extermination of the race now living in Mexico is concerned, because I do not think that 12,000,000 of people can be easily exterminated, but that makes no difference when the whole country holds them.

I think that these few remarks are enough to dispose of the question of annexation by the free will of the Mexicans.

For the present, and in all probability for some time to come, reciprocity is all that is needed for the development of trade relations between the two countries. Their territorial contiguity, and the steel bands which now connect them, require special rules to foster and develop their commercial intercourse, somewhat different from those applied to other countries. Reciprocity has, besides, the advantage of allowing the reform of the tariff laws of a country to be made for a compensation to itself and with great benefit to the other country. If, for instance, the United States should decide now, with a view to reduce their revenue, or for any other reason satisfactory to themselves, to abolish the duty on sugar, as they did some time ago the duty on coffee, they would gain nothing but a reduction of revenue, in case the abolition was extended to all nations; but if it is made only for Mexico, they would receive an ample compensation in favor of their products and manufactures. Besides, reciprocity, as agreed upon with Mexico in the pending treaty, does not restrict in any manner the constitutional power of the Congress of each country to alter, at their will, their respective revenue laws.

Commercial union presents a great many more difficulties to overcome. If by commercial union between two countries it is understood that both should have the same tariff laws for the importation of foreign articles, and mutually receive free of duties their own, difficulty will at once arise as to who will make, amend, and repeal such laws. If the Congress of each country, simultaneously, but independently, it would be very difficult for them to come to an agreement, representing countries with different needs

and interests. A joint Congress, in which both countries should be represented, would be subject to serious objections, besides requiring a modification of the fundamental laws of the two. They would have to be represented as equals, or in proportion to their population or their territorial area. If as equals, the larger might suffer in its interests ; and if in proportion to their population or territory, the smaller one would be the sufferer.

But even restricting commercial union to the free importation in each country of the products and manufactures of the other,—which measure could properly be called unrestricted reciprocity,—keeping both their respective tariffs, issued in accordance with their Constitution for the products and manufactures of other countries, provision should be made about the way to modify their revenue laws ; because if in the case of American cotton goods, for instance, they should be declared by Mexico free for all other countries, the United States would then cease to derive the advantages of reciprocity ; and how such laws should be amended and repealed is a matter very difficult to decide, as in that case it would be necessary to give to either country a voice in the enactment of the laws of the other, which would hardly be acceptable to either, and would, again, require the modification of the fundamental laws of both.

The question of commercial union between Mexico and the United States presents such complex problems that it is more advisable to let the needs and exigencies of the future indicate the way of solving them : for the present all the interests and needs of both countries would, in my opinion, be subserved with restricted reciprocity, like that agreed upon in the pending treaty.

In conclusion, I would express my sincere conviction that the United States desire above all things the increasing prosperity and secured stability of Mexico and of the other Spanish-American Powers, and that they are really anxious for closer and more friendly relations. We have not heretofore known as much of each other as we ought to have done, and our mutual knowledge and understanding are certainly the first step to take before we can reach more satisfactory results.

M. Romero.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE *Century* Company has, in my judgment, done a great service to the soldiers of all armies by the publication of these records of the great War* in the United States. The first volume of the republication has just reached me, and I propose in the following pages to restrict my comments to that part of the history embraced within the seven hundred-odd pages it contains.

The story of the War, as told by the several actors in it, has not, in this volume, reached the date at which I personally paid a visit to one of the contending armies. I can only, therefore, comment on the evidence supplied to us, as a deeply interested student of the mighty struggle. The characteristic features of this part of the history are very unlike those of the later campaigns. The attention of soldiers in Europe has been so much directed to the long series of campaigns that were fought over the ground between Washington and Richmond, that we are prone to regard them as representing the character of the War throughout. The elaborately-prepared defensive positions of the later campaigns, and the sharp counter-strokes with which Lee, using Stonewall Jackson as his right arm, met the continued and systematic process of attrition applied by the Northern generals, have hardly their counterpart in this earlier period of the War. Nor do those far-reaching raids of mounted men on either side, which afterwards gave such a distinctive character to the War, appear to have yet made themselves felt.

The stately figure of Robert Lee, as yet, remains in the background. It is, however, excessively interesting to get clearer views than we have hitherto had of the circumstances under which Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Jackson, and others first made their appearance in this great struggle. The story of the first battle of Bull Run, and of Shiloh, are each told here with much cir-

* "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (The *Century* War Book).

cumstantial detail that supplies most valuable corrections to what we knew of them before. The stories of the capture of Fort Henry and of Fort Donelson have a very different aspect, now that we are able to judge of them from both sides and from many points of view. To English soldiers, all the minor circumstances of the gathering of the Northern and Southern forces have a special interest, as they enable us to realize in a new way the analagous incidents which must have attended the beginning of the war between King and Parliament in Charles I.'s time. The uncertainty as to which side men would take, the acts of vigorous, personal individuality, like those of Captain Lyon in Missouri, were common to both epochs. The trains with recruits for both sides, passing one another almost amicably on the same American railroad, with other kindred incidents, are all just of such a kind as must have happened in England, when men rallied to the standards of Rupert and of Cromwell. In the later instance, however, they were strangely affected in their form by all the elaborations of modern civilization and by the vastness of the theatre of war,—an area in which our whole island would be lost.

It is with the deepest regret that I feel obliged, at this early part of my review of the War, to call in question the fitness of Mr. Jefferson Davis for the high position he occupied. A man weighed down with years, with misfortunes, and, above all, with sad memories of a lost cause, and, I presume, the conviction that he was a failure, appeals to our pity rather than invites our censure. Like all the great actors on both sides, he was, I am sure, influenced in the course he took by the highest motives. He sincerely believed in the justice of the cause he espoused, and he brought to the service of his country an honesty of purpose, a fervid patriotism, an ability of no mean order, a zeal, and a persistent determination which all will admit he possessed. But that he was a third-rate man, and a most unfortunate selection for the office of President, I cannot conceal from myself. The great misfortunes of public servants who have utterly failed in the one great public venture of their lives must not be allowed to silence the voice of censure, much less of criticism. In dealing with private individuals we can afford to indulge our amiable feelings for misfortune. What we owe to historical truth and to the teaching of future generations forbids us, however, to deal similarly with men who have filled high positions. I note it here as

a curious and, in my opinion, a regrettable fact, that in this, the first volume of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," there is no picture of the President of the Confederate States, although there are likenesses of many much less important men on both sides in this great struggle. The tremendous indictment against his capacity, which is drawn by Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett, so strongly supports my views regarding him that I regret very much that no answer to it has been printed side by side with it, in accordance with the impartial method of "The *Century* War Series." What reasonable answer could be made to it? If the Northern troops had then really known how he unwittingly worked for them, would they have wished to "hang Jeff. Davis to a sour-apple tree"?

It may be said that it was impossible for any one to foresee the dimensions to which the struggle would grow. But surely it is a statesman's business at least partially to gauge the strength of the forces with which he has to deal. The *soi-disant* statesman who began his high duties with the avowed expectation that 10,000 Enfield rifles would be sufficient to overawe the United States; who then refused the services of 366,000 men, the flower of the South, and accepted only a fraction of them, because he had not arms for more; the man who neglected to buy the East Indian fleet, which happy chance and the zeal of subordinates threw in his way; the ruler who could not see that the one vital necessity for the South was, at all sacrifice and at all hazard, to keep the ports open; who rejected all means proposed by others for placing the finances of the Confederacy on a sound basis,—that man, as I think, did more than any other individual on either side to save the Union. I have not attempted to make the charge against him as complete and crushing as it could easily be made by those who trusted him with almost unlimited powers in their behalf. Enough has been said to illustrate what, I think, is, on this point, the commonly accepted verdict of history.

It is the old, old story over again, of civil rulers who blunder, and, failing to foresee events, sacrifice everything to a momentary popularity, in order to divert popular wrath from themselves to the unfortunate soldiers who have been their victims. An illustration of my meaning is to be found in the pathetic story told in this volume of the gallant and high-minded Albert Sidney Johnston. Like Robert Lee, he hated the War, and had also refused

the highest military position in the United States Army, at the call of what he considered to be his duty to his State. Those who played the part of statesmen on the Southern side had left Johnston without resources. Despite all his efforts, and despite his zeal and great military ability, he was overwhelmed by the popular fury at a failure for which others had prepared the way, and where the action of his Government had rendered success well-nigh impossible. To do Mr. Davis justice, he no doubt, in this instance, did his best to support by words the soldier whom he had failed to support by deeds.

To pass to other matters: I am struck, throughout the whole story of the minor operations of this period, by the illustrations they afford of the regularity with which the old rules and principles of war assert their supremacy. The battle of Wilson's Creek, on August 10, 1861, and that of Pea Ridge, on March 7, 1862, are curiously alike in their military lessons. In both, the attempt was made to carry out distinctly separated movements by isolated parts of an attacking force, in order to strike upon the flanks or rear of a concentrated defensive force. Both attempts failed, as might have been predicted beforehand. No doubt Sigel's movement round the rear of Price at Wilson's Creek was a more hazardous, as well as a bolder, attempt than that of Price and McCulloch at Pea Ridge, so far as their separation on the field of battle was concerned. But McCulloch, at Pea Ridge, was completely disconnected from the attack made upon the Federal right by Price. The consequences in each battle followed in the same way. McCulloch, at Pea Ridge, and Sigel, at Wilson's Creek, each for the moment gained advantage from a surprised enemy; but when time had been given for the surprised to recover, there was in neither instance a supporting force sufficiently near at hand to meet the supports brought up by the enemy. The advantage gained at first was soon lost, and then the isolated force was crushed. The result was, in each instance, that the depending army was thus soon able to devote its whole strength to meet the remainder of the attack, and to crush that in its turn also. It is worthy of note that, in the general position taken up for the attack, Price had passed completely to the rear of the Federal position. It is clear that he sacrificed as much as he gained by so doing. The Federals were as directly on his line of communications as he on theirs.

I am much struck, in this intricate series of minor actions, by the terrible difficulty under which generals act who are in command of troops that cannot be employed solely to win victory, and to bring about peace by securing it. I refer to the necessity which the leaders on both sides had to yield to, of retaining often large forces for the defence of points of political, but of small military, importance, if of any at all. McCulloch, tied to the defence of the trans-Mississippi region, and especially to that of Arkansas, on the Indian territory, could not, perhaps would not, join with Price in any large military movement. Here, as always, the orders from the Civil Government at Richmond hampered the military movement of the Confederate leaders; otherwise it is clear that a far more effective mode of meeting the Federal advance could have been devised than that of passing round to their rear. The Federal forces, based on St. Louis, had advanced by way of Rolla, Lebanon, and Dug Spring to the Pea Ridge. (See map on page 263.) Van Dorn had his headquarters at Pocahontas. Price had fallen back before the Federal Army as it advanced. McCulloch was, at first, at Maysville. It is not very clear from any of the narratives how much force Van Dorn, who was in command of the whole, had gathered at Pocahontas; but, as he had been contemplating a movement on St. Louis, he must, at least, have collected a considerable quantity of stores at Pocahontas. It would seem that McCulloch might have been at once transferred to the eastern side of the White River, allowing Price to continue his retreat towards the same point. General Curtis, when he reached Pea Ridge with the Federal force, entered a most difficult country; and had Price gradually given him the slip, with a view to a junction with the other Confederate forces, it is clear that an advance northward, directly upon Rolla or Springfield, based on Pocahontas, would have obliged Curtis to abandon his invasion of Arkansas, and would have enabled Van Dorn to fight at far greater advantage than he actually did. The Federal line, even from Rolla to Sugar Creek, was two hundred and ten miles in length, and from St. Louis it was three hundred and twenty miles. It would have been exposed throughout that entire distance to such a stroke from Pocahontas.

I do not, however, say this as a criticism on the generals on either side. No one who has himself realized the practical diffi-

culties of command in the field is much tempted to any slap-dash criticism of those who are engaged in high command. The lesson which is most impressed upon me by a study of these campaigns is the danger there always is of popular irritability and ignorant impatience preventing a general from doing the very thing which would, if time were allowed, surely gain the ends which the people desire. If England were invaded, or threatened with invasion, the general in supreme command would be exposed to the same difficulty. People in Manchester would be uneasy because the Lancashire Volunteer Corps were drawn away from the defence of their own locality, for the purpose of crushing the enemy in the field elsewhere, by the united action of all our available military forces. It is for this reason that I hope the *Century's* admirable narrative of the Confederate War may be read attentively by the large numbers of educated volunteer officers whom we now have in England. Its campaigns are replete with instruction for all our auxiliary forces, as well as for our army.

In 1866, during the western campaign in Germany, very similar events repeated themselves. There, Vogel von Falkenstein, with a numerically very inferior force of Prussians, triumphed over the army opposed to him—an army made up of Hanoverians, Wurtembergers, Bavarians, and troops of various other minor states—because the officers commanding each contingent were hampered by their respective civil governments with orders which had their origin in a desire to keep each its own troops for the defence of its own particular state. Hence the absence of all unity of action, and the impossibility of concentration upon the decisive points. On the other hand, the Prussians triumphed because they were everywhere directed upon the decisive points against enemies whose several interests kept them from working heartily together. I dwell upon this because I have heard English politicians say that, in the event of danger here, we should have great difficulties with localities, which would cry out against having their volunteer corps removed for the defence of distant, though possibly most vital, points.

This great principle of strategy rules everywhere; and although I have every wish to do justice to the ability of General Albert Sidney Johnston, it is impossible to accept the reasons which his son advances for his having allowed General Curtis to attack Fort Donelson without moving to resist him, when he was, himself,

within supporting distance at Nashville. The statement that he was bound to remain at Nashville, because it was the objective point of the Federal campaign, is answered by the facts. He was immediately obliged to abandon Nashville and to fall back on Corinth, as soon as Donelson fell. As long as the point of Federal attack was uncertain, it would seem to have been quite permissible for him to divide his forces between Donelson and Nashville, each of which was of great importance. What appears to me certain is that the course which was pursued by the Confederate commanders, prior to the first Bull Run, would here have been the right one. Whilst Buell's advance on Nashville was delayed, and Grant's attack on Donelson was declared, it would have been well to demonstrate in advance of Nashville, so as to convey the impression of intended aggression from that point, just as in the early summer of 1861 General Joseph E. Johnston did against Patterson, before he moved to support Beauregard, then in position on Bull Run.

If a similar course had been followed in Kentucky and Tennessee in February, 1862, and a rapid movement made with all the troops which General Albert S. Johnston could have then collected to attack Grant before Fort Donelson, it is difficult to believe, considering what actually did happen there, that the Federal forces could have escaped decisive defeat. It is evident that the personal presence of General A. S. Johnston himself was badly needed at Fort Donelson, and the moral effect of his arrival there with fresh troops would have been enormous. Such a success would have greatly assisted Van Dorn's campaign, and if that campaign had been conducted in the way suggested, on the line from Pocahontas towards Rolla, the forces under Johnston and Van Dorn would have occupied a central position between Buell and Curtis, and might have struck with great advantage at either. That such a coöperation between Van Dorn and A. S. Johnston was not rendered impossible by any material obstacles, or by distance, is clear from the fact that, previous to Shiloh, Beauregard was looking for support from Van Dorn (page 574) on February 21, three days before Van Dorn started for the Pea Ridge campaign, and whilst Van Dorn was still at Pocahontas.

I shall not enter into the disputed claims of General Beauregard and of General A. S. Johnson to have conceived the scheme of the Shiloh campaign. Whoever conceived it, the advance to

attack Grant where he stood in position was in every respect a sound military operation.

It is curious to see how differently men regard operations in which they have been personally engaged and those in which they have had no special or direct interest. General Grant's own account of Shiloh leaves one the impression that he is conscious that his proceedings there were not militarily defensible. I hardly know of two commanders to whose sound military judgment I would more unhesitatingly commit the following proposition than Generals Grant and Sherman, supposing it were possible to do so, and that it could be put to them regarding an action in which they had not been personally concerned. I cannot do better than state the proposition in the terms, and in what seems to me the unanswerable criticism, of General Buell, given on page 487.

"An army comprising seventy regiments of infantry, twenty batteries of artillery, and a sufficiency of cavalry, lay for two weeks and more in isolated camps, with a river in its rear, and a hostile army, claimed to be superior in numbers, twenty miles distant in its front, while the commander made his headquarters and passed his nights nine miles away on the opposite side of the river. It had no line or order of battle, no defensive works of any sort, no outposts, properly speaking, to give warning, or check the advance of an enemy and no recognized head during the absence of the regular commander. On a Saturday the hostile force arrived and formed in order of battle, without detection or hindrance, within a mile and a half of the unguarded army, advanced upon it the next morning, penetrated its disconnected lines, assaulted its camps in front and flank, drove its disjointed members successively from position to position, capturing some and routing others, in spite of much heroic resistance, and steadily drew near the landing and depot of its supplies in the pocket between the river and an impassable creek."

Had not the commander of that assailed army positively invited defeat? Is there a syllable in that summary of the facts which does not accurately represent the incidents of the first day's fight at Shiloh?

It is hoped that no one will imagine for a moment that I wish to throw a stone at General Grant. We are all of us liable to human error. The greatest generals have made great, perhaps some of the greatest, mistakes ever made in war. The matter is looked at solely as a question of military study, and, looking so, it would not appear that General Buell's criticism, in the chapter called "Shiloh Reviewed," admits of any good answer. No satisfactory answer is, in my opinion, supplied to it by General Grant's statements on the battle of Shiloh. As a matter of fact, it would seem that Grant and Sherman before Shiloh, like Wellington and Blucher before Quatre Bras and Ligny, were contemplating an offensive, not a defensive, campaign, By coupling together these

names as I have done, I shall perhaps best show that I am not speaking with any disparagement of Grant or of Sherman.

In both instances alike, the error of taking for granted that an active and able enemy is restricted to one course of action, was severely punished. In both cases alike, it very narrowly missed being fatally punished. In no other way, with, perhaps, the reservation that Grant had not at that time acquired the experience he afterwards gained, can I explain the facts. Grant was avowedly waiting for the arrival of Buell's force to begin an offensive campaign with a united army. By means of his gunboats he had complete command of the passage of the Tennessee. Supposing that it was advisable to make the concentration in the neighborhood of Pittsburg Landing, clearly the right course would have been to cover that concentration by the river, and, therefore, to have retained the bulk of his forces concentrated on the east bank, awaiting Buell's arrival. If it were necessary, as perhaps it was, to secure Pittsburg Landing itself, as a means of debouching on the opposite bank, there could have been no objection, and probably would have been advantage, in having a small, strongly-intrenched position near that point, in the nature of a bridge-head, with its flanks thoroughly swept by the fire of the gunboats. Clearly, if, as General Grant says, the troops required discipline and drill more than work at intrenchments, it would have been easier and safer to impart both to them on the east bank of the river, away from the enemy, than on the west bank within his easy reach.

The accidents and mistakes which occurred in regard to the march of General Wallace's division were only such as continually occur when a change in the position of troops, that has not been previously arranged for and worked out beforehand, is suddenly ordered in any sudden exigency. As an admirable illustration of the kind of method that makes all the difference between success and failure in war, the student should carefully compare the arrangements made for the march of General Lew Wallace's division with the—on the surface—apparently very similar steps taken by Napoleon before Austerlitz, for the due arrival of Davoust's corps. Napoleon deliberately kept that corps away from Austerlitz till the actual day of battle, in a way that might, to a careless student, seem similar to that which left General Lew Wallace within a march of the field of Shiloh. The difference lay in this: Napoleon had been for weeks watching

closely the movements of the Allies, and had been endeavoring to tempt them to attack him, by not allowing the forces that he knew he could count on for the field of battle to be apparently within reach. Every detail for Davoust's march had been carefully thought out and prepared beforehand. He was destined to arrive on a part of the field where it was important to encourage the enemy to attack, where the enemy's advance must necessarily be slow, and where it was advisable to allow him to secure some temporary advantage. All this had been previously designed.

On the other hand, for days before Shiloh nothing was known of the movements of Johnston and Beauregard. No attack from them was either expected or prepared for. The direction of Lew Wallace's march depended on his correctly interpreting a single loosely-worded order. The very position of his three brigades seems to have been imperfectly known at Grant's headquarters, for the order of march was certainly not made in accordance with their actual position. Time and distance are elements of vital importance in all these matters. Altogether, the more one studies this first day's battle on the Federal side, the more clear it seems that the opportunity presented to the enemy for attack was as favorable as it well could have been. It is hardly necessary to insist upon the point so well made by General Buell in the passage I have quoted, that the risk was enormously enhanced by the fact that this detached and isolated army, unprepared as it was to resist attack, was liable to be driven "into the pocket between the river," which it had so rashly crossed, and an "impassable creek." When the opportunity is presented to a commander for an attack upon any fraction of a hostile army then in the act of concentrating against him, there are two conditions for which he prays. One is that there shall be time and opportunity for defeating the fraction in question before it can be supported. The other is that the position of the fraction shall be such that, when once defeated, it shall be so utterly broken up and demolished that it can render no assistance to the new supporting force which may possibly arrive.

Both these conditions were presented to Generals Beauregard and Johnston when they designed the march to attack Grant at Shiloh. Seeing the enormous change in the whole situation which would have been wrought if the first day's action had been final and conclusive, it is of great interest to consider, from the

Confederate side, what the circumstances were which deprived them of the success which seemed so nearly within their grasp.

It seems tolerably clear that, had everything been done as rapidly as it might have been, the Confederates could and would have made their attack on Saturday, April 5, instead of on Sunday, April 6, 1862. If the attack had been thus made twenty-four hours earlier than it was, I think nothing could have saved Grant's army from complete destruction. Buell had pressed his march, despite the fact that Grant had not proposed to send boats to Savannah "till Monday or Tuesday, or some time early in the week," and had always written in the sense of his words on that very Saturday in Nelson's camp: "There will be no fighting at Pittsburg Landing; we will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified. If they come to attack us, we can whip them, as I have more than twice as many troops as I had at Fort Donelson." Considering the state of the rivers and bridges, as described by Buell, it seems impossible that any portion of his force should have arrived earlier than it did. Nothing would have tended to change the conditions of Lew Wallace's march, and, therefore, as far as one can judge, in all probability Saturday would have placed the Confederates in a position even more favorable than they actually were in by Sunday evening; more favorable because on Saturday their final movement would not have been checked by the arrival of Nelson's division.

In all probability, therefore, even on Saturday evening a final attack would have resulted in the capture of Pittsburg Landing itself, and of the powerful force of reserve artillery concentrated there. In any case, that would have happened on Sunday morning, and, as an incident of the fighting on that day, Lew Wallace, committed, as he would have been, to a position on the Confederate side of Snake Creek, would have been cut off from the only bridge by which he could have returned. Attacked, as he certainly would have been, by overwhelming forces in front, flank, and rear, he must have lost his whole division in a few hours. The Confederates, fully aware of the proximate advance of Buell, would, in that case, have had the greater part of Sunday in which to prepare for him. If Buell had attempted, under these circumstances, to attack, he would have done so under the greatest disadvantages. The whole artillery and all the stores of Grant's army would have been available for

employment against him. He must have necessarily landed division by division, because apparently there was not river transport available for more than one division at a time. No doubt the gunboats would have afforded him powerful assistance, but even with their aid the enterprise would have been one which few prudent commanders would have risked. In all probability, he would have been obliged to gather his forces on the further side of the Tennessee, whilst the Confederates, supplied with all the arms and stores of which they stood so sorely in need, would have been joined by thousands of recruits whom they would then have been able effectively to arm and equip. No wonder that the battle has been looked upon, on both sides, as the turning event of the Western War.

What, then, was the cause of the Confederate delay, which proved so fatal to them? It has been remarked by able officers on the Confederate side that, while nothing could have been more admirable than the conception of the attack on Shiloh, nothing could have been more miserable in all details than the execution. That, I take it, was the inevitable result of the condition of the army at the time. Military training and organization would be useless and, certainly, very expensively purchased qualities, if it were possible that an army of recruits, gathered together in the way the army at Corinth was, should be able to execute a well-prepared plan with all the celerity and certainty which attend the movements of veteran armies. The difficulties which the want of experience, the want of drill, the want of discipline, and the want of a highly-trained staff entailed on both armies, are insisted on at every stage by those who took part in the operations. It is, however, in the movements of attack conducted through an intricate country, almost without roads and very imperfectly mapped or known, that these defects of an army tell most severely. An army in a defensive position, requiring relatively little movement, does not feel them nearly so severely. It was in his thorough appreciation of these facts that, later on in the war, General Robert Lee showed his masterly power of adapting means to ends. He always used Jackson's seasoned soldiers for those wide-reaching strokes by means of which he sought to compensate for the inferiority of his less handy troops. The newly-raised battalions, whom he could not trust to manœuvre, but who shot fairly enough, he placed in position

where their want of military efficiency was not particularly felt, whilst their strength was evident.

Nevertheless, it is very interesting to note the incidents which, in the mere delivery of orders and in the mode in which they were interpreted, tended to cause delay. The "Notes of a Confederate Staff Officer at Shiloh" (pages 594–603) are in this respect most valuable. General Jordan observes, in a note to page 595: "As I framed this order, I had before me Napoleon's order for the battle of Waterloo, and, in attention to ante-battle details, took those of such soldiers as Napoleon and Soult for models." Now, it is worth noting that, during the Waterloo campaign, Soult on one or two occasions failed Napoleon as a chief of the staff, not in the drawing-up of orders, but in getting them actually delivered and acted on. The whole movement of Napoleon's army on the 15th was seriously hampered because Vandamme's corps did not move in time, owing to his not having received his orders. In the movement on Shiloh, the army was delayed, and the attack was postponed from Saturday to Sunday, largely because General Polk's corps did not march at the appointed time, he thinking it his duty to await written orders. It had, as we learn, been expressly arranged at a meeting between General Beauregard and the three corps commanders that they should march at twelve, noon, on April 3, without waiting for the written orders containing the detail of their respective routes. General Beauregard himself had, when in bed, worked out these routes during the night of April 2–3 "on the backs of telegrams and envelopes." As it was likely to take some time to reduce these plans and orders to shape, it had been arranged, as already stated, that the corps, to avoid delay, should at once advance over that part of the route which was well known and had been explained previously to their commanders by General Beauregard. It was promised that complete instructions in writing should be sent them on the march.

But it is clear that, while General Beauregard and his staff believed that all the corps generals had understood that they were to move off without waiting for further orders, General Polk, whose corps was leading, had not understood this. According to General Jordan's own account (page 595), the written circular order to the corps commanders directed "that each should hold his corps under arms by 6 A.M. on the 3d of April *ready to march,*

with one hundred rounds of ammunition," etc. Now, in a conference of several people it is extremely difficult to be sure that anything which has not been reduced to writing has been understood separately by each of them. Men are very apt to think that everybody else understands what they themselves understand. It seems to me, therefore, that as a lesson of staff-work to be deduced from this experience, which is by no means exceptional, the right course in similar cases would be this: A written memorandum, which could have been drawn out in two minutes, should have been noted by each corps commander to this effect:

"Camp ————————, 3d April, 1862.

"It is to be understood that the troops will move off at 12 to-day, under the orders of their corps commanders, without waiting for further instructions from headquarters. Full instructions as to the direction and mode of attack will be sent in due course to each corps commander en route."

This is not suggested as a censure on the actual course pursued by the staff on this occasion. It is only by the reiterated experiences of this kind which war supplies that we learn to avoid the possibilities of future error. Nevertheless, this case and that of Soult at Waterloo, which General Jordan has taken as a model, are illustrations for all soldiers of the number of points which ought to engage the attention of a chief of the staff independent of the mere correct drawing-up of orders. War is big with instances of the importance of the links which connect the actual schemes of operations with their practical execution by means of the feet and legs of men. All our accumulated experience of this kind points to the great importance—I may say the necessity—of the presence, at the right hand of the actual commander, of a chief of the staff, who should be the general who is next to him in genius and ability in the army. The most important function of this chief of the staff is to see that the strategic and tactical plans of the commander are practically worked out and properly executed. It is all very well to design a brilliant stroke, such as that on Shiloh; but if the men do not actually march at the appointed hour, if a corps like Polk's "somehow blocks the line of march," if, for some reason or other, a corps like Bragg's is moved "with inexplicable tardiness," the best-laid schemes "gang oft agley," as Burns has it.

It is impossible, without a more intimate knowledge of all the circumstances, and of the actual condition of the ground at the time, than those who were not there now possess, not to accept

as actual fact the statement of General Beauregard that any movement of the three corps toward the field in three separate columns was "an absolute impossibility." (Page 581, note.) I cannot see that Colonel Johnston has in any way upset this statement by the man who, certainly, from all his circumstances, had the best means of knowing the character of the ground. No one would doubt that, had it been possible, it would have been better and more rapid to move by three roads. As the Confederate force scarcely exceeded 40,000 men of all arms, the term "three corps" tends to give rather an exaggerated impression of the crowding that must have taken place on the two bad roads they actually followed.

It is difficult to judge with certainty, and with absolute fairness to all concerned, the conduct of a very complex action of the kind which followed. Nevertheless, I cannot, for instance, agree with General Beauregard that the whole sequence of events shows that, when once in presence of the position, it would have been better for Johnston not to attack. A retreat under such circumstances would have been most demoralizing. All, or almost all, the reasons which General Beauregard advanced at the time for not carrying out the enterprise proved, in fact, to be mistaken. The enemy were *not* "intrenched up to the eyes," as he believed they would be, or intrenched at all. The enemy had *not* been roused by the clumsy recognizance in force made by part of Bragg's corps. To all intents and purposes, the enemy were completely surprised. Nothing shows it more clearly than the contrast between Grant's words at Nelson's camp at Savannah, the previous evening, which I have already quoted, saying that no attack would be made by the enemy, and the letter he wrote to General Buell during the attack (see page 492), in which he states that "the rebel forces," actually numbering 40,000, "are estimated at over 100,000 men."

All that occurred bespoke it the surprise it actually was. The postponement of the attack from Saturday to Sunday clearly deprived the assailants of their best hope of gaining a crushing victory. Seeing, however, how successful the Confederates were on that day, it seems to me that they stood to win more by the attack than by a retreat, which would have brought down on them the united forces of Grant and Buell, untouched and in full power. As General Buell fairly urges, the Confederates, considering the

extent to which they had been able to re-arm and re-equip themselves, were actually stronger at the end than they were at the beginning of the first day, whilst the Federals had been materially weakened. Moreover, despite all that General Beauregard has urged, as to the impossibility of carrying, before nightfall, the last foot-hold of the Federal Army at Pittsburg Landing with the forces then actually up, it was, as far as I can judge, a case where the attacking general himself ought to have pushed to the front, gathering all the forces he could from every quarter, for a final attack. It was then a question of "neck or nothing" with him to push home his victory. Arrangements could have been made afterwards for the disposal of the ample supplies of food and ammunition captured in the Federal camps. It seems that all the evidence on both sides, as to the situation of things along the river bank, tends to confirm the evidence supplied on this point by Colonel Lockett, who was present on the spot. "In our front only one single point was showing fight, a hill crowned with artillery"; Bragg with his forces on the spot was confident of victory, when he was stopped by a messenger from Beauregard saying: "The General directs that the pursuit be stopped; the victory is sufficiently complete; it is needless to expose our men to the fire of the gunboats."

That seems to me to indicate exactly the condition of General Beauregard's mind. The shells of the gunboats were, according to all testimony, telling upon the far-distant rear of the Confederate forces. They were producing, however, no effect whatever on the front, and did not in the slightest degree interfere with the carrying-out of the final assault. But that was a condition of things in which, from his position at Shiloh, General Beauregard could do nothing. He was very much debilitated by bad health; he had not wished that the attack should be made that day at all; he was occupied with the by no means important fighting which was still taking place on the Federal right; he saw the streams of disordered men who always hang about the rear of newly-raised armies, composed as both those were which contended at Shiloh. He saw the effects of the shells on these stragglers. He does not seem to have realized the importance of pushing the attack home, or the ease with which it could have been made. He failed to see that it was then a question of "now or never." It is clear that not 5,000 men, and those all more or less seriously shaken,

were available to avert the final collapse of the Federal Army, had the Confederates pushed their victory home. Moments were all precious ; they were lost, never to be regained. It is impossible not to sympathize with the exclamation attributed to General Bragg : "My God ! Was a victory ever sufficiently complete ?" "My God ! My God! It is too late!"—*i. e.*, to carry out the attack because of the inopportune order to retreat.

General Beauregard's position during the earlier phases of the battle seems to have been more in accordance with the duties of a general in supreme command than were those rapid movements throughout the day, from point to point, of General Johnston. General Beauregard not unfairly observes, upon Johnston's frequent changes of position, that owing to them he was not able to govern the course of battle at all. As he puts it at page 588 :

"At no time does it appear from the reports of subordinates in any other part of the field that, either personally or by his staff, General Johnston gave any orders or concerned himself with the general movements of our forces. In fact, engrossed, as he soon became, with the operations of two or three brigades on the extreme right, it would have been out of his power to direct our general operations, especially as he set no machinery in motion with which to gather information of what was being done elsewhere or generally by the Confederate Army, in order to enable him to handle it intelligently from his position on the field."

It must be remembered that Johnston was the general in command until mortally wounded a little after 2 P.M. Beauregard, though probably better placed for directing the general operations up to that time, seems to have deprived himself of such staff as was left him, and not to have possessed sufficient authority, or sufficient means, to carry out the duties of command which Johnston had so largely vacated. Both Johnston and most of the headquarters staff seem to have been carried away by that longing, which all real soldiers experience, to be engaged in the close fighting line. It is a fatal mistake for a commander to give way to any such feeling, and a good deal of the incoherence in the execution of that day's well-conceived project—an incoherence which has been commented upon by almost all those who were present—seems to have been due to this. Indeed, there was so little unity of intention and direction throughout the day's operations that the absence of any one controlling spirit was apparent everywhere. Staff officers seem to have been going about issuing orders according to their own lights, without the smallest means of ascertaining what General Johnston's wishes actually were, without any clear knowledge of where he was, or even if he were

alive,—and, as a matter of fact, he was not alive during part of the time I refer to. It was probably, on the whole, the less of two evils that orders should have been given even in this way than that troops should have remained out of action for lack of orders; but the chaos that must have necessarily ensued from all this is obvious. A committee directing a battle is an appalling condition of things to contemplate; but a dispersed committee, not even able to consult together, is a yet more certain cause of failure.

It would, therefore, be very unfair, in my judgment, to make General Beauregard, even after Johnston's death, responsible for the want of direction which is conspicuous in a good deal of this day's fighting. At the same time, it must be admitted that, when the Federals had been driven back, and the stress of battle had manifestly passed on towards the bank of the river, the time had come for the general in chief command to go forward. Had he done so, it does not seem that the battle would have ceased when it did. Had he then appeared upon the scene, the evidence goes to show that the reserve Federal artillery must then have been captured, and that, although the battle had been begun by the Confederates twenty-four hours later than it ought to have been, Buell would have arrived too late to save Grant's army from destruction. As has so often happened in war, the fight on either side was, it seems, considerably affected by the state of health of the two commanders. Had Beauregard been in his usual health, he would probably have ridden to the front between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. Had it not been for the severe fall, from the effects of which Grant was then suffering, probably there would not have been that absence of direction on the Federal side of which Buell speaks.

The numerous graphic sketches which are given of the "Hornet's Nest" are very interesting. The peculiar strength of the position seems to have depended on the fact that the assailants had to move out of cover across a rather narrow belt of open ground, against troops well posted under cover on the further side, the open space being also swept by flanking batteries. There is in the Niederwald, on the site of the battle of Woerth, a very similar clear break in the wood. The fire-arms of 1870 were, I suppose, a good deal more punishing than those of 1862. But this space was not flanked by any batteries; yet the whole German infantry of the XIth Corps were checked at this point,

and unable to pass because of the conditions I have described. The analogy suggests some curious reflections as to the nature of ground that is most difficult for attacking troops to surmount.

As a student of war, I have endeavored to express, with impartial freedom, but, I hope, without offence to any one, these comments which the circumstances of this very interesting battle of Shiloh have suggested to me. Being in Canada at the time, I followed very closely all the newspaper accounts of it; but its details have never been made so clear as by the accounts from many different quarters with which the *Century* Company have now supplied us. It would be impossible so to reconcile these different accounts as to satisfy all who took part in the action that justice had been done to the views which they advocate upon the responsibility of individual generals for failure and success. I think, however, that soldiers who desire to learn experience from these events will succeed in doing so much better by a perusal of the accounts given by the actors in this great drama, than from any ordinary pleasantly-sounded narrative. After all, it is as individual men, as actual soldiers, that we take our share of duty and responsibility, and the experiences of what other men have actually gone through are interesting, just because they represent the very partial view of a great action which we are, any of us, able to gain. We are able to see better how the swirl and whir of the battle surged round different parts of the field, by having laid before us the statements of what each actor saw and did in the performance of his own part.

I do not propose to touch, in any detail, the part that was played in these campaigns by the naval service on either side; but, for several reasons, very much interest attaches itself to the general scope and method of the combined land and water movements of this War. In the first place, owing to the many wars we have to carry on in wild and distant countries, the bearing of river transport upon military operations is a matter of great importance to our army. The subject is, therefore, especially interesting to us. Then, again, these full accounts of the methods pursued in these great river campaigns are of great value to English soldiers and sailors. Owing to our insular position, all operations of war, outside Great Britain, must necessarily begin with combined naval and military expeditions. It is, indeed,—according to Mr. Kinglake's happy phrase,—on our "amphibious strength" that we depend.

The magnificent sea-like rivers of the United States, and the essential dependence of the whole scheme of offence and defence, throughout this war in the West, on the retention or conquest of the course of the Tennessee, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Cumberland, and the Mississippi, make the whole character of the theatre of war and its method of special interest to us. The originality and force with which all the resources and ingenuity of a great industrial and commercial people were thrown into the struggle, give to these combined naval and military movements a modern form, unique of its kind.

Each campaign is full of useful suggestions for us, upon the employment of similar means, should we, as seems more than likely, be forced to throw our whole strength into some—not in point of time—distant struggle for Imperial existence. There was, throughout all the phases of the detailed arrangements for this war, a similar originality in the adaptation of means to ends; as, for instance, in the Confederates' use of the bales of wet hemp during the siege of Lexington. I have preferred to deal first at large with these campaigns in the West, because the whole series hangs closely together, while the campaigns in Western Virginia and of the first Bull Run stand out like isolated combats, as far as this part of the history is concerned, and are much more closely connected with the history of the succeeding years. Indeed, as every one who writes of these campaigns in the West remarks, by the time that Donelson, Henry, Pea Ridge, Memphis, and Shiloh had been lost, the Confederate cause in the West was doomed. Vicksburg was more important as the final death-blow to that cause than as determining to which side victory should incline. The struggle for the great rivers was, during the earlier part of the War, almost as vital to the successful establishment of a Southern Confederacy as the defence of Richmond. When this period ended, the whole interest of the War shifted eastward and was concentrated on the line between Richmond and Washington.

Though, therefore, in point of date, the campaigns in Western Virginia and the battle of Bull Run preceded most of the events in Missouri and Tennessee, those campaigns are really the introduction to the history of the later period of the War. I may add that, except for the personal connection of General Beauregard with both Shiloh and Bull Run, and for the effect which was

undoubtedly produced throughout the West by the Confederate success at Bull Run, the two series of events might almost as well have taken place on different continents, as far as any immediate influence which they exercised upon each other was concerned. The battle of Bull Run—certainly one of the battles of the war which have been most talked about and written about in Europe—would appear, from these accounts of it, to have gathered round itself, hitherto, a large margin of fiction and misconception.

As far as General Beauregard himself is concerned, there is a quaint historical parallelism between the battle of Shiloh and that of Bull Run. In neither was he the actual commander in point of seniority. In both, the actual commander seems to have left to him a certain authority on the battle-field, the nature of which has become the subject of subsequent fierce controversy. In the case of both battles, he succeeded in persuading the commander of forces engaged in a neighboring district to form a junction of both armies in his own district, with a view to crush one part of the enemy's forces, before that part which was in the neighboring district could be brought to its support. In both battles, the commander who so joined him was a General Johnston, though, so far as I am aware, there was not any family connection between General J. E. Johnston, who commanded at Bull Run, and Albert Sidney Johnston, who commanded at Shiloh; nor, to judge by the two likenesses on pages 228 and 542, was there the smallest personal resemblance between the two men. In both instances, the ground over which the battles were fought was much better known to General Beauregard than to either General Johnston. In both battles,—though here we enter upon more disputed ground,—the evidence seems clear that the general arrangements of the campaign had been thought out some time beforehand by General Beauregard, and that the other commander, on his arrival, almost inevitably accepted Beauregard's proposals. In both cases, the scheme of battle was so affected by unforeseen circumstances that at one, Shiloh, Beauregard himself, at the last moment, recommended the abandonment of the attack he had so ably planned, and at the other, Bull Run, where the enemy's forward movement left him no choice in that matter, his designed attack was converted into an almost purely defensive battle, carried out by a part only of the forces at his disposal. In both battles, taking account only of the first day's action at Shiloh, in-

cidents occurred toward the end of the day which shook men's confidence in the man who had had the most share in the general planning of the campaign. In both battles, with whatever difference of cause and circumstance, those incidents were connected with a supposed too early stopping of the battle, and failure to drive the enemy to complete and final destruction. In both battles, General Beauregard attributed this early stopping of the action to the fatigue and exhaustion of his men, and to his want of food and ammunition for them. In both campaigns, he complained bitterly that he had not been supported properly by the civil authorities at Richmond. These analogies afford some food for reflection, and I leave readers to draw from them their own conclusions, which will probably differ not a little. The corrections which are supplied to the popularly-received account of Bull Run all seem to tend in the direction of substituting a picture of battle truly representative of what war really is for the kind of imaginative ideal of a battle which people at a distance love to create for themselves. General Beauregard says (page 216):

> "It was a point made at the time, at the North, that, just as the Confederate troops were about to break and flee, the Federal troops anticipated them by doing so, being struck into this precipitation by the arrival on their flank of the Shenandoah forces marching from railroad trains halted en route with that aim—errors that have been repeated by a number of writers, and by an ambitious, but superficial, French author."

I am sorry to say that the error has been freely repeated by English as well as by French authors, and has even crept into some of our best-known text-books. The matter is of some importance, because it gives a false conception of the possible use of railways in war. It looks very pretty to draw a line of railway running at right angles to an enemy's line of advances, and to represent troops getting out of the trains and coming straight away from them to strike the exposed flank of the enemy. In the case of a pure infantry force, this might be possible, if it had been thought out beforehand. Very rarely indeed would it be possible for cavalry, and still more rarely for artillery. Moreover, where a mixed body of troops were coming by railway to an assigned railway junction, which, like Manassas, possessed some sidings and platforms provided for their disembarkation, it would very rarely be possible to disarrange the sequence of trains so as to disembark the infantry at some other

point more important tactically, without disturbing the movement of the whole force, and probably causing much delay in the arrival of the troops upon the battle-field. Now, General Johnston, who actually directed upon the field at Bull Run the troops of Elzey and Early, which troops, in fact, turned the Federal right flank, tells us expressly (page 249) that Elzey, who arrived first with three infantry battalions, came from "Manassas Junction." Early, who came next, arrived with "Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery." The cavalry and artillery had evidently come up from Manassas, joining Early en route. It is clear that, essentially, this railway movement was purely one of general reënforcement. Manassas Junction lay far away to the right rear of that part of the Confederate line where the battle was actually fought. The overlapping of the Federal right was accomplished by movements made under General Johnston's own orders, advantage being taken of the concealment afforded by the woods near Chinn's house on the Federal right. Of the movements of General Smith, who at first commanded Elzey's brigade, Johnston says :

"He was instructed through a staff officer, sent forward to meet him, to form on the left of our line, his left thrown forward, and to attack the enemy in flank. At his request I joined him, directed his course, and gave him these instructions."

Moreover, the extreme troops on the Confederate left flank, and those which carried out the ultimate turning movement, were, so far as the infantry was concerned, not those which had arrived by railway at all, but Early's brigade, which had been in reserve behind Longstreet and Jones near Blackburn's and McLean's Ford, being, in fact, a part of Beauregard's own army. Thus it is as clear as possible that the important service which the Manassas Railway did for the Confederates was in putting them, strategically, in a military sense, as Beauregard says, "on interior lines" with regard to the two Federal armies of McDowell and Patterson. The really decisive fact of the campaign was the strategical transfer of Johnston's force from the Shenandoah region, unknown to Patterson. The turning of the Federal right was a tactical incident, due in part to the troops which were put at the disposal of the Confederate commander by that strategical transfer of force. In all essentials, the cause of the Confederate success was a movement like that which preceded the defeat of Hasdrubal by the Romans, or like that which preceded the battle

of Blenheim. Almost all great military successes have these simple actions as their basis. Only, as has been said, it is that which is simple which in war is so very difficult.

Here, as in almost every other instance, the defeat of McDowell seems to have been due to the blunders of the authorities at Washington, acting under the influence of popular opinion. McDowell had fully foreseen the danger with which he was threatened. This is shown conclusively by his making it one of the conditions of his movement that General J. E. Johnston's force should be kept engaged by Major-General Patterson. Nothing can be clearer than this fact—that the Bull Run disaster, which so appalled public opinion in the North, was deliberately prepared for itself by that very public opinion taking upon itself to enforce its demands upon the generals in the field through the medium of its recognized exponents. General James Fry puts this well in separate paragraphs which are worth collating:

"General Scott, who controlled both McDowell and Patterson, assured McDowell that Johnson should not join Beauregard without having Patterson on his heels." (Page 181.) "Northern enthusiasm was unbounded. On to Richmond was the war-cry. Public sentiment was irresistible, and, in response to it, the army advanced." (Page 176.)

Yet, again, after showing how completely Johnston gave Patterson the slip, he says, "It rested, however, with higher authority than Patterson to establish between his army and McDowell's the relations the occasion called for" (note, page 183); and then he goes on to show how the public fear in the Capital of attack by the Shenandoah Valley obliged the Washington authorities to insist on Scott's not only keeping Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley, but actually reënforcing him at the moment when every man was required to reënforce McDowell. Furthermore, if Patterson was to keep Johnston from reënforcing McDowell, it could only be done by steady and persistent fighting. But he had been warned against fighting, lest the Capital should be exposed by want of "caution." *Hence*, as General Fry truly says, "as soon as McDowell advanced, Patterson was upon an exterior line and in a false military position."

To sum up, then, the indictment against the true criminal. Let us clearly understand that the prisoner at the bar is "Public Opinion." This is the case against him. He understood nothing whatever of military principles or the conditions of the movements of armies; yet he took into his ignorant hands the entire

conduct of this part of the war. Without even realizing the connection between the several things which he required as a sacrifice to his imagined omniscience, he kept Patterson and all his forces in the Shenandoah Valley for fear lest Johnston should move on the Capital. Then, having deprived McDowell of all possible supports and crowded his camps with picnicking parties, "under no military restraint, that passed to and fro among the troops as they pleased," reducing indefinitely the fighting power of his army, the prisoner at the bar sent forward the unfortunate general and army to meet their fate from the two armies whose union he (the prisoner) had facilitated. Whom shall we hang? This thing, or the fine soldier whose portrait is given on page 170 ? Unfortunately, the number of convictions against the prisoner, and the freedom with which he secures the power to repeat his crimes, are so notorious that there is little use in convicting him. In 1861 he cries out madly, "To Richmond !" In 1870 his mad cry is, "To Berlin !" If only some one would make out a true record of all the crimes with which he has been justly charged, seeing that there is and can be no defence for him, one might hope that perhaps on some future occasion, some one or two of the host that go to swell his power, to tickle his vanity, and to lead his followers to destruction, might pause and consider. Even one or two strong men facing the stampede of an ignorant crowd that knows not where it is going, have often a wonderful power in breaking its force and in turning it aside from ruin. Therefore, it is worth while to seize such occasions as one may, to hold up to this creature, to this self-styled god, a mirror in which it may see its own likeness, and seeing it, and appalled by the image, may cower before perpetrating fresh crime. I doubt very much if the criminal is as powerful or as ignorant in the United States as he is among us. I believe, with Sir Henry Maine, that the creators of your Constitution showed their wisdom mainly in shackling his impatient hands; in at least providing for an appeal from him when he is drunk to the time when he is sober.

I can here only touch upon the first phase of the next fit of madness which, in 1861, seized him in the United States. I have always had a great respect for General McClellan. But to those who, having first caused the destruction of McDowell's army, carried out the next stage of the programme usual in such cases,

namely, the discovery that McDowell was responsible for all they had done, and decided to replace him by a "Young Napoleon," the graphic details of the campaigns in Western Virginia, under McClellan's leadership, must be painful reading. If General Cox had tried to complete this part of my indictment against the reckless interference of Public Opinion in the conduct of military affairs, he could hardly have worded it more incisively than he has done, in what he himself describes as the "unvarnished tale" of the attack on Rich Mountain, and in his description of the mode in which it led to its one important consequence—the promotion of McClellan to the command of the Potomac Army. It would not be unfair to sum it up thus: McClellan arranged to detach a small turning force under Rosecrans to attack a flank of Rich Mountain. The success of such a movement ordinarily depends on the vigor with which other forces combine in the attack, and on the support afforded to the small turning force, which is otherwise dangerously risked. McClellan had undertaken to attack vigorously as soon as Rosecrans was heard to be in action. "The noise of the engagement had been heard in McClellan's camp, and he formed his troops to attack, but the long continuance of the cannonade, and some sign of exultation in Pegrans's camp, seem to have made him think that Rosecrans had been repulsed." Therefore, McClellan did nothing whatever; meantime Rosecrans, who had planned his own movement, and had volunteered for it, had, by extraordinary good fortune and good management, succeeded in carrying the whole position entirely with his own force. Thereupon the defence of the remainder of the Mountain collapsed. "On McClellan's part," beyond a rather timidly-conducted pursuit, "nothing further was attempted." McClellan, however, published a dispatch in which he congratulated his troops on having "annihilated two armies, commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, intrenched in mountain fortresses fortified at their leisure." "The country was," we are told, "eager for good news, and took it as literally true." Whereupon McClellan was photographed in the Napoleonic attitude, and duly promoted to the command of the Potomac Army, to be dealt with afterwards according to the time-honored fashion of that hoary-headed and cruel old rascal, Public Opinion, towards his broken idols.

WOLSELEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TREE OF POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE REV. DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A HUNDRED years ago it was a new thing in America for the people to be sovereign, and this novelty was such a stimulus that it was thought they would, of course, take eagerly to the duties which it involved. It is interesting and pathetic to read the notions of citizenship which the fathers of the Constitution had. To take from a king and aristocracy all their dignities and privileges, and to give them to the people, was so great a thing that men took it for granted that the people would rise to the occasion and assume the responsibility gladly.

So far as the old New England democracies went, and the habits which had grown up in other regions, where the people had generally managed their own affairs, it was quite safe to rely on their instinct for government and the willingness of every man to do his share. At an average "town-meeting," for instance, everybody in the town was present; everybody, in fact, had some personal interest; or, at least, there was the entertainment to be gathered from an assembly, not very frequent, of all the neighbors. It was not very hard to extend the interest which men thus took in the affairs of the town, and bid them take a similar interest in the affairs of the State. At last, "we, the people," were intrusted with making or approving the Constitution of the United States.

So far the theory went—that everybody would be interested in his citizenship, and everybody would try to prepare himself for his duties. But one has only to read John Adams's private letters home, from Philadelphia to Massachusetts, while he was serving in the Continental Congress, to see that even then he understood very well that the Leaders Lead, and that the great body of the people did not take a great deal of interest in their own public affairs. They were not taking nearly as much as John Adams wished they were. In point of fact, except in some great crisis, like the outbreak of the Revolution or the outbreak of the Civil War, it always proves very difficult to hold up to the mark a very

considerable portion of the voters to whom is intrusted the responsibility for the oversight of the State. It is so in all countries. I was in Florence, in Italy, in 1859, just after the people of Tuscany had turned out their Austrian rulers. So far as men's eyes saw, every one was delighted with the change. Tuscany was virtually a republic in those days, for the King of Italy had not then assumed the government. It was under that very able leader, Ricasoli. Now, in the fundamental law, the leaders had inserted the *doctrinaire* condition that no election should be valid unless one-half of the assessed voters appeared at the polls. When I was in Florence, they were beseeching the people, by every inducement they could offer, to come and vote on successive Sundays on some matter of administration. And even with all the enthusiasm of new-born liberty, they could not carry out their purpose. That is to say, more than one-half the Florentines were so indifferent to their new dignity that they would not come out and vote in a matter which seemed to be of importance. Every working politician in America can repeat anecdotes of the indifference of a considerable body of the citizens to the charge which, in theory, ought to affect each and all.

How are we going to meet this torpor? It seems to result from many quite diverse causes. First, there are quite a large number of good fellows who say, in an optimistic way: "This thing is all right; nobody oppresses me; my taxes are small, the sidewalks are reasonably clean, and the public lets me alone." I remember an accomplished German gentleman, who said to me, after living in this country twenty-five years, that I could not conceive the luxury of living in a land where you had nothing to do with the government, and the government had nothing to do with you. "If I behave myself decently," said he, "I may go from my birth to my grave without knowing there is a government." Now, that man did not know he was unpatriotic. He merely meant to leave to persons who were interested in a certain affair, and who, as far as he saw, took care of it sufficiently well, a matter which they knew about, and which he did not care to know about. That feeling is exactly like yours or mine when we receive the notice that such and such a charity organization, to which we subscribe, will hold its annual meeting for the election of its officers. We know that the persons best informed on the subject will go to the meeting, and that

they will choose the right officers; we send our contributions to the treasurer, and there is the end. We do not go to the meeting. If there should be a mistake made in the management, somebody will notify us, and we shall go to the meeting, or we ought to; but we do not consider it necessary to go and vote unless such an exigency arises. In point of fact, the analogy between this vote and the duty required of a citizen is very poor, but the illustration does show the habit of many people in the commonwealth.

Another set of people refuse to vote for exactly the opposite reason. These are the men who say that the whole thing is in the hands of a pack of rascals, who are running it for merely personal purposes. Such a man says: "I can do nothing about it. I went to a primary meeting once, and I did not know what they were talking about, or I was crowded into a corner, or I was made to do something which I entirely disapproved." He swears by all his gods that he will never attend to politics again.

And, again, a very large class of people are entirely unable to contribute any valuable element to public opinion, and know they are unable. What does the average American, for instance, know about the Samoan difficulty to-day? He knows what one or two newspapers have told him, perhaps, but he does not know how they learned what they know. At the bottom of his heart, he knows that his opinion, yes or no, on the matter, is not worth a straw. So far as this man has any conscience, he refrains from expressing an opinion which he knows is worth nothing. This is an attitude of mind which the newspaper writers do not understand. Being themselves omniscient, and each one of them absolutely well acquainted with all truth from the beginning, ready for the precise statement of every fact, and quite unable to make any error in announcing it, they have no charity for people not as well informed as themselves. All the same, there exists such a class of people, and they make an important factor in the body of citizens who do not attend to the duty of voting.

In truth, however, the business of voting is only a small part of the duty of a good citizen in a Republic. It seems impossible to make the writers or readers on the other side of the Atlantic understand this. That is the reason why all their republics, except that of Switzerland, fare so badly as they do. But here a good citizen does his duty in a thousand ways outside of elections, —and he might well cut his throat or hang himself if he thought

that what he did at an election was the most important part of his duty to the State. The people we choose at elections are the people's servants in a very pathetic sense. This is no statement of a demagogue; it is the simple statement of the truth that public opinion governs the country. "The people is wiser than any man of the people." Mr. Bryce has found this out, being, so far as I remember, the only Englishman who ever did find it out, and the knowledge of it adds very largely to the interest and value of his fascinating book.

The business of a citizen, then, consists very largely in what he can do in the right moulding of public opinion. This he does all the time; in the street-cars he may do it; he may do it in waltzing in the german; he may do it in his pew at church; he may do it as he talks with the foreman in the mill. The public opinion of the country is improved in proportion as he does it, and the country is the better governed. And the really valuable magistrates and officers in this Republic are, invariably, men who are in close connection with all sorts of people, who have that delicate touch by which they find out what the people means to have done, and then, with promptness and willingness, do it. This means that we are still, on the whole, Saxons, governing ourselves; and not Kelts, led by the hands of clans.

All this is a long preface, to show how important it has become, in our time, that the science of citizenship should be studied, and the methods for the training of citizens improved. I have been, for a quarter of a century, greatly interested in observing how steadily the boys at college commencements, in their exhibition parts, discuss the questions of citizenship, and the way in which they shall learn how to carry out its duties. At bottom, the poor fellows are pretty clear that they do not know. They do know that right is right, that God reigns somewhere, and it would be well if he should reign here; and they mean to put in their work on his side; but on graduation day, always excepting the supremely-conceited ones, they have come so far that they do not know where or how they are to strike in. This seems to me to show that the colleges have not been much more successful than the Argus-eyed Press has been in the training of citizens. This is certain—that nearly fifty per cent of the citizens interest themselves very little in average elections, and, indeed, on some question of vital importance; if it stand by itself, you find it

hard to interest ten per cent of the members of any community. A few years ago, for instance, an admirable sanitary movement was attempted in the neighborhood of New York. A number of public-spirited gentlemen and ladies did their best to interest the people of the suburban towns in the conditions of health, on which depend the lives, not only of themselves, but of their children. They "hired a hall" in each town—to use the admirable National proverb; they engaged a most competent and interesting lecturer, Mr. Charles F. Wingate, who knows more about the matter than any ten of us do, put together. Now, you would say that the question whether Maud or Tom or Harry should die of diphtheria in the next year would interest a good many people in such a place. But, in point of fact, these excellent persons found very soon that they must be thankful indeed if twenty-five people would come together at once to learn about such a subject. There should have been a stereopticon, or two or three prima donnas, or a juggler with cups and balls to draw them together. Life and death, as suggesting duties to a citizen, were not sufficiently attractive.

Whoever has read Mr. Besant's admirable novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," will remember the appeal which he makes, at the end of it, to the workingmen of England, to use their newly-acquired suffrage for things of value to themselves and their families. It is of much more value to the workingman to have good sewerage in the district where he lives than it is to have Bulgaria governed by a German prince rather than by one from Russia. What is to be hoped for, in training people to be citizens, is that there will come a sense of the truth that their own destinies, the lives and education of their children, their hours of toil, and, in general, the value of their lives, all depend on their own good citizenship and that of those who live around them.

To interest people in citizenship—to show them what a citizen can do and must do, if he means to have life worth living—is the object of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship. Both by the breadth of its plan and by the success it has already achieved it challenges notice. It was formed, now more than a year since, among "all sorts and conditions of men," with no reference to any immediate political object. The half-dozen men who had most to do with its formation were looking far into the future. They are persons who command the confidence of

the best men in Boston, and they found it easy to enlist a circle of about two hundred men, with a few women, who joined them in the hope, at least, that something might be done. Probably not many of the number had any detailed plan as to what could be done. But it has proved, as it always proves, that where there is a good purpose good ways will appear, and, in the short period of its existence, the Society has demonstrated its right to be.

In the first place, at every quarterly meeting of the Society, the officers take care that there shall be a careful address delivered, on some point of the higher politics, such as may arrest public attention. Thus far, these addresses have been of such a character that they have furnished subjects for discussion in the meeting afterward, and have engaged the attention of the press. If nothing else were done, it is a good thing that, four times in a year, a grave subject of social concern shall be brought before the community, for the discussion of newspaper-writers, breakfast-tables, and, indeed, of everybody. But the Society goes far beyond the natural wish to call public attention to themes of such importance. Thus it has two standing committees,—one on Courses of Study, one on Publications and Lectures,—and in these committees those of its number are at work who take the closest personal interest in its affairs. It is their business to issue such circulars or to engage in such correspondence as may be suggested by the public exigencies from time to time. And they have already begun the publication of careful papers, such as could hardly have appeared without their system.

The first of these, and the most important thus far, is a special report, made last summer, on such books on civil government as might be suggested for the use of public schools. Of these the committee reviewed twenty-six. They gave a short digest of each book and a statement of its plan; they went farther and said whether the book was made well or ill, in such a way that public-school teachers might be really guided in the selection of text-books by their frank and bold opinion. This pamphlet alone, made by half a dozen of the most intelligent men in Massachusetts, justifies the existence of such a society; for it is beyond all suspicion of personal prejudice, and supplies, for school committees and teachers, exactly the information they must have before they can judge on a matter so important. This committee is at work on a catalogue which may be used in the

purchase of books by public libraries or individuals. There is, indeed, no subject on which the public mind is so little informed as it is on what we may call the literature of American politics.

Another standing committee, also of men who mean work, has in hand the suggestion and arrangement of courses of lectures in different centres, bearing on the study of citizenship. What such a committee can do is well enough shown by what it has done in the last winter in the city of Boston itself. It has occupied the Old South Meeting-House—the same in which Warren delivered his 5th of March address—for a weekly lecture on some subject of city government. Readers should remember that this meeting-house is the place to which the old Boston town-meeting always flowed over when Faneuil Hall was not large enough, and that it is now used, under the auspices of a special society, for the instruction of the people of Boston, young and old, in their own history. The Citizenship Society is on friendly terms with this historical bureau, and has the use, therefore, of the old meeting-house for the lectures on city government. The mere titles of the lectures show how useful such a course may be. They are on "American Cities," by Professor Hart; on "Birmingham," by the Rev. Mr. Cuckson; on "The Model City, Berlin," by Mr. Baxter; on "The School Committee," by Mr. Mawry; on "The Australian Ballot," by Mr. Dana; on "The Government of Boston," by Mr. Sprague; on "Josiah Quincy," by Judge Chamberlain.

We have spoken of this course only for illustration. Similar courses have sprung up in other New-England cities, and very probably elsewhere. There is no need of bringing together a thousand or two people for such a course of lectures; and it has proved, in a good many towns, that the necessity which we have been trying to explain is more and more widely felt, so that sufficient audiences of the very best people have come together for the intelligent study of large social topics. The Citizenship Society puts itself in correspondence with all those persons interested in such courses. It is thus able to act, in a certain sense, as a lecture bureau for those who wish to study the larger politics or social economy. Its agency in this direction also will be larger and larger, and we find it difficult to estimate the advantage which may come from the careful discussion of such themes.

Take the business of city government alone, for instance. It is a matter about which everybody talks and everybody grumbles.

It is, indeed, to be observed that, if one goes to the average dinner party, made up of the average grumblers who pay large taxes and do nothing about government, he can, with a little craft, make all his friends at the table say one of two entirely different things. He can turn the talk around to democracy, and, if he is wicked enough, he can say slyly that "democracy" is a very popular word, but that really we are speaking without any authority when we say that history has any verdict in favor of democracy, as applied to the government of a nation. "Democracy, you know, worked very well, you know, in the little Italian cities, or in Greece, you know. Within a small radius, and for home concerns, of course, it would work well, and you would get such people as Themistocles and the Venetian doges, and the government of Florence. But that is all we know of democracy from history—that it worked very well in such cases as that." And, as the fish changes to the *filet*, or one wine takes the place of another, he can make everybody say: "Yes, yes, that is all we know of democracy,—government of cities,—yes, that is all we know about it." Or he can begin at the other end, and he can say: "Democracy works very well in such communities as John Adams knew, or Sam Adams, where they had no cities; but, of course, you know, they never thought of governing large cities by a popular vote, and all democracy meant to them was the old-fashioned rural population of Virginia or Massachusetts." And all these *vauriens* will assent, just as in the other case; only they now say that democracy is entirely unfit for the governing of cities. Such people only deserve to be laughed at. The sensible people of the world must highly resolve to keep them in their proper places by seeing that every piece of successful administration of cities or nations shall be carefully studied, so that we may know what is the secret of its success.

Our business in America is to "get the best"; and we have only to instruct people, for instance, in the success of Berlin or the success of Birmingham, and we may trust the intelligence of the American people rightly to adjust the lesson. We hope to see the example of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship followed in other States, and we are quite clear that, if such societies can be practically administered, and not left as a mere medium for rhetoric, on the one hand, or pessimism, on the other, the country has much to gain from their activity.

E. E. HALE.

PERIL ON THE ATLANTIC.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES W. KENNEDY, LATE COMMANDER OF THE STEAMSHIP "GERMANIC."

THE first question that naturally arises in the mind of almost every individual contemplating a voyage across the Atlantic, and more especially for the first time, is, "Which is the safest line?" and then, "What steamer shall I take?"

When one reflects upon the helplessness of a person unaccustomed to the sea, on board of an ocean steamer, it is really not surprising that he or she should experience a certain amount of anxiety regarding this subject; and, when the fact is clearly demonstrated that all who cross the ocean are placing their lives in the hands of one man—the captain; that is to say, as far as human power can control our destiny,—it is, indeed, almost wonderful to see the number of people who embark on our large European steamers with as little misgiving as they would have were they stepping into a carriage for a drive of a few miles.

This, however, is not the case with all who go to Europe. In the course of my experience as captain of an Atlantic steamer, I have witnessed some painful scenes among passengers who have come on board for the first time. One of these was so peculiar that it left an impression upon my memory which will never be effaced.

I was leaving New York in July on one of my return voyages to Liverpool. The steamer was, as it always is at this season of the year, crowded with passengers. About an hour before sailing, a gentleman who had crossed a number of times before and was then going with me, came to where I was standing and begged me to go down to the saloon and see a lady who appeared absolutely crazed with terror. I inquired her name, and he told me. But a few evenings previous I had met her with her husband at the house of a mutual friend, and was very much amused at her en-

thusiastic description of the pleasure she anticipated on her approaching voyage. I expected to see her come on board in the most brilliant spirits imaginable.

When I went into the saloon and my eyes fell upon her, from my heart I pitied her. Her countenance was overspread with that bluish pallor which indicates extreme terror, and the wild expression of her eyes denoted how much she was suffering. Her husband was sitting by her side, holding her hands in his and trying to comfort her. All she could say was: "Take me home! Oh, do take me home! The steamer will go to the bottom of the ocean and I shall never see my children again."

Several of her friends who had come to see her off were standing near, and as I approached they made way for me. One of the ladies said to her that the captain was coming to assure her that there was no danger to be feared and that everything would be all right. She looked up with such an expression of despair that I could not but be affected by it, and, coming towards me, caught hold of my hand and implored me to tell her if there was any danger of the steamer's going to the bottom.

Placing her in a chair, and taking one near her, I talked with her for some time, and finally succeeded in partially quieting her fears and inducing her to continue the voyage. Looking up into my face, with her eyes filled with tears, she asked if I thought she would get back to her children again. I assured her that, so far as I could see, there was not the slightest danger to be apprehended, and that she need not have any anxiety on that subject. I felt that I must give her all the comfort that I could, for her distress was something pitiable.

She hesitated a while, as if turning the matter over in her mind, and then said that, relying on what I had just told her, she would make every effort to overcome her fright and go with her husband. He, poor fellow, had been standing near us, his face nearly as pale as that of his wife, and in a few words expressed his gratitude to me for the influence that I had exerted in his behalf. As I left them to go on deck, I saw that she was endeavoring with all her strength of will to conquer the excessive fear that seemed to have taken full possession of her.

I am glad to say that I made one of my best passages. We had very little bad weather, and the sea was calm nearly the whole way across. When we reached Liverpool, she came and

thanked me for the safe and pleasant passage we had made, and said that she would certainly return with me, which she did in the following September.

As I have stood on the bridge taking my ship out of dock when leaving New York, and have seen the passengers on the deck waving hats and handkerchiefs to friends on shore who have come to say good-bye, I have wondered how it was possible that all these people could be so happy and in such cheerful spirits. The gangway had been removed, the rail was in its place, and they were now shut off from all communication with the world. Once out to sea, there could be no going on shore—it matters not how frightened or how ill they may be; here they are, and here they must remain for seven days and nights, and possibly longer if we encounter bad weather.

Many a time when the conditions were favorable I have observed those who were well and able to do so, walking up and down the deck, laughing, chatting, and evidently enjoying every moment. Society restraint had been left on shore, and only their natural feelings appeared to manifest themselves. They took "no thought of the morrow," and danger was a thing unknown. The confidence that the majority of the travelling public have in the commander of an ocean steamer is, indeed, a source of great gratification to him.

During a stormy night, when the sea is high and the ship rolling heavily, the hearts of the timid and nervous ones beat and tremble with fear of some approaching unknown calamity; and visions of all the wrecks of which they have ever heard or read pass before their eyes. I cannot blame them, for they know nothing of the sea and its caprices.

At the same time, if these nervous individuals could but impress upon their minds the fact that under such circumstances there is no real danger, it would save them a great amount of suffering. I am quite willing to admit that it is neither comfortable nor pleasant to awake in the night and find one's self rolling about like an empty cask, and be compelled to cling to the side of the berth with all one's strength to avoid being thrown out on the floor. I do not like it myself, and would much prefer smooth water; but such little incidents will occur, and it is best to take a philosophical view of the matter. One thing is certain, and that is, that it it is far safer to remain

quietly—I mean, of course, as quietly as possible—in the berth, than to run the risk of breaking one's limbs by walking about the passage ways or in the saloon, as many do.

When on the bridge, taking my ship through a dense fog, I have seen many anxious eyes directed towards me, watching my every movement. There was not then so much laughing, talking, and promenading the deck ; for, surrounded as they were by this impenetrable wall of vapor, even the hearts of old travellers were not proof against a certain amount of fear and anxiety.

Year after year the same families have crossed in my ship, and it has been to me a source of great gratification and pride to see the apparently-unlimited confidence they had in me.

An old gentleman and his wife, formerly of Pennsylvania, both now dead, would cross in no other ship than the "Germanic." They came on to New York one Saturday, expecting to sail with me that afternoon. At almost the last moment my engineer had discovered a flaw in the shaft, and the "Baltic," Captain Bence, was substituted. As Captain Bence, before taking command, had been my chief officer for several years, the old lady had more confidence in him than she would have had in an entire stranger; but when I went on board, just before the ship sailed, to wish them a pleasant passage and see them off, I found her somewhat excited and nervous. Suddenly she turned to me and said : "Captain, I would get right off the ship now and go back and wait for you, but as prayers will be offered up in two churches to-morrow for our preservation while on the sea, it would hardly be right for us to be safe and sound on shore, would it ?"

I assured her that I did not think it would, and that she might feel perfectly secure under the care of Captain Bence.

I have seen so much suffering among some of the passengers during the many years that I have been on the Atlantic that I have often marvelled how the timid ones have ever summoned up sufficient courage to make the ocean voyage. But when I consider the great attractions of London, of Paris, and other Continental cities, I have come to the conclusion that to them it is one of the bitter pills that must be swallowed in order to obtain that indescribable happiness which they ardently imagine awaits them, when, the voyage once ended, they have reached the alpha and omega of their hearts' desires—Europe.

Taking a practical view of my subject, one might reasonably

ask what would constitute the actual requirements to insure a perfectly safe voyage across the ocean. The first thing to be considered is the ship. By my own experience and observation I am convinced that a steamer can be so constructed that, in the event of a collision with another, it would be an impossibility to sink her; and herein lies the chief danger.

Every one who is familiar with the conformation of steamships cannot but acknowledge that those belonging to the first-class lines now crossing the Atlantic are, without exception, the finest ships afloat. Taking into consideration the vast increase in size and speed of the ships of to-day, compared with those of twenty years ago, the former are, indeed, marvels of marine architecture, and reflect great credit on the skill and ingenuity of the designers.

When I made my first voyage to New York, in 1864, I sailed in the Cunard steamer "China." She was about one-half the size of the "Umbria" and "Etruria," but at that time was considered one of the wonders of the age. What would be the general opinion of the public to-day when comparing her with the two I have just mentioned?

Although the freight and passenger trade between Europe and America during the past few years has grown to such dimensions that the demand for larger and faster steamers has become imperative, until the advent of the "City of New York," of the Inman Line, in August, 1888, very little of importance had been accomplished in making them safer than the ships of former years. It is true that, as they have been increased in length, additional athwart-ship bulkheads have been provided, separating the hulls into so-called water-tight compartments. These have been considered all that were requisite to insure perfect safety.

The loss of the Cunard steamer "Oregon" off Fire Island, a few years since, clearly demonstrates to every one that these bulkheads dividing the ship into compartments do not make her perfectly safe and unsinkable; for the "Oregon" was constructed on this plan. It cannot be forgotten that she was struck by a coal-laden wooden schooner, and that only a comparatively small opening was made in her side. The water-tight doors did not prevent her from filling or from going down in twenty fathoms of water.

Could any ship have had a more narrow escape than the "Britannic," of the White Star Line, when she collided with the

"Celtic," in May, 1887? She was struck by the latter a few inches only abaft the bulkhead of the engine-room. Had this occurred one foot further forward, the bulkhead would have been so seriously damaged that the engine compartment would have filled, and nothing could have saved her from going down in a very short space of time. The engines and boilers occupy the largest compartment in the ship; and this, being in the centre and filled with water, would be quite sufficient to sink her. Added to this, the next compartment aft would have filled, and there would have been no doubt of the result.

So long as there is freedom from collision, all the ships of the present day are perfectly safe; but as such accidents do occur, and when least expected, circumstances have proved that they are no safer than those of twenty years ago.

With all the great improvements that have been made in the last seventeen years, it is surprising that until August, 1888, no better results have been obtained. By the sinking of the "Oregon" it has been proved beyond question that athwart-ship bulkheads are not sufficient to insure safety. The sections between them are much too large and would hold so much water that, if the ship was struck and one of them filled, she would sink so deeply that she would become unmanageable. I have heard the heads of large companies declare that the ships of their line were perfectly safe, and nothing but striking on a rock could cause the loss of one of them. My experience has led me to think differently.

Many times, when standing on the bridge of the "Germanic" watching her motion, has this subject revolved itself in my mind, and I was then convinced that a ship could be so designed and constructed that, under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to sink her.

When the ships of the White Star Line first started in 1872, they caused a great deal of excitement and comment among the other steamship companies and the public in general. They were an entirely new departure from anything before constructed, and, from their extreme length and narrowness, were considered totally unsafe and unfitted for the trade. Many even went so far as to predict that, in the first heavy gale encountered, these "coffins"—as some designated them—would be broken in two and nothing more be heard of them.

At that time I had left the Cunard service, and was appointed to the command of the third ship of the new line. The captain of the "Oceanic," the pioneer ship, invited me to go on board, examine her, and give my opinion regarding her. I did so. Even to my sailor's eye she appeared very long and very narrow. After making a thorough examination and observing the strength of the hull, I could not see any possibility of the ships' coming to such an untimely end as had been predicted, especially as they had two iron decks extending the entire length. Although a new departure from the old model, I was convinced that they were equally as safe as any ship afloat. I soon had an opportunity of proving that my opinion was correct.

Notwithstanding that these ships were built on an entirely different plan from any other, very little was accomplished in making them any safer in the event of a collision. The hull was divided into large compartments by means of athwart-ship bulkheads; added to these were the iron decks, which increased the strength of the ships; but nothing was done to render them unsinkable or safe under all circumstances. Even the new ships that were built for other lines, after the White Star steamers came out, had but few unimportant improvements on those of the latter.

When the "Bothnia" and "Scythia," of the Cunard Line, were built, their upper decks were constructed only partially of iron. Before they had run through one year, the company was compelled to lay them up and give them complete iron decks. The German and French lines soon began to add new ships to their fleet. These were similar in outward appearance to those of the White Star Line, and with little improvement in point of safety and speed.

Ship after ship was launched, each faster than its predecessor, but the great problem of making them unsinkable was still unsolved. There was an abundance of life-saving apparatus, such as life-buoys, life-rafts, etc., on board each steamer, and, as the size and capacity were increased, additional life-boats of a new and improved pattern were supplied.

In the latter part of 1875, when in command of the "Germanic," I had an opportunity of witnessing the effect of a collision in the River Mersey between two coasting steamers. A brother captain happened to be with me at the time. After examining the

crippled ships, we returned to my chart-room and discussed the question of safety at sea. We both arrived at the conclusion that the Atlantic steamers were not as safe as they should be, and that, if they were struck amidships, the consequences would be very serious.

The question which naturally followed was, "How can a ship be so constructed as to render her perfectly safe and unsinkable under all conditions?" With pencil and paper in hand, each of us drew a plan of that which we considered necessary to secure the desired result. When comparing notes, we found our ideas almost identical. We were of the opinion that the hull of the ship should be divided into small compartments by longitudinal as well as by athwart-ship bulkheads, and that the result would be satisfactory. Our plans were submitted to those in authority on such matters, but they were not then considered feasible.

The Inman and International Steamship Company has constructed and launched the "City of New York" and "City of Paris" (both now running), and the White Star Line, the "Teutonic," which will make her first voyage this summer. These are built with hulls divided into small compartments by longitudinal as well as athwart-ship bulkheads, and double bottoms. Judging from my experience at sea, I believe that they will prove a complete success; and should a collision occur and they be struck amidships, they will be found unsinkable and consequently safe.

Although the subject of safety has been occasionally referred to, the question which has appeared most to agitate the minds and thoughts of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies for the past few years is: "In how short a time can a passage from Europe to America be made, and *vice versa?*"

As this question seems to be paramount to all others, it must be universally acknowledged that these large ocean steamers should be commanded by men of ability, experience, courage, and skill. The care and responsibility resting upon the captain of one of these enormous ships are so heavy that, as month after month passes by, and year succeeds year, his expression becomes stern, his manner abrupt, and his general bearing one not calculated, perhaps, to invite familiarity. Has the idea ever dawned upon the minds of the travelling public that, to a certain extent, their lives are under the control of this stern and forbidding-look-

ing man? Has the thought ever occurred to them that, by one careless act on his part, or by one slight omission of his duty, the ship might sink with all on board and nothing more be heard of her?

And yet there are some among the lady travellers crossing the ocean who appear to imagine that the captain should be as gallant and attentive as a Fifth-Avenue exquisite, and pay them all those little compliments that they are accustomed to receive in society. I am glad to say, however, that all are not of the same opinion.

A lady once told me that, when crossing in one of the large steamers one summer, she was taking a short walk with her husband just before retiring for the night. She had remarked what she supposed to be a young couple, sitting in chairs and snugly covered with rugs, and evidently enjoying a very pleasant *tête-à-tête*. She had not paid any particular attention to them, as such little scenes are not uncommon among the passengers when at sea. A gust of wind happened to raise the covering from the gentleman's feet, and while he was re-arranging it she passed by. To her amazement and horror, she recognized the commander of the steamer. "Captain," said she to me, "I was so nervous and frightened during the remainder of the voyage that, I assure you, I never slept a wink; and I was so grateful when I found myself safe in New York that I offered then and there a prayer of thanksgiving that came from my very heart."

I have had on board the "Germanic" on one voyage, passengers and crew inclusive, twelve hundred and fifty souls, among them representatives of every grade of society, from the millionaire and his family enjoying every luxury that money can procure, to the poor emigrant with all his worldly possessions on his back. During the many years that I was at sea and in command, I never forgot that I was responsible for the lives of the thousands of people who have crossed the Atlantic under my protection. It is impossible for me to recount the number of times that husbands have brought on board their wives and children, and fathers their daughters, to go to Europe without any protector, and, after taking leave of them, have come to me and said: "Captain, I place them in your hands; take good care of them." I never heard those words with indifference, but always accepted the trust in the same spirit in which it was given to me.

When the weather is clear, the sea calm, and the ship flying along at the rate of sixteeen or more knots an hour, the captain can take some rest and comfort; but as these conditions are, for the greater part of the year, the exception rather than the rule, his duties are heavy and manifold. In a moment of danger he must be quick to think and quick to act. On board his ship he stands alone in his authority; his word is law, and none can dispute it. Many persons think that too much power is vested in the captain; but as accidents usually occur suddenly, there is no time to hold a meeting and discuss what is best to be done: the most serious results might ensue while the question was being decided.

In order to prove the truth of my statement I will narrate one incident from my experience, which took place when in command of the "Baltic" in 1873.

We were about half way across the Atlantic on our passage to Liverpool. I went down to the saloon that day, as usual when the weather permitted, to take my lunch, and was sitting at the table talking with those near me. Happening to turn around, I saw my servant enter the door, and was instantly aware by his agitated appearance that something was wrong.

He came up to me and, speaking in a low tone, so as not to be heard by others, said, "The ship is on fire forward, sir." For one moment my heart leaped into my throat and my blood ran cold. Fire on board ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean is no trifling matter. I knew that there was a large quantity of cotton on board, and, as we had but few steerage passengers, it had been stowed in the compartment usually allotted to them, and I realized at once the danger we were in. Not wishing to alarm any one, I quietly laid down my knife and fork, arose from my chair, and went on deck. The sight that met my eyes was appalling. Smoke and flame fully six feet in height were pouring out of the forward ventilators. The hose had been connected and the pumps started. All the men were at work making every effort to subdue the fire, but thus far had made no visible impression upon it. Although no alarm had been given, the passengers soon heard that the ship was on fire, and one and all rushed on deck. They stood pale and terrified, looking alternately at the flames and at me to see what steps I was about to take; but there was no screaming nor any sign of a panic.

I soon discovered that nothing could be done through the ventilators and ordered them to be covered with tarpaulins. I then had the hatches removed, to reach the source from which the fire originated. As soon as the hatchway was opened, a dense black volume of smoke arose, followed by flame. The water that was then poured down had not the least effect, and I saw that there was no time to lose if the ship was to be saved.

At the time this disaster occurred she was running before a strong westerly gale and heavy sea. An idea suddenly flashed through my mind and I at once determined to act upon it. I went up on the bridge and, calling to all who were on deck, told them to get under cover as quickly as possible. I immediately ordered the helm to be put to port, bringing the sea nearly abeam. A tremendous wave broke on board filling the hatchways and flooding the deck. Tons of water poured down below, and instead of black smoke issuing from the hatch, I saw a cloud of steam ascend, proving that the fire was under control.

I kept the ship before the wind and sea, and set all hands to work hoisting up bales of cotton. In about an hour they reached the place where the fire commenced, and I had the satisfaction of seeing it very soon extinguished. Although the passengers were very much frightened, there was but little commotion, and I must give them the credit of manifesting wonderful self-control under the exciting circumstances.

The source of the greatest peril to all ships crossing the Atlantic, and that most dreaded by all commanders, is fog. The speed and size of the large steamers in the hands of competent and vigilant men are conducive in many instances to their safety; and were it not for this *bête noire* of the sea, ocean travellers would have little to fear.

The importance of a code of marine signals, simple in its arrangement, for use in foggy weather, cannot be too strongly advocated. A commander standing upon the bridge, his ship enveloped in a dense mass of impenetrable vapor, has but his sense of hearing to depend upon, and can be guided only by that. He stands at his post, every nerve drawn to its highest tension, listening for sounds that for hours do not reach him. At last, from a distance a faint whistle is borne on the air, and he is then instantly on the alert.

He strains his ear to locate the sound, for the fog is so dense

that he cannot see twenty yards away. Is she a slower steamer than his own that he is overtaking, or is it one that he is meeting? There is nothing in that one blast to give him any information, and he can only wait and listen. He sounds his steamer's whistle once or twice, according as he ports or starboards his helm, and awaits the answering signal. Nothing reaches his ear but the one blast at short intervals. He can only rely on his judgment, and, reducing the speed, keep on the course he has selected.

The sound becomes clearer. The unknown ship is approaching, and he realizes that she is drawing nearer and nearer; so near that his heart is beating rapidly, and he almost holds his breath in the intensity of his anxiety. A dark shadowy form passes so closely to him that for a moment his blood runs cold, and every pulsation ceases; but the danger is over. She has disappeared in the fog, and he can breathe again, for his ship and all on board are safe.

This is but one of the thousands of hair-breadth escapes that have occurred on the ocean which have never been recorded and which will never be known.

This subject is being taken up with apparent earnestness by the American public, but it remains to be seen what the results of the International Marine Conference that is to meet in Washington next fall will be. Will a uniform system of compass fog-signals be established? or will it be necessary to wait until two of the enormous steamships of the Atlantic crash together in mid-ocean, and hundreds of lives and a large amount of property have been sacrificed, in order to convince the maritime nations that such signals are needed and should be adopted by all steamers at sea in every part of the world?

CHAS. WM. KENNEDY,
Late Commander of the White Star steamer "Germanic."

EARLY DAYS OF A DRAMATIST.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

It was a great misfortune! The facility with which "London Assurance" was written, and the success following its representation, served to intoxicate and demoralize a sanguine youth in his teens, whose knowledge of mankind had been gathered from fiction impregnating a lively imagination. The enmity of the envious, which he should have regarded as the natural product of his popularity, aroused his resentment and fired his Irish blood. The newspaper press awaited the appearance of his second work, "The Irish Heiress," and his third, "Old Heads and Young Hearts." To neither of these was ascribed the merit assigned to his first comedy; and yet the character of *Jesse Rural*, drawn from nature, seems to be a literary portrait of more value than any of the heartless types of the older and more shallow composition.

Up to this time the two great, and so-called Royal, theatres of London, Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, enjoyed the exclusive right to perform the "legitimate" drama. This privilege, confirmed to them by Royal charter, was jealously guarded. The other theatres were restricted to the representation of melodrama, farce, burlesque; for at this period the line between melodrama and tragedy was clearly defined. Melodrama, or music drama, was, originally, a romantic and sentimental pantomime, with an orchestral accompaniment. Gradually the action was aided by snatches of dialogue, which by degrees occupied a larger space, and snatches of music were interposed; but music was still considered an essential part of this kind of play. When the minor theatres desired to produce a five-act comedy or tragedy, to evade the rights of the "patent" theatres they introduced a piece of

music into each act; under which transparent pretence they claimed to have melodramatized the work. This silly contest was ended by an Act of Parliament abolishing the monopoly enjoyed by the two Royal theatres. It should be observed that this protection had been confined to London and the precincts of the Court.

The result proved disastrous to the English stage. Its dignity and grandeur had been upheld by these two institutions, which were regarded by the public and by the stage as the Temples of the Art. The great object of an actor's ambition was to be enrolled in the hierarchy of the drama. An engagement at either house was a patent of artistic nobility. On their entablatures were inscribed the great names of the past; from Betterton to Edmund Kean, all the monarchs of the stage had been crowned there; their appearance elsewhere was a condescension; all the distinguished dramatists were associated with Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, where their works had been produced. It was anticipated that the freedom of reproducing the higher class of drama in the minor houses would raise the public taste. It simply reduced the great houses to insignificance. And the results followed so immediately upon the passage of the act that they must be regarded as unquestionable. The important companies of the two theatres were disbanded within two years and scattered amongst the minor houses; some few became wandering stars. Within five years Covent-Garden was extinguished as a theatre and was turned into an Italian opera-house. Drury-Lane was given over to the circus which was soon established on its stage; its name became a by-word.

From that period until the present there have not been in London any companies of tragedians or comedians capable of performing the high class of dramatic works, and no dramatic works of great calibre have been produced. The attempts made by Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre, and the efforts of Mr. Irving more recently at the Lyceum, presented Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean on a pedestal, surrounded and supported by satellites; and Mr. Irving and Miss Terry ornamented by the scene-painter, while their company furnished the background. Turn from these compositions to regard the production of "Richelieu" where Macready, Phelps, Warde, Elton, Bennet, Anderson, Helen Faucit—seven great tragedians—supported the work!

Again, let us try to remember what important characters have been the outcome of the careers of the two recent dynasties of Kean and Irving. We fail to remember one! These artists have not left one legacy to the *répertoire* of the drama with which their names can be associated as that of Macready is associated with *William Tell*, with *Richelieu*, with *Claude Melnotte*, with *Virginius*, with *Werner*, with *Macbeth*, with *Lear!* These are not comparisons—they are facts. There is only one stern question and true test that can be applied to the dramatist or to the actor, if we would determine the quality of his talents: what characters has he left as heirlooms to the stage and to dramatic literature? He can materialize to the future in that way alone. Shakspere and Molière live, not by the general literary merit of their works, but by the characters they have drawn; they live by the personages of *Hamlet*, *Tartuffe*, *Lear*, *Jourdain*, *Rosalind*, *Sganarelle*, *Harpagon*, *Pourceaugnac*, *Scapin*, *Othello*, *Juliet* and *Shylock*, *Macbeth* and *Richard*.

In like manner, Garrick, Kemble, and Edmund Kean have so associated their names with certain characters that these may be said to belong to them. All dramatic works that afford no such remarkable features are of secondary importance, however excellent in other respects they may be. Thus "Measure for Measure" is, in all respects, a better work than "Richard the Third," but it has not the prominent feature of the personage afforded by the Tiger King; and had Shakspere written only such plays as the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "All's Well That Ends Well," he would have scarcely emerged from the crowd of brilliant dramatists that formed the Elizabethan group.

If any one of the great companies that furnished the last seasons of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden theatres could be available at this moment, the showmen managers of this day would take counsel of *Juliet* and cut it up into stars to make fine the face of the many-citied West. It may be said that aged folks ever incline to magnify the figures remembered in their youth. It may be so. Yet if Edwin Forrest could at this moment appear at Daly's or at Palmer's theatre and spread himself, he would lift the roof off! It is no desire to belittle Zola to consider him a pigmy beside Balzac. Let us, then, acknowledge frankly that in literature and in the arts the products of this age are inferior,

while its useful discoveries and scientific progress compensate for the manifest decline in other directions.

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In 1843, Mr. Webster, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, finding that the supply of works of the higher class had, as already stated, suddenly fallen off, offered a reward of £500, together with contingent advantages, for the best five-act comedy. The manuscripts were to be sent in anonymously; a motto or a feigned name was to distinguish each work. A judicial committee, composed of literary men, actors, and critics, was formed, to read and decide upon the merits of the plays. Charles Kemble, Planché, Robert Bell, and others consented to serve, and one hundred and one comedies were submitted. Douglas Jerrold and Boucicault were at this time preparing comedies for the theatre. Jerrold asked Boucicault if he intended to compete. The younger dramatist replied that he regarded the prize as tendered to the literary world at large, with the object of ascertaining whether there existed some unknown genius striving for recognition; and therefore he considered himself out of the contest. Jerrold concurred in this view, and agreed with Boucicault to reserve his fire. The choice of the committee fell on a comedy entitled "Moonshine," which proved to be the work of Mr. Charles Gore, the novelist. After careful preparation, this play was produced before an audience, also carefully prepared. The first two acts received a mild welcome; the third provoked that dismal silence preceding an unfavorable verdict, which was precipitated by a voice from the pit (did it come from Horace Mayhew?) pronouncing the word "moonshine" with fatal significance. The comedy was damned. To a question addressed to Planché concerning the hundred rejected works, he assured us that most of them were beneath notice, and the very few containing any merit were inferior to "Moonshine." This failure was quickly followed by the production of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and of Jerrold's lovely comedy "Time Works Wonders," each of which scored a great success, especially Jerrold's work.

Let us recall another event which occurred about this time. Macready, who was manager of Drury-Lane, accepted a play in blank verse, entitled "Plighted Troth." It was the work of the Rev. Charles Darley, a brother of George Darley, the eminent reviewer and dramatic poet. These gentlemen were the uncles

of Dion Boucicault, being the brothers of his mother, from whom he had derived whatever talents he possessed. If she could have transmitted to him the nobler and sweeter qualities of her nature, he might have taken a place in Irish literature nearer to Goldsmith. How well he remembers the boyish eagerness with which he ran to her side, eager for her sympathy, and, seated at her feet, read out his day's work. He can hear her low laugh of approval, or her quick dissent, as she pointed with her needle to passages which she questioned, and she was always right; her reproof was a model of tender justice. But let that pass! "Plighted Troth," when read by the group of literary henchmen of Macready, was proclaimed to be a *chef d'œuvre*. Lytton Bulwer, John Forster, White, and the rest sang its praises in the Athæneum and the Garrick clubs. The press published excerpt passages as foretastes of the quality the public might expect. Drury-Lane Theatre was closed for a grand rehearsal ; this unusual step increased the excitement. A select audience was admitted to witness this exhibition. It was not called a trial, for to question the forthcoming success would have been to stultify one's self in such an assembly. During that night, and after each act, we broke into groups and gave vent to expressions of delight. Passages were quoted, and, of course, macadamized in the process. Such enthusiasm was unprecedented. Taking aside Robert Bell, the dearest and best of his friends, Boucicault confessed to a jealous feeling that rendered him blind to the merits of the play.

"My dear Bell," he whispered, "I can see nothing in it. The plot appears to me to be stupid, the dialogue inflated; if this play is right, then I am all wrong. And I must be worse than wrong, for I feel I am mean and a fraud, seeing I came here, as I thought, heartily wishful to greet a success."

"My dear boy," Bell replied, "moderate your transports. I am of your opinion. Let us hope the public will not think as we do !"

The next night the play was produced. It was condemned unmercifully. The audience yawned through the first part; they "guyed" the third and fourth, and they yelled with derisive laughter over the fifth. But how is this ? Where are those critics, those *dilettanti* who were so enthusiastic only twenty-four hours previously ? Here they are in similar groups in the box corridors and the saloons, between the acts, groaning

over the palpable errors in the work. "How is it possible that Macready, with all his experience, could have overlooked such and such deficiency?" "Why did they not cut that insufferably long speech that taxed the patience of the public?" etc., etc. There was only one spectator who had a good word for the piece, and that was dear, simple-minded, big-hearted Sheridan Knowles. He found merit where the audience could discover only dulness. He thought, doubtless, that Boucicault felt chagrined at this result (but he grieved not very deeply, for both George and Charles Darley had regarded his efforts as those of a runaway schoolboy, who deserved to be whipped back to his lessons). So, as Knowles warmly opposed the public verdict, he simply betrayed his own gentle spirit as he clothed the work with the radiance of his good nature,—and oh, how ineffably lovable that nature was!

One night we visited the Strand Theatre. We were "on the ramble," and he loved the minor theatres. The piece was a commonplace, shallow, old-fashioned melodrama, but Knowles clung to it, laughed, wept, clutched the arm of his companion at the moments of suspense, happy as a child. At last the reluctant dramatist was dragged away, intending to find a passage to the street by the stage-door. We were squeezing our way behind the scenes, when Knowles, striving to catch another glimpse of the piece as we passed the wings, found the *Prince*, played by Mr. Binge, seated on a throne while a ballet was being performed for his royal delectation. Knowles, his face working with unsatisfied interest, reached into the wing behind the throne, and, punching the *Prince* in the back to call his attention, whispered eagerly:

"Binge, me dear boy, tell me, do you marry her in the end?"

"Yes, I do."

"God bless you!" cried Knowles, with a sigh of relief.

Oh! they don't make great men that way now!

At the peril of being set down for a garrulous bore, let us dwell on a little incident that serves to exhibit the modesty of the greatest dramatic poet of our century. His play, "The Bride of Messina," was on rehearsal at Covent-Garden. We were seated on the stage, listening to the second act, rehearsed by Anderson and Moore. It was the gem of the piece. The action took place on Mount Etna, painted by Telbin and Grieve. Breathless with

interest and admiration, Boucicault turned to Knowles, when the act was over, exclaiming :

"Oh, what a magnificent scene that is between the father and son !"

"Is it ?" replied the old poet dreamily; "but there is a finer one at the back of it. The audience will not be able to hear me for looking at them. Oh, dear heart ! What can I do in front of that ?" pointing to the elaborate painting by the two great artists.

These few modest words contain a deprecation of the over-dressing which since that time has smothered the Drama and turned the poet into a mannikin.

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If the incident of the production of "Plighted Troth" has been mentioned (it was saluted, by the way, as "Slighted Broth" by the wicked), it is to underline the fact that the public, as a mass, possess an intelligence that no individuals, however gifted, can exercise ; but when individuals become members of a great audience, their individuality appears to be lost in that curious compound of intelligence we call "the public." So, if the experience of actors and critics be brought to the consideration of a work before performance, their aptitude for misjudgment has passed into a theatrical proverb.

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Albert Smith was a dentist who operated in Percy Street, Bedford Square, where a few scribblers of that day used to squander good things of an evening. He was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*. Amongst these scribblers were Gilbert à Beckett, the two Mayhews, Tom Taylor, Jerrold, Thackeray, Kenney, Tom Hood, the artist ; Dicky Doyle and Mark Lemon. The place of meeting was a small public house, in a by-street behind the Olympic Theatre, kept by Mark Lemon, who was the editor. Some of these, perhaps the most Bohemian amongst those Bohemians, would occasionally carry their pipes to Percy Street. It was to one of these meetings that Boucicault read his drama, "The Willow Copse," by the light of a single tallow candle and of the bright wits of the crowd. At the end of the third act, when the great pathetic moment arrived, when his little audience, breathless with interest, had let their pipes out, the solitary candle, which had dwindled unnoticed into the socket, suddenly

went out with a hiss and a gobble, deluging the situation with a roar of laughter.

It was at one of these meetings we fell to a discussion of the question how far the occupation of the English stage by French plays would tend to injure and demoralize our dramatic literature.

"One result," suggested Boucicault, "has already been reached. The price of a play in five acts has been until now five hundred pounds. Webster has recently told me that he can go to Paris and take his pick amongst assured successes over there. He can get his choice translated into decent English for fifty pounds. Why should he pay me five hundred for a new piece which may fail?"

This *argumentum ad pocketum* had a brief but brilliant success, until one of the party began to advocate free trade in thought. Shakespere had borrowed his substance from the Italians. Wycherly and his followers had done likewise from the French.

"That is true," retorted the protectionists, "but the great value of our drama lies, not in the stuff borrowed, but in the use it is put to."

"Then go to Paris," interposed Kenney; "take their stuff and put it to better use."

Tom Taylor adhered to this view.

"The Dramatic Authors' Society," shouted one side, "will become a den of thieves!"

"Why not?" grinned Jerrold. "So long as the thief takes enough, he remains respectable. Look at the Stock Exchange and the House of Commons."

Then we all fell to speaking together, in the midst of which uproar John Parry pounded eight chords on the piano and commenced "*Robert, toi que j'aime*" as a solo on the oboe, imitating admirably that squeaky instrument in his voice. The chorus of applause which followed was interrupted by the head of a policeman introduced gravely inside the den.

"Gentlemen," said Albert Smith, under this disguise, "I am sorry to interrupt, but there is an invalid neighbor, whose rest you are disturbing. The lady is on the hall door-step, outside, very drunk, and she complains of your noise."

The truth was that a very respectable old lady, occupying the floor above, had come down to expostulate privately with Smith

on the uproar going on in his room. She fled upstairs when she heard the words in which he had formulated her complaint.

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Nevertheless, the emasculating influence of the French drama went on, and the ingenious, pretty works of Scribe brought down the robust figure and healthy tone of the English stage to a trivial and effeminate business. There seemed to be no help for it. At the commencement of the career of Boucicault, he devoted himself to the composition of original plays. Such were "London Assurance," "The Irish Heiress," "Woman," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "Alma Mater," and others of less importance, all written before he was one-and-twenty; but the proceeds of them were insufficient to maintain the household, for the success of his first comedy opened his extravagant heart, and nothing would serve but he must have his mother and eldest brother over from Ireland to share his good fortune, which seemed to be boundless. They consented to join him in London for a visit of six months. They remained forty years. The boy was too proud of the burden to feel it, but the racehorse went to the plow with a little sigh, as he put his neck in the collar to work for weekly wages. Sometimes he took a free gallop, as when he wrote "The School for Scheming" and "Love in a Maze"; but these five-act comedies added more to his literary than to his pecuniary credit.

At this time Macready retired into private life. The farewell engagement took place at the Haymarket Theatre, where he appeared in a series of characters most associated with his name. The engagement was not a very remarkable success. Macready was a scholarly actor, an admirable reader, severely good, but lacking personal charm; hard, angular, with a metallic voice, he was fitted for such characters as *Virginius*, *William Tell*, *Coriolanus*, *Werner*, and, perhaps, *Prospero* and *Lear*. But in *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Richard*—in fact, in all the more passionate heroes—he was inefficient. Nature had not cast him for such emotions. However, he might have said with Metternich, "After me chaos"; for after him the influence of the French drama became paramount, and the English drama sounded its lowest literary depths. Charles Kean had assumed the management of the Princess's Theatre with a flourish of trumpets. He appeared in the "Corsican Brothers" and "Pauline," two French melodramas reshaped by Boucicault, from whom he received also

"Louis the Eleventh" and "Faust and Margaret." These, together with a few revivals of Shakspere, framed to present Mr. and Mrs. Kean, were the only outcome of the seven years' dynasty of the tragedian. Irving, at the earnest request of Boucicault, took the character of *Louis*, and played it, in the humble opinion of the author, with much more force than Kean, while in "The Corsican Brothers" Kean excelled Irving in the depth of his intensity. But it was all inspired by the French. Kean went to Paris to see Ligier in "Louis," and Fechter in "The Corsican Brothers" and in "Pauline." He took it all in, and returned topfull of the character and the methods of the French actors. Irving, it is just to say, drew from no such source.

Amongst the actors of merit left by the school of Macready were Phelps, Anderson, and Gutavus Brooke, the last of the paladins, with whom it may be said English tragedy expired. Brooke failed to impress the London audience, but of the three he was the greatest. In this respect he may be likened to the first of the Booths. Had this erratic genius pleased to return to England in 1833, when the death of Edmund Kean had left the throne of tragedy to Macready, he might have mounted it by his incontestable right. The great tragic poets, Knowles, Talfourd, and Bulwer, had retired or were dead, and no one arose to take, or even to aspire to, their places.

DION BOUCICAULT.

THE HERO IN FICTION.

BY H. H. BOYESEN, PROFESSOR OF GERMAN IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

SOMETIMES a nightmarish sensation comes over me, that I am living somebody else's life—that I am repeating with a helpless, hideous regularity the thoughts and deeds, the blunders and successes, of some creature that lived ages ago. If heroes of fiction were endowed with the power of sensation, they would, no doubt, be oppressed with a similar consciousness of preëxistence. For most of them have not only their prototypes, but their exact counterparts, in the ages of the past. Environments may change, and are continually changing; and a certain modification in the hero's external guise and speech and sentiment may be the result of what we call "modern improvement." But in their innermost core the characters remain essentially the same. The fundamental traits of human nature, transmitted by inheritance from generation to generation, seem capable of but a limited amount of variation, and it would seem as if the novelists had already reached the limit.

The novel has existed, in one shape or another, from the earliest period of which history has preserved the record. By the novel I mean literature of entertainment; and when the art of writing was still unknown, the spoken story took the place of the written. Bards, *raconteurs*, rhapsodists, scalds, troubadours, ballad-singers, *improvisatori* have at different times ministered, and, in part, do yet minister, to this innate craving for fiction among the classes which are never reached by literature in the stricter sense. Whether there have been found cuneiform novels on the sun-baked bricks of Babylon and Nineveh I do not know; but the fragments of mythological poems which have been discovered suffice to show that the cuneiform equivalent for a novelist

was not wanting. As for the Egyptians, their ingeniously-elaborate style of writing must have been a sad restraint upon the hieroglyphic novelist when he was inclined to be prolific; and that may be one of the reasons why no hieroglyphic novels have been unearthed in the tombs or temples or pyramids. The king had apparently (if we may judge by the extravagant fictions concerning himself and his deeds which he inscribed upon the public monuments) a monopoly on novel-writing, as on everything else that was pleasant and profitable. The priests worked out his plots in prose and verse, and supplied heroic embellishments *ad libitum*.

Having established this broad definition of fiction, let us take a look at the gallery of popular heroes which the novels of all ages supply. The oldest hero, as well as the newest (if we except the very latest development), is the man who looms a head above all the people. It is the king, the chieftain, the demi-god, whose strength, and prowess, and beauty, physical or moral, thrill the soul, and kindle, by admiring sympathy, the heroic possibilities in our own hearts. Each nation sees its own ideal in this type, and modifies it in accordance with its character. Achilles, though swift-footed, brave and beautiful, is petulant as a child, hot-tempered, and by no means a model of virtue, but, for all that, superb adjectives are heaped upon him, showing that he was meant to be a national ideal. Still nearer to this distinction comes the wily Ulysses, whose readiness of resource, faithlessness, and cheerful mendacity are so remote from Germanic notions of heroism that a modern novelist, if he used him at all, would be compelled to assign to him the part of the villain.

Sigfrid in the "Nibelungen Lied" is, perhaps, the completest general embodiment of the Germanic hero. Sigfrid is, like Achilles, brave, beautiful, and strong, and he is also repeatedly described as swift (*der snelle recke*); but here the resemblance ceases. Even though the story in the mediæval German version may contradict the poet, when he calls him faithful, it is obvious that the potion of oblivion (which the Icelandic version supplies) is responsible for his breach of faith to Brunhild. He is truthful, gentle, forgiving, an ardent, chivalrous lover and a chaste and affectionate husband. He resembles in many respects the Celtic King Arthur,—also a god-descended hero,—but is more warmly human, and less of a faultless prig. In the Icelandic version in

the Elder Edda, he is wilder, more ferocious, more frankly barbarian. There is a freshness of dawn and a new-born world upon his love for Brunhild—a feature which is most exquisitely preserved in Wagner's opera "Sigfrid," but, beyond a proud truthfulness and regard for his promise, he is not troubled with many modern virtues. As an heroic type, he recurs with slight modifications in a number of the Norse Sagas; and he has been and is the hero of innumerable English, German, and Scandinavian novels. In fact, the romantic school of fiction knows scarcely any other style of hero; and is forced, in order to excite admiration, to repeat the Sigfrid type, more or less disguised, *ad infinitum*. Take the heroes of Walter Scott's novels, one by one (conspicuously Ivanhoe), and what are they but pale reflections of the general Germanic ideal? Tremendously brave, surpassingly strong, extravagantly virtuous, pursued by hostile powers which threaten to overwhelm them, but over which they ultimately triumph,—is not that a fair description of the usual hero of romanticism? Whether he wears doublet and hose, or frock-coat and trousers, he is always the same fellow at heart, and he rarely fails to win, as the prize of his valor, his female counterpart, for whose sake he breaks many a lance in life's perilous tourney. In Mr. Marion Crawford's novels, "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," I recently renewed my acquaintance with the Sigfrid type in a modernized guise, and in Cooper's "Leather-stocking Tales" he is perpetually recurring.

Another type of the romantic hero is represented by the fairy tale of the Poor Boy who kills the Ogre and marries the beautiful Princess. Boots he used to be called in the English fairy-tale, and in the Norwegian he is called Ashiepattle. In the so-called Romantic Sagas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries he is a favorite hero. He is of lowly origin, has had no advantages of education, is often buffeted and maltreated by his associates; but by dint of indomitable energy and perseverance conquers all obstacles, and finally marries his employer's daughter, or whoever else the Princess may be upon whom he has set his heart. Of course, if the author is a cruel wretch, with no regard for tender readers, he may vary the *dénouement* by landing the fair lady in the arms of the rich and hateful rival, whom the odious parent has selected for a son-in-law; but then the chances are that son-in-law No. 1 will be short lived, and the loving

hearts will be united in the last chapter. Dickens is very fond of this Ashiepattle style of hero, and has used him with success in "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," and many other romances. In the French novel, he is the young man from the provinces who comes to Paris in *sabots* and rises to fame and fortune. Daudet has him in "Le Nabab," but though he gets his Princess, he has to content himself without half the kingdom. In fact, the modern novelists, since the death of Dumas *père*, are no longer so lavish of kingdoms, and sometimes, from sheer malice, pursue Ashiepattle and his Princess beyond the honeymoon, and broadly hint that they did not "live happily ever afterward." But that is so reprehensible that I wish it could be forbidden by an act of Congress, or that a tax might be levied (it is such an easy thing to get a tax levied and so hard to get one removed) on every novel that does not end happily.

In the American novel, the Ashiepattle hero is very popular under the guise of the self-made man. Our National history is really a romance of the Ashiepattle among the nations, who beat the British ogre, and wedded the beautiful Princess Liberty, and conquered a kingdom compared with which those of the ancient fairy tales were scarcely worth considering. We have, therefore, a National sympathy with Ashiepattle in his struggles, and demand that his success shall be brilliant and pronounced. It will not do to cheat him out of the fruit of his labor, as Mr. Howells has done in "Lemuel Barker," and Mr. James in "The American," or to develop weaknesses in him which make him unworthy of success, as the former has done in "A Modern Instance," and the latter in "Roderick Hudson." Hardly more commendable is the example of Mr. Howe, who, in his powerful novel, "The Story of a Country Town," made the road to success itself so gloomy and the success itself so modest as not to seem worth the trouble of the pursuit. It is our National comedy, as well as the National tragedy—this struggle of the Poor Boy for the Princess and half the kingdom; and we may be pardoned if we take a more personal interest in the fortunes of the hero than is compatible with artistic impartiality.

A type of hero which is happily rare in American fiction is what Rousseau calls "the grand and virtuous criminal," whom Bulwer domesticated in English literature in "Eugene Aram." The type was popular in Germany at a much earlier period, as

Schiller had invested it with the charm of his genius in Karl Moor in "The Robbers" and in "Fiesco." The man who wages war single-handed against a corrupt and pusillanimous society—who is forced into the career of a criminal because all roads of honorable utility are closed to him—was a direct outgrowth of the sentimental philosophy of Rousseau, and at different times occupied the fancy of every poet and novelist who came under his influence. The Problematic Character, which Goethe sketched and Spielhagen elaborately studied, is essentially the same type, and has yet an enormous vogue in the German novel. In Spielhagen, the Problematic Character ends his life on the barricades or by suicide, but usually escapes the ignominy of a jail. He is a radical of an extreme type, and labors for the reconstruction of society according to the socialistic ideal.

It will be observed that all the heroes I have so far described have one thing in common. They are all heroic. They loom a head above all the people. The heroic criminal is no exception, for he is meant to demonstrate, not his own depravity, but that of the mediocre herd who are incapable of appreciating his grandeur. The latest development of the novel breaks with this tradition. It really abolishes the hero. It has, to be sure, a central character about whom the events group themselves; but this central character founds his claim upon the reader's interest, not upon any exceptional brilliancy or attraction, but upon his typical capacity, as representing a large class of his fellow-men. This is the great and radical change which the so-called realistic school of fiction has inaugurated, and it is fraught with momentous consequences. The novel, as soon as it sets itself so serious an aim, is no longer an irresponsible play of fancy, however brilliant, but acquires an historical importance in relation to the age to which it belongs. The Germans are never weary of emphasizing what they call *die kulturgeschichtliche Bedeutung des Romans;* and it represents to me the final test by which a novelist is to be judged. Thackeray, for instance, is, to my mind, a far greater novelist than Dickens, because he has, to a large extent, chronicled the manners, speech, and sentiments of England during his own day. He dealt chiefly with what is called good society, and the completeness, the truthfulness, and the vividness of his picture no one can question. Dickens, though perhaps more brilliantly equipped, had no

ambition to be truthful. He had the romantic ideal in view, and produced a series of extremely entertaining tales, which are incidentally descriptive of manners, but caricatured, extravagant, and fantastic. The future historian, who should undertake to reconstruct the Victorian England from the romances of Dickens, would be justified in the conclusion that the majority of Englishmen during that period were afflicted with some cerebral disorder. He might with equal profit study "Alice behind the Looking-Glass."

Thackeray's heroes, then, derive their chief value from the fact of their not being heroic. Arthur Pendennis, Clive Newcome, Harry Esmond, Captain Dobbin, Rawdon Crawley, and all the rest of them,—how well we know them! How near they are to our hearts! There is a chapter of social history bound up in every one of them. They were in the best sense representative and typical. That was the way Englishmen acted, spoke, and felt during the first half of the nineteenth century. Thackeray's novels are an historical document of unimpeachable veracity. But take the Guppys, Smallweeds, Tootses, Murdocks, Betsy Trotwoods, and Micawbers—how utterly absurd and unreal they seem by comparison! A critic would have to be preternaturally acute to find in them any trace of representative value. Even George Eliot's heroes, though they are psychologically true, have less of the earthy flavor of reality about them than those of Thackeray. They were drawn, primarily, to illustrate a moral law or problem, and they are admirably adapted for this purpose. We know them; but we know them less intimately than we do Colonel Newcome, and Clive, and Pen. Lydgate is typical, both as to character and fate, and so are Rosamond and Sir James Chettam, Casaubon and Dorothea. But they lack the last touch of substantiality which distinguishes such a character as, for instance, old Major Pendennis or the sportive Harry Foker. They would, for the purposes of my hypothetical historian, be less valuable than the very sordid company who are immortalized between the covers of "Vanity Fair."

Any observant reader will have noticed, as a further evidence of the evolution of fiction, that the hero of the modern novel is no longer a gentleman of leisure, whose sole business in life is to make love and run into debt. It was supposed formerly that a hero would have to be high-born, handsome, and rich in order to

command the interest of young ladies (who, at all times, have been the novelist's chief patrons), and all gifts of nature and fortune were, therefore, lavished upon him. But either the sentiments of the fair damsels must have been misunderstood, or less regard is now paid to them. For the heroes of the most modern tales are apt to be men who are neither high-born nor rich; who have much business of a practical sort to attend to, and write their *billets doux* on half-sheets with the printed letter-heads of their firm. Engineers have especially developed an extrordinary popularity, in witness of which I might cite Ohnet's "Maître des Forges," Daudet's "Jack," Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and a multitude of others. The merchant, the editor, the farmer, and even the reporter and the clerk and the farm-hand are now attracting the attention of the novelist, and they are being portrayed not only in their leisure hours, but in their offices among bills of exchange and boxes, bales and barrels, ploughs and harrows. "The novelist," says the German critic, Julian Schmidt, "must seek the German people where the German people is to be found, *i. e.*, at its labor." And it is not only the German people which is to be found at its labor. The American people has probably less leisure than any nation under the sun, and its novelists, if they aim at realism, must acquire the art of converting the National industries into literary material. Mr. Howells has made an admirable beginning in this direction in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which depicts a typical American merchant, a self-made man, in his strength as in his limitations. We see the whole life of the man in all its important phases; his pride in his mineral paint; his social insecurity and awkwardness; his pleasure in his horses; his relations with his family. In short, Colonel Silas Lapham is as vivid a reality to us as any of his counterparts around the corner, whom we meet daily, but do not know half so well. Silas Lapham, however, enables us to know them better and to judge them more justly.

I am aware that journalists are disposed to resent the picture which Mr. Howells has drawn of them in Bartley Hubbard in "A Modern Instance." It is, perhaps, possible that Bartley is not strikingly typical as a journalist; but that he embodies a very prevalent type in our National life is, I think, beyond dispute. The unscrupulous smart young man, with a kind of superficial cleverness, but utterly destitute of moral sense—who is there among us

who does not know him to his cost? There is not an American village which cannot exhibit him in numerously varied editions. I believe that it is also a fact that he is apt to drift into journalism, as offering the shortest and easiest road to the eminence which he feels sure is within his reach.

There is not another American novelist who has apprehended so deeply and portrayed so faithfully two such types of our National life as Silas Lapham and Bartley Hubbard. Mr. James does not know the country well enough to achieve anything so vital in the way of American portraiture, and each new book which he puts forth shows a further alienation from his nationality. His point of view is already that of the American colonist in Paris, London, or Rome, who has learned to be ashamed of his origin. Even such types as Mr. Newman in "The American," and Roderick and Rowland in "Roderick Hudson" (admirable though they be) lack the strong flavor of the soil which delights us in Bartley and Silas. While Mr. Howells appears to be getting a stronger grip on reality, as it fashions itself on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. James soars, like a high-bred and cynical eagle, in the upper air of the best British society, and looks down upon his former country with a sad, critical disapproval. Nevertheless, these two novelists, each within his own sphere and limitations, represent the latest evolution of realistic fiction. Their unheroic heroes are, as a rule, social types; and if (as I devoutly hope) long lives and unimpaired vigor be granted them, they may leave behind them a National portrait-gallery which will repay the study of the future historian.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

A PERSISTENT NATIONALITY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

STANDING to-day before the dim outline of Orcagna's "Hell" in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, and mentally comparing those mediæval demons and monsters and torturers on the frescoed wall in front of me with the more antique Etruscan devils and tormentors pictured centuries earlier on the ancient tombs of Etrurian princes, the thought, which had often occurred to me before, how essentially similar were the Tuscan intellect and Tuscan art in all ages, forced itself upon me once more at a flash with an irresistible burst of internal conviction. The identity of old and new seemed to stand confessed. Etruria throughout has been one and the same; and it is almost impossible for any one to over-estimate the influence of the powerful, but gloomy, Etruscan character upon the whole tone, not only of popular Christianity, but of that modern civilization which is its offspring and outcome.

I suppose it is hardly necessary, "in this age of enlightenment" (as people used to say in the last century), to insist any longer upon the obvious fact that conquest and absorption do not in any way mean extermination. Most people still vaguely fancy to themselves, to be sure, that, when Rome conquered and absorbed Etruria, the ancient Etruscan ceased at once to exist—was swallowed, as it were, and became forthwith, in some mysterious way, first a Roman, and then a modern Italian. And, in a certain sense, this is, no doubt, more or less true; but that sense is decidedly not the genealogical one. Manners change, but blood persists. The Tuscan people went on living and marrying under consul and emperor just as they had done under *lar* and *lucumo;* Latin and Gaul, Lombard and Goth, mingled with them in time, but did not efface them; and I do not doubt that the vast mass of the population of Tuscany at the present day is

still of preponderatingly Etruscan blood, though qualified, of course (and perhaps improved), by many Italic, Celtic, and Teutonic elements.

Again, when we remember that Florence, Pisa, Siena, Perugia are all practically in Tuscany, and that Florence alone has really given to the world Dante and Boccaccio, Galileo and Savonarola, Cimabue and Giotto, Botticelli and Fra Angelico, Donatello and Ghiberti, Michael Angelo and Raffael, Leonardo da Vinci and Macchiavelli and Alfieri, and a host of other almost equally great names, it will be obvious to every one that the problem of the origin of this Tuscan nationality must be one that profoundly interests the whole world. Nay, more, we must remember, too, that Etruria had other and earlier claims than these; that it spread up to the very walls of Rome; that the Etruscan element in Rome itself was immensely strong; that the Roman religion owed, confessedly, much to Tuscan ideas; that Latin Christianity, the Christianity of all the western world, took its shape in semi-Tuscan Rome; that the Roman Empire was largely modelled by the Etruscan Mæcenas; that the Italian renaissance was largely influenced by the Florentine Medici; that Leo the Tenth was himself a member of that great house; and that the artists whom he summoned to the metropolis to erect St. Peter's and to beautify the Vatican were, almost all of them, Florentines by birth, training, or domicile. I think, when we have run over mentally these and ten thousand other like facts, we will readily admit to ourselves the magnitude of the world's debt to Tuscany—social, artistic, intellectual, religious—both in ancient, mediæval, and modern times.

And what, now, was this strong Tuscan nationality, which persists so thoroughly through all external historical changes, and which has contributed so large and so marvellous a part to the world's thought and the world's culture? It is a curious consideration for those who talk so glibly about the enormous natural superiority of the Aryan race, that the ancient Etruscans were the one people of the antique European world, who, by common consent, did *not* belong to the Aryan family. They were strangers in the land, or, rather, perhaps they were its oldest possessors. Their language, their physique, their creed, their art, all point to a wholly different origin from the Aryans. I am not going, in a brief essay like this, to settle dogmatically, off-hand, the vexed

question of the origin and affinities of the Etruscan type: more nonsense, I suppose, has been talked and written upon that occult subject by learned men than even learned men have ever poured forth upon any other sublunary topic; but one thing at least, I take it, is absolutely certain amid the conflicting theories of ingenious theorists about the Etruscan race, and that one thing is that the Rasennæ stand in Europe absolutely alone, the sole representatives of some ancient and elsewhere exterminated stock, surviving only in Tuscany itself, and in the Rhætian Alps of the Canton Grisons.

At the moment when the Etruscans first appear in history, however, they appear as a race capable of acquiring and assimilating culture with great ease, rapidity, and certainty. No sooner do they come into contact with the Greek world than they absorb and reproduce all that was best and truest in Greek civilization. "Merely receptive—European Chinese," says, in effect, Mommsen, the great Roman historian: to me, that judgment, though true in some small degree, seems harsh indeed on a wider view, when applied to a people who begot at last the "Divina Commedia," the Campanile of Florence, the dome of St. Peter's, and the glories of the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace. It is quite true that the Etruscans themselves, like the Japanese in our own time, did at first accept most imitatively the Hellenic culture; but they gradually remolded it by their own effort into something new, growing and changing from age to age, until at last, in the Italian renaissance, they burst out with a wonderful and novel message to all the rest of dormant Europe.

One of the most persistent key-notes of this underlying Etruscan character is the solemn, weird, and gloomy nature of so much of the true Etruscan workmanship. From the very beginning they are strong, but sullen. Solidity and power, rather than beauty and grace, are what they aim at; and in this, Michael Angelo was a true Tuscan. If we look at the massive old Etruscan buildings, the Cyclopean walls of Fæsulæ and Volterræ, with their gigantic unhewn blocks, or the gloomy tombs of Clusium, with their heavy portals, and then at the frowning façade of the Strozzi or the Pitti Palace, we shall see in these, their earliest and latest terms, the special marks of Tuscan architecture. "Piled by the hands of giants for mighty kings of old," says Macaulay, well, of the Cyclopean walls. "It somewhat resembles

a prison or castle, and is remarkable for its bold simplicity of style, the unadorned huge blocks of stone being hewn smooth at the joints only," says a modern writer, of Brunelleschi's palatial masterpiece. Every visitor to Florence must have noticed on every side the marks of this sullen and rugged Etruscan character. Compare for a moment the dark bosses of the Palazzo Strozzi, the "*âpre énergie*" of the Palazzo Vecchio, the "*beauté sombre et sévère*" of the mediæval Bargello, with the open, airy brightness of the Doge's Palace, or the glorious Byzantine gold-and-blue of St. Mark's at Venice, and you get at once an admirable measure of this persistent trait in the Etruscan idiosyncrasy. Tuscan architecture is massive and morose where Venetian architecture is sunny and smiling.

Now, Tuscan religion has in all times been specially influenced by the peculiarly gloomy tinge of the Tuscan character. It has always been a religion of fear rather than of love; a religion that strove harder to terrorize than to attract; a religion full of devils, flames, tortures, and horrors; in short, a sort of horrible Chinese religion of dragons and monstrosities, and flames and goblins. In the painted tombs of ancient Etruria, you may see the familiar devil with his three-pronged fork thrusting souls back into the seething flood of a heathen hell, as Orcagna's here thrust them back similarly into that of its more modern Christian successor. All Etruscan art is full throughout of such horrors. You find their traces abundantly in the antique Etruscan museum at Florence; you find them on the mediæval Campo Santo at Pisa; you find them with greater skill, but equal repulsiveness, in the work of the great renaissance artists. The "ghastly glories of saints" the Tuscan revels in. The most famous portion of the most famous Tuscan poem is the "Inferno"—the part that gloats with minute and truly Tuscan realism over the torments of the damned in every department of the mediæval hell. And, as if still further to mark the continuity of thought, here in Orcagna's frescoes at Santa Maria Novella you have every horror of the heathen religion incongruously mingled with every horror of the Christian—gorgons and harpies and chimæras dire are tormenting the wicked under the eyes of the Madonna; centaurs are shooting and prodding them before the God of Love from the torrid banks of fiery lakes; furies with snaky heads are directing their punishments; Minos and Æacus are superintending their tasks; and, in

the centre of all, a huge Moloch demon is devouring them bodily in his fiery jaws, with hideous tusks as of a Japanese monster.

It would be a curious question to inquire how far these old and ingrained Etruscan ideas may have helped to modify and color the gentler conceptions of primitive Christianity. Certainly, one must never for a moment forget that Rome was at bottom nearly one-half Etruscan in character; that during the imperial period it became, in fact, the capital of Etruria; that myriads of Etruscans flocked to Rome; and that many of them, like Sejanus, had much to do with moulding and building up the imperial system. I do not doubt, myself, that Etruscan notions largely interwove themselves, from the very outset, with Roman Christianity; and whenever in the churches or galleries of Italy I see St. Lawrence frying on his gridiron, or St. Sebastian pierced through with many arrows, or the Innocents being massacred in unpleasant detail, or hell being represented with Dantesque minuteness and particularity of delineation, I say to myself, with an internal smile, "Etruscan influence."

How interesting it is, too, to observe the constant outcrop, under all forms and faiths, of this strange, underlying, non-Aryan type! The Etruscans are and always were remarkable for their intellect, their ingenuity, their artistic faculty; and even to this day, after so many vicissitudes, they stand out as a wholly superior people to the rough Genoese and the indolent Neapolitans. They have had many crosses of blood meanwhile, of course; and it seems probable that the crosses have done them good: for in ancient times it was Rome, the Etrurianized border city of the Latins, that rose to greatness, not Etruria itself; and at a later date, it was after the Germans had mingled their race with Italy that Florence almost took the place of Rome. Nay, it is known as a fact that under Otto the Great, a large Teutonic colony settled in Florence, thus adding to the native Etrurian race (especially to the nobility) that other element which the Tuscan seems to need in order that he may be spurred to the realization of his best characteristics. But allow as we may for foreign admixture, two points are abundantly clear to the impartial observer of Tuscan history: one, that this non-Aryan race has always been one of the finest and strongest in Italy; and the other, that from the very dawn of history its main characteristics, for good or for evil, have persisted most uninterruptedly till the present day.

GRANT ALLEN.

USE AND ABUSE OF CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

BY RICHARD RANDOLPH M'MAHON, DEPUTY COMPTROLLER OF THE TREASURY.

"Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!"—*Merchant of Venice.*

WHEN the Act for the Promotion of Civil Service was passed, the political spoilsmen felt as if highway robbery had been perpetrated upon them. To conceal the real motives of their hostility to the measure, they attacked its "constitutionality," as if they cared more for the Constitution than for patronage and plunder. Their new-born zeal for the "welfare" of that sacred instrument was of such sudden growth that it did not fail of being understood. The Pharisee of to-day is no better than the hypocrite of yesterday.

Honest men, bent upon purifying the public offices and liberating them from the slavery of political influences, laid bare the shameful and shameless methods which had governed appointments in every branch of the Government. Facts and figures were mustered. Pledges in party platforms were quoted. But the politicians would not be convinced. It was like witnessing a serio-comedy to see how many of them came up, all at once, like mushrooms, to arrest this "violation of the Constitution," and defend it from "outrage"—a work for which they were about as well qualified as they were to explore the unsurveyed land in the moon.

Politicians are pompous in their self-importance. The mercury stands high in them. They are like Pau-Puk-Keewis in "Hiawatha"—larger than the other beavers. No wonder, then, they assumed to "defend" the Constitution against Civil-Service Reform, which they are pleased to designate as foreign to the genius of our political institutions and as conducive to permanent office-holding.

The law is neither unconstitutional nor foreign to the genius of our institutions, nor does it foster permanent office-holding.

Section 2 of Article II. of the Constitution provides that:

"The President . . . shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors . . . and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments."

Wherein does the Civil-Service Law violate the provisions of this section? It is alleged that it limits the power of appointment vested in the heads of departments, and is, therefore and necessarily, an infringement of their constitutional prerogative. What constitutional prerogative of appointment has a head of department independently of legislation by Congress? By the express terms of the Constitution, Congress is made the depository of the power of appointment to be vested in the heads of departments, *but* "the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper, in the President alone" or "in the courts of law." If, therefore, Congress may withhold absolutely the power of appointment granted to the heads of departments and vest it in the President or in the courts of law, may it not limit and qualify such power, or must the grant be absolute, unrestricted, and without qualification? Assuredly not. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that when Congress, by law, vests the appointment of inferior officers in the heads of departments, it may limit and restrict the power of removal as it deems best for the public interests. "The head of a department has no constitutional prerogative of appointment to offices independently of the legislation by Congress, and by such legislation he must be governed, *not only in making appointments,* but in all that is *identical thereto.*" (U. S. vs. Perkins.)

Foreign to the genius of our institutions?

The Supreme Court having affirmed the constitutionality of the law, it would seem a vain and idle office to waste arguments in showing how much less than nothing there is in this charge. Is it "foreign" to the genius of our institutions to open the doors of the peoples' offices to merit, and worth, and decency, and honor? Is it "foreign" to the genius of our institutions to make straight the road which leads to posts of trust, instead of winding and crooked ways? Foreign, is it, to the genius of our institutions to do away with a nefarious system of office-brokerage, to wrest the places which belong to the people from the clutches of political freebooters, to make men and women independent of

"influence" which was calculated to degrade them and debauch the public service?

Unable themselves to make headway against the cause of the people for reform in the public service, the spoilsmen were cunning enough, and, of course, politicians enough, to borrow strength from "our institutions," and conduct their work from on high, as it were, and thus make themselves seen of all men. The fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!"

The cause of Civil-Service Reform is the cause of Justice. And Justice is an aggressive virtue. Marvel not, therefore, that they who made traffic of public places fought, and struggled, and vilified when the hand of justice smote them and broke their power. In their exaggerated conceit, they had acquired a legal establishment—these monopolists of the offices!

Of all the evils that ever debased or debauched, the worst evil was the "influence" system, by which offices were purchased and held at a sacrifice oftentimes worse than death. It was worse than the four deadly sins which cry to Heaven for vengeance. It made men and women false; it made them hypocrites; it led to untruthfulness, for no one is wholly truthful who is dependent upon others, as no one can act naturally who imitates others. It weakened all sense of honor, for no one can win honor by "influence." "The winning of honor," says Lord Bacon, "is the revealing of merit and virtue without disadvantage."

"My 'influence' put me in office and *he* thinks I should be promoted," was not, and to this day is not, an uncommon expression in the departments. "My influence" was such a just judge of the qualifications of the contingent being in whom he was interested! And with shame be it said that "my influence" was too often successful in forcing the appointing power to advance the unworthy and unsavory in utter disregard of superior claimants with meritorious records, thereby putting dishonor in opposition to and above honor. Thus was the principle of good government corrupted, the law of justice was subverted, the freedom of the appointing power was destroyed, and his functions usurped. This was *not* "foreign" to the genius of our institutions. In truth it was not.

Under such a corrupt system, what should have been a mark of the highest honor was but the brand of the lowest slavery.

But the beneficiary of this vile instrumentality, "my influence," became insolent and insubordinate, heedless of obligations, reckless of rules, and defiant of superior authority. And why not, since "my influence" had vouchsafed tranquillity? No wonder it was regarded as worthy of adoration and incense, and the sacrifice of a tender lambkin.

> "O, Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit;
> Namque erit mihi semper Deus; illius aram
> Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus."

Nor does the law foster a permanent class of office-holders.

In 1869, during a visit, never to be forgotten, paid to Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill Place, the myriad-minded novelist, referring, among other things, to office-holding and office-seeking in this country, said: "On the occasion of my visits to America, my first visit especially, I saw, when at Washington, that the members of both Houses of Congress regarded the offices of the Government as their special and individual property. Men crawled over each other like ants, buffeting one another, fighting, wrangling, scrambling for place—all engaged in a common assault upon those whom they were seeking to dislodge and dispossess, all the time cringing and truckling to the politicians who seemed, by undisputed right, to take control of the public places and dispense the Government's substance. The brutality and selfishness which marked the rule of the office-mongers was more disgusting and offensive to decent men than the sway of any bloated aristocracy that ever cursed a nation. It was calculated to contaminate, pervert, destroy sensitive and delicate-minded persons; it was wholly vicious."

And then, laying his hand upon the unfinished chapters of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the great novelist, replying to my question, said: "It is not the barnacle system or the methods of circumlocution that the people of America want; not the systems which try the patience of the people on this side of the water and call for a lash of scorpions; but a system that will take places from the grasp of tricksters and put them within the reach of all decent men who need not surrender their manhood to gain public employment."

It is now nearly twenty years since these words were spoken, and the recollection of them renews the memories of the gifted author whose golden pen contributed so much to enrich the

world's store of fancy, whose words brought laughter and tears to so many eyes, gladness to so many hearts, and happiness to so many homes. Dickens, with his omniscient eye, saw the result of the methods which were common in 1842, and as well during his second visit in 1868.

The Civil-Service Law has taken subordinate places out of the grasp of tricksters and placed them within the reach of all who wish to compete, and without the surrender of manhood. So long as the power of removal remains in its plenitude in the heads of departments, no subordinate is likely to become "an aristocratic office-holder." Not a bit of it.

No person receives a permanent appointment under the law. After serving a probation of six months, the head of the department is at liberty to make a permanent appointment or dismiss outright, if the probationer has not come up to the standard. There was no probation under the spoils system—no test, no trial. Appointments were made like deeds, in fee simple.

Here and there is found a loose-tongued and brittle-brained intellect clutching at the law in wildest desperation as "a bloated and aristocratic thing," because it keeps out "the boys in the trenches." Well, suppose it does keep out the boys in the ditches, and trenches, and gutters, and sewers? It is all the more commendable on that account. The work of the people of the United States is not likely to be well done, or done at all, by "the boys in the trenches." If a banking-house or business establishment wants work, it will not turn to "the boys in the trenches."

Who is it that fumes and rails against the law? Not the President; not the heads of departments; not they who are charged with the responsibility of the Government's affairs. Far from it. The clamorings and vaporings come from those who cannot longer use the offices as goods and chattels to pay old debts and incur new obligations.

The law was not in vain. It was a necessity. It came none too soon. Better would it have been, however, had it reached and tested those who were already in the service; for reform, if it means anything, means the righting of existing wrongs. Then would it have reached many a wrong and uncovered many a wrong-doer—authors of campaign poetry and prose, jibers and jesters of Presidential contests, the accessories who swelled the voice of scandal, persecutors and prosecutors of their fellow-

clerks, whose unobtrusiveness and quiet fidelity to duty made them "suspects," "doubtful as to politics," and therefore legitimate victims of partisan abuse. Having no deserts of their own, they hoped to perpetuate the spoils system, which was to them a necessity. Their very worthlessness was their claim to patronage. They opposed all civil-service reform, fearing that the law might overreach them, and sought to indemnify themselves by questioning the "propriety" of such a thing!

With such as these, public place had ceased to be the post of honor; they shirked duty, neglected trusts, outraged justice, cheated the Government, plundered the people's Treasury. When the law passed, they paid homage to the principles of reform by outwardly professing sympathy with them, hoping that pretences and professions for the future would make up for the derelictions of the past, crying out for civil service to shield them, as the mountains are expected by the wicked to cover them on the day of judgment.

This is the class which should not have failed of being justly dealt with, any more than virtue should fail of its reward. The law should have done away with all mischief and sottishness, and recognized the distinctions of moral good and evil. It is not, however, through any saving clause in the law that such individuals are perpetuated; they are retained mainly by the intercession and influence of those who denounce Civil Service as a "copy of the system which fosters an aristocracy of office-holders," and too often by their superiors, who are unwilling to join issue with the "backers" of their subordinates even in so good a cause as the welfare of the Government, preferring to charge the law with that with which they themselves are chargeable, and for which they alone are responsible.

If the law had been framed to reach backward as well as forward, no violence would have been done; but even-handed justice, rather, would have been meted out to all, the just and the unjust alike; and, under the test of an honest and impartial scrutiny, true merit and worth would have been established, and the unworthy would have been unveiled.

"How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish'd!"

RICHARD RANDOLPH MCMAHON.

IN JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE grief of Josephine broods forever over Malmaison. Her gentle, sorrowful wraith gathers no gleam from the brilliant sunshine.

Malmaison, *mal maison*—evil house. What shadow of doom stretched far back into the centuries to give it so fitting a name? There is a legend that the Norman pirates ravaged this region a thousand years ago, and from their bloody baptism it was thereafter always known as the Evil Place.

Pirates of Normandy, splendor of empire, have alike passed from the smiling landscape, leaving, one could almost say, no trace. The high road thither winds among green hills, past old chateaus, well screened with verdure, whose lack of trimness would be a sore scandal to the new wealth of our Manchester-by-the-Sea. Can this highway, so like all the common ways of life, this road with only here and there a traveller, now a man chopping wood by the wayside, now a rough cart driven to its errands of the market, sparsely here and there the commonplace, unconscious faces—can this be the road crowded with brilliant, historic ghosts?

From this high road, pleasant, through a pleasant landscape, but in no way remarkable, you turn sharply through a stone gateway, descend into a meadow, and suddenly are somehow aware, not without a shock, that it is Malmaison. The intense, clear sunshine but intensifies the sadness of the saddest place in the world. It was so bright, so gay, so great. It is so still, so shabby, so insignificant. The house can never have been large or splendid or shapely; but oh! the kings that have gathered here, and the man who dethroned the kings, and the bevy of brilliant

women who follow in their train! The beautiful park where they wandered at will, looking just as picturesque, in their scant Empire gowns, their big hats, and their broad sashes, as the little Yankee girl who is wearing them so prettily and thoughtlessly to-day—the great park is a wilderness. In the lowland the grass springs rank, dank, unkempt. Great trees still lift themselves, but it is over a desolation. Nowhere is there a sign of living love or care or interest. A group of women and children, not even peasants, but probably some idlers from the village, are sitting, knitting, amusing themselves in thrifty, commonplace way under the shade where once sat Napoleon with Josephine in ostentatious virtue, that the full view from the windows of the *salon* might forestall any possible scandal from his visits to his discarded wife. And yet, possibly, the virtue was not so ostentatious, or the ostentation not so unnecessary, for it is pleasant to know that the stolid little Hapsburg could make the Great Napoleon cut around corners! She could not prevent him from visiting Josephine, but she made it so uncomfortable for him that he was fain to steal off unobserved!

The chateau itself is that most melancholy, most suggestive of sights, an abandoned home. A graystone house of modest dimensions, of the simplest architecture, shabby, shaky, silent. It is simply a long cube, the front door in the middle, one room deep, many rooms long, two stories high. The blinds of the large windows are closed and fastened. A broad ditch around the house is choked with a tangle of weeds. A rattling wooden bridge leads across it to the front door, but the door is locked, and shaking only jars it and seems to show the would-be, but inexperienced, burglar how easily it might be forced.

There is no access. How loud the birds sing, the bees hum! How flaunt the weeds, for even the flowers are weeds—stupid, unconscious things! But you can walk about the house. There is none to say you nay. The thicket on a little knoll behind the house looks attractive and is easily accessible through gaps in the falling fence, and I see Napoleon pacing there in the old, familiar attitude, his hands behind him, brow bent, the slight frown. Then it appears that the rear windows are unshuttered, and without shame the Yankee nose is pressed against a pane of Napoleon's kitchen glass. Hands and feet that learned to climb and creep long years ago around deserted cottages by New England school-

houses are pulling hard on Napoleon's lilac-bushes and pushing past the imperial sink-rose.

A little more imperial is the high iron fence stretching far above our heads, once brave with gilding of which the pointed pickets still retain a sullen gleam. We peer through the palings and behold a large quadrangular lawn in the rear of the house. The golden eagle of Napoleon still maintains solitary guard over the porch. If one could but enter. If one could but open this gate. Why, it does open! Mr. Dick could have given no wiser suggestion. It is an enclosure, but large enough to be spacious, and beyond its lower entrance, in line with the portico, is a stately avenue bordered with trees. It is a walk that the brilliant generals and the fine ladies must have haunted, and there is a fair vista. The roses are maddeningly bright and fresh and fragrant, springing, climbing, lilting up the high iron fence with their heartless, imperishable vitality. But just by the door-stone, crowding between the threshold, a pretty thrust of slender hare-bells seems only innocent and inoffensive. Newcomers they, who have no cause for tears and drooping. *They* were not there in the old days, when the mistress crossed the threshold and glided across this lawn with her gay ladies, in the golden morning of greatness, or when, a faded shadow, with every foreboding come dismally true, she surveyed her sad domain, a discrowned Empress, a discarded wife, for whom love and ambition could henceforth be but a bitter memory, for whom all personal interest and revenue in life must henceforth be remote as another world.

A man comes sauntering slowly up the long, tree-bordered way, whom a woman near has evidently summoned, and opens for us with a silver key the door of Josephine's house; the home she bought and established in Napoleon's nascent glory; the home she embellished with her presence; to which her warrior was glad to come returning successful from his wars; the home to which she fled with her wounded pride and her broken heart; and where once again, when Josephine was in her grave, the baffled and beaten Emperor came to pause one brief moment between his splendid past and his terrible future.

But few hints are left of what may have been its beauty or its gaiety—a few chairs with the golden *N* still dully distinct; the library with a book-case or two—no books; little economies of space

hinting the fullness of the room where now all is space and emptiness and dingy neglect and disorder. A few mirrors hang on the walls, but none long enough or low enough to show the full effect of the lovely Empire gowns to the lovely ladies that wore them—mirrors alas! in which Josephine looked to find herself no longer fair. On the walls of grim, dismantled, shabby drawing-rooms, still a few painted gay figures of dancing girls, light and graceful and airily poised as those who have postured their golden dance through the ashen centuries of Pompeii.

This room with the inlaid wooden floor was the dining-room, and this mark is the place of Josephine's chair at table. I can see only a suspicious hole that reminds me of a New-England contrivance where the clang of the table-bell must not be heard, yet there are not servants enough to stand and wait. I trust Josephine did not have to feel around furtively and frantically with her foot under the table for the missing bell-spring when thoughtless ones had enlarged the table for company and forgotten to readjust its human relations.

The billiard-table remains, but without ball or cue, and some maps are still left from the Napoleonic days, and of the room where the Emperor held his councils scarce any decorative hints or tints remain, save the square wooden blocks and the diamond-shaped tiles of the inlaid floor. The rooms open on front and rear, and from both the view is rural and pleasing. From the front windows it may have been enchanting when love and hope and happiness crowned the gentle hills and wandered through the groves.

Up the broad staircase, the simple device of one long, narrow, mean corridor in the rear gives entrance to all the rooms. Modern art would wrestle with itself in agony till it had broken or disguised the monotonous length of that alley, which had nothing to say for itself but its windows. But if Napoleon cared little for corridors, it is easy to see that he had a better eye for clothes-closets than the Medici! The rooms are small, but there are closets in them all, where those fine Empire gowns could be safely hung away from dust and damp and sun. The ends of the water-pipes, left uncovered, give a terrible suggestion of the backward sweep of the plumber's power. The rooms of Eugene and Hortense are very small, and hung with a paper whose good preservation still shows the coarseness

of its quality. Josephine may have been extravagant, but there is no trace of it at Malmaison. Wherever Napoleon goes, his glory of gilding attends him. Through the palaces of which he possessed himself, Tuileries or Trianons, he trailed his gold and silken beds as magnificently as any Bourbon of them all; just as magnificently and just as profusely as if the brain had not gathered on an iron camp-bed the rest which helped him to their overthrow. Still in the guarded coach-house of Versailles the golden coaches stand side by side, the "Divorce Coach," which bore away the weeping Josephine, no whit less gorgeous than that which bore Marie Louise to her bootless, if not fruitless, marriage. Wives may come and wives may go, but Napoleon goes on forever in his Cinderella's god-mother's pumpkin glory of glitter. But poor Josephine, bereft, abandoned, despairing, chose Malmaison, they say, because its sombre beauty in the deep heart of the wood met her sombre heart with dumb sympathy, and thus she made and kept it sombre for the same mood's sake.

Her grandson, the second Emperor, is said to have restored Malmaison. It is hard to believe it. Her fine pictures, which Napoleon used to chide her for carrying off to Malmaison, instead of leaving them in Paris, where the people could see them, have no more completely disappeared than have the pictures which Louis Napoleon hung in their places; and the punky planking, the powdering plaster, the dust and dirt, may as well be our inheritance from the first as the second Napoleon. It looks as if it had been there long enough for either.

Dearest of all to Josephine in her final retreat was the small chapel whither she betook herself for heavenly solace and prayer for her faithless husband. It is connected with the main house by a passage overarched with glass, so that wind or storm should not bar her from that sanctuary. Its bright blue ceiling, studded with stars, is all that remains to it of beauty or comeliness. All else is a wreck of broken plastering and splintered wood—the unvalued débris of an uncherished past.

Yet if it had been her pride only that was broken, and not also her heart, Josephine had her personal triumphs, even after Napoleon had repudiated her. Through yonder gateway, with gay flashing of cavalcade, came the kings who had crushed the husband, to compliment the wife. For her children's sake, for their future, and for her own dignity, it cannot but be that she

felt a thrill of pleasure, seeing herself thus reinstated, as it were, before the eyes of Europe.

And I think the Austrian Emperor, "my father," had the good taste to present his tribute by staying away; but the young Russian Czar, tall and handsome, after the manner of his kind, and not so crazy as he afterwards became, and the Prussian King, the "tall, dry-looking fellow," with his magnificent young son, whom we buried the other day as the Old Emperor, the Iron Emperor, with a world-wide sorrow—they paid their royal court to Josephine, and made her table royal once more, not with the dead insignia of rank, but with the living homage of reigning kings. Surely it is not in any woman's heart, least of all was it in the woman Josephine's heart, not to feel a pang of rapture at this fresh, if fleeting, coronation.

But if these kings, so fortunate and so splendid, who had hurry-scurried away before Napoleon, or had fallen at his feet, but who now, banded in defence of their order, had resumed the king business, posturing chivalrously before Josephine, and thus teaching people to respect kings by showing how they respected one who but for a brief hour the shadow of a kingly crown had on —if they could but have known how clearly their victim discerned them, and how contemptuously he would whistle them down the wind from the rock where they meant to chain him! It was not the edge of his sword alone they felt, but the edge of his wit, cleaving through kingly pomp and pose to the essential commonplace of monarchs whose wont it had been for generations to take themselves altogether seriously.

The Emperor of Austria, whose daughter had supplanted Josephine in full confidence that "my father's" word had the rigidity of a law of nature—the Emperor of Austria, stripped of his robes of state and brought to Napoleon's easel, was, with a charming candor that would have gratified Josephine, "though an imbecile, still a religious man and incapable of committing crimes"; a rather off-hand, but substantial, testimony to religion.

The King of Prussia, father of the man we know, is a stern enough and somewhat statuesque figure in the historical and Hohenzollern robes, but in the common light he is but "a tall, dry-looking fellow, a Don Quixote in appearance."

Was he a man of talent?

"Who? The King of Prussia?" and Napoleon burst into a fit of laughter. "*He* a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. *The greatest blockhead on earth!* I know him well. At Tilsit we rode out every day together. The King of Prussia was *une bête*, and bored us so that Alexander and myself frequently galloped away in order to get rid of him."

A private soldier bored by a king! A man without a name bored by a Hohenzollern!

"The King of Prussia was completely *au fait* as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederick how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes. Every day he changed his fashion and put on a different one. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon uniform than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. If the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day from his superior knowledge in that art; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the general commanding the troops than upon that of the tailor who makes the jacket, he failed. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes. Not so his wife. She was a very clever, fine woman, but very unfortunate."

She was that beautiful Louise, the adored mother of the late old Emperor William, whose quarrel with Napoleon all the world has taken up, whose wrongs at the hands of Napoleon her son was supposed conspicuously to have avenged when he overthrew the third Napoleon and marched into defeated Paris and captured Versailles, to be there proclaimed Emperor, at the very centre of French power, glory, and luxury. Yet even in the matter of the beautiful Louise, Napoleon has much to say for himself. He eulogized her. He maintained that if the King had brought her at first to Tilsit, it would probably have procured him better terms.

"She was elegant, ingenuous, and extremely well informed," declared the man who is reported to have insulted her. "She bitterly lamented the war. 'Oh,' said she to me, 'the memory

of the Great Frederic led us astray. We believed ourselves equal to him, and we are not!' Grief for the losses and the humiliations which her husband and her country sustained may have accelerated her death. But that was not my fault. Why did her husband declare war against me? However, instead of treating her barbarously, nobody could have paid her more attention or respect, or have esteemed her more, for which I received her thanks."

In the broad light of human nature, it is far more probable that the brilliant, patriotic, and ambitious Queen died because she, like Napoleon, had a soul—it is only literal truth, and not vulgarity to say—above buttons; because she saw genius and statesmanship arrayed against her country, and stupidity and frivolity gambling it away, and could by no force of her higher power prevent it. She was quite clever enough to discern not only her King's tailorship, but also that the King, who was not a tailor, discerned it too.

And for continuance of harsh fate, we are told now that even her beauty is not her own in this generation, and that the lovely Richter picture, which has made it a household word even to her kin beyond sea, the gracious, graceful woman, gliding lightly down the palace stairs, a velvet cloak thrown over her shapely shoulders, the lace scarf floating from her lovely neck, every fair, fine feature aglow with sweetness and spirit—alas! it is not Queen Louise at all, but some unknown Berlin fräulein who was supposed to resemble her!

Is it even possible that a Napoleonic insight might detract somewhat from the divinity that doth hedge the late august Emperor? The most imperial figure among contemporary kings might show us that, though the son rightly inherits from the mother and not the father, the soul of Queen Louise skipped a generation, as souls are much moved to do, and reappeared in her grandson, leaving her son to share only the narrower limits of his father's mental domain. In that diary, stolen and sore beset, but cannily fixed against fate, which has lately found its way out from bolts and bars, through devious ways, to print and publicity, the man of iron, the inflexible Emperor, who defied storm and stress, pursued but one aim, put back even death, and touched the heart of the whole human world in his stately solitude and sorrow,—is seen without his triple brass and

oak, a weary old man, a warrior perforce, caring little for empire, to whom the siege of Paris was a bore, who wanted to be amused and did not see why he should be made to fight; who craved the theatre, and trundled about such a clutter of carriages that the younger Hohenzollern was fain to indulge in what is almost a sneer.

But the younger Hohenzollern, who faced the new time, who saw in the soul's large-visioned way, who so pathetically and confidently owned the future, yet never entered into possession, the Queen Louise's Hohenzollern, fell across the threshold and died beneath the lintels of his inheritance.

The sun is still bright, and the flowers of mid-afternoon are flaunting, but the villagers put up their knitting, and I am reminded that there is a suggestion of malaria in the fame as well as in the name of Malmaison. So we leave the great, the beautiful, the always sad ghosts to glide forever, as long as history shall last, through the silent greenery of Malmaison, and along the pleasant road we go—where else than to the pleasant little village of Reuil, where Josephine sleeps?

Not so gloomy as the house of her living death is the house of her final rest. Through the gorgeous stained glass of the village church the sunshine streams, aslant and golden, penetrating even the dusk chapel where her sad heart lies unthrobbing. A weary weight of marble is piled above it, cold and white, but not so cruel as the burden it bore in life. Eugene and Hortense raised the marble to Josephine, and not far off, but in a crypt below, dark and dreary, lies her daughter and victim, the beautiful and blighted Hortense—a victim all in vain.

"She was *si* bonne," says the old woman, shadow of a shade, who guards these dead and to whom, I observe, Hortense is a dearer name than Josephine. The golden palm of Martinique lies upon the golden cloth above Hortense's tomb, and a golden pelle returns a ghostly magnificence to the feeble candle's glimmer.

"She was lovely even in her coffin," sighs the old woman. "The folds of lace were so soft and pretty, pinned across her beautiful neck and shoulders!"

Ah! but there is a spiritual body.

GAIL HAMILTON.

ARE WOMEN TO BLAME?

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, ROSE TERRY COOKE, MARION HARLAND, CATHERINE OWEN, AND AMELIA E. BARR.

Is woman the more to blame for unhappiness in marriage?

Does any contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW hope to answer that question finally?

Why, Adam and Eve argued it at the very outset of their wretched married life—wretched, because she was sharp and ambitious and he weak and a glutton. Who was to blame for the result? The dispute has been going on ever since, in almost every household, of every age and nation. How can any new word be said about it?

Because, after all, this partnership of marriage between the man and woman has always been the same in every time of the world and every state of civilization; and the man and woman are the same though their skins be white, black, or yellow; whether they are of royal blood or negroes in a Georgia rice-field. Precisely the same qualities in husband or wife bring happiness or misery under a roof in New York or Philadelphia to-day as in that first city which Cain built.

A prince of the house of Hapsburg—rulers for six hundred years—loved another woman better than his wife and, the other day, put a bullet through his brain to rid himself of trouble. The same story was told on the same day of a Dutch puddler in Cincinnati. The Bible tells us how Rebekah, daughter of Laban, was tempted by jewels of gold and fine raiment to marry a man whom she had never seen and did not love, and how she became a tricky, rapacious wife, and brought misery into his house; and each morning's newspaper tells us the story of some lovely American girl who, a year or two ago, was brought out for sale to the highest bidder, who became a greedy, false wife, and who now

furnishes entertainment to the public in a hideous scandal and divorce case.

Solomon, even among his swarm of wives, was rasped to madness by one brilliant woman, whose tongue wagged incessantly; so was Socrates; so was Thomas Carlyle. Kind, genial Sir Walter carried through life the weight of a well-meaning, stolid, priggish wife. The same thing was true of Byron, of Goldsmith —it may be true of my reader.

There is no new lesson to be preached on this subject. You never read a tragedy or comedy on the married life of the dark ages the facts of which you could not duplicate in the next street.

It is the same relation and the same man and woman, after all, and the same rules of life apply to them always!

Give to a husband and wife some genuine love, a habit of honest thinking and acting, a little leisure in their lives, and, above all, reverence for a Power higher than themselves, and there will be happiness between them, whether they live in Congo or Chicago, just as there would have been in the days before the flood.

Whether this kind of marriage is likely to grow out of the present conditions of our American social life is the question which concerns us all just now.

We are told that it will not. Newspaper moralists, clergymen, and, above all, English tourists, incessantly bewail the degraded level of domestic life among us. The Nation, they tell us, is given up to the pursuit of money, in order to spend it in vulgar display. Our young people know nothing of love, the fierce, unreasonable, inexplicable passion which has moved the world since time began. They only covet horses, jewelry, establishments. Young girls learn the value of these things when they are children, and are taught that they must earn them by marriage. They are put in training for a rich match, and they know that they are in training. Hair, figure, skin, voice, dancing, French accent—all these things are of importance to the chances of the débutante of making a good match. She is brought out at last like a horse upon the course, with as much *éclat* as is possible to her family. Every step she takes, every triumph, is recorded in the vulgar publicity of the Society columns of the newspapers. If she marries a rich man, she is congratulated in them as having made good running.

Poor young fellows, of course, have no chance of winning these tid-bits of humanity; they usually are bought by rich old men. Besides, the young men will not marry unless they find brides with dower sufficient to provide them with luxuries. After marriage, these young people, hitherto intent only upon selling themselves, suddenly discover that there is such a reality as love —a force that sweeps down all consideration of money, position, honor. Then follow scandals, divorces, disgrace, unutterable shame.

These are some of the ugly facts brought forward by those who believe that our domestic life is as corrupt as are our politics, and that marriage in this country is rapidly becoming only a matter of bargain and sale, ending in wretchedness.

But are they facts?

These statements may be measurably true of a certain fashionable, vulgar set in our large cities, just as they are true of the same class in London, Paris, or Berlin. If a woman makes amusement and luxury the end of life, she will naturally sacrifice everything else to gain the rank or wealth which commands them. Ethel Newcome is sold here for dollars as in England for a title. In these mercenary marriages the wife is more guilty than the husband, because she sinks lower to gain her end. Love and personal honor usually count for more to a woman than to a man.

Unfortunately for our National reputation, the clergymen and foreign critics, who hold the public ear, are most familiar with fashionable city communities, and are apt to mistake the few thousand men and women who compose them for the American people. Outside of Society in the great cities mercenary marriages are rare. The American *per se*, not the dancing man of Murray Hill or the Back Bay, but the Southern planter, the Western railway man, the Pennsylvania tradesman, seldom marries without a hearty, honest throb of love in his heart. He is, at bottom, too honest and hearty a fellow to sell himself. His traits are manly. He reverences women. He flings his money to asylums, hospitals, schools, with a large, free generosity. Not the man surely to make marriage a matter of barter!

But even in the great, obscure, unpublished mass of people to whom he belongs, it is true that the greed for riches, which is debasing and vulgarizing our whole life, makes many marriages unhappy which at first were based on the purest affection. Here,

it seems to me, the men are most in fault. As soon as John is bitten by the madness for money, the first thing he sacrifices to it is the time which he has hitherto given to his wife and children. He rushes away to office or shop from the breakfast-table, spends the day there, is glum and silent at home, and carries his business into his dreams. A wife clings longer to the romance of love than her husband. She does not willingly lose the lover in the man who signs checks for her. Neither is it true that many unhappy marriages are due to the silly extravagance of wives.

Extravagance with the majority of us women is an acquired taste. Most of us have a positive relish for small economies, and enjoy the dime which we have saved more than the dollar we have to spend. It is a little niggling virtue, if it be a virtue; but American women have it—a relic of the days when their only part in the household economy was to save.

I am not at all sure, either, that there are more unhappy marriages than there were fifty years ago. There are more divorces, and divorce-bills drag the secret unhappiness to light. I remember, in the Virginia town in which I passed my childhood, there was one *divorcée*, and so rare was the legal severance of marriage in those days, and so abhorrent to public feeling, that the poor young woman was regarded with horror as though she had been a leper. But were there no wretched marriages among the good people who held her at arms' length? no drunken, brutal husbands? no selfish, nagging wives? Nowadays the lax divorce laws bring out all these secret skeletons to dance in the streets.

In our Western States, the consciousness that divorce is easily possible, no doubt, often makes wives restless and insurgent under petty annoyances. When that is the case, it is certainly the woman who is in fault.

In the South, where divorce is still looked upon as a disgrace, and where religious feeling is more stringent than in any other part of the country, the old-fashioned Domestic woman is still to be found. She is gentle; she has infinite tact; she hates a fuss; she knows the art of managing men. I think that she is not often to blame if her home is unhappy.

In some of the New-England States, where the women outnumber the men six to one, it is the hard, lean-natured man who has the game in his own hands. He knows that when he tires of

the patient, half-fed drudge who has slaved for him so long, he has but to "get a bill" and he is free to woo and marry again. He is not likely to kindle a heartsome blaze upon the domestic altar!

But, upon the whole, I believe that, owing to downright true love, to conscience, and to the sound sense and large good-humor characteristic of the American, the vast majority of marriages in this country are happy.

How can we decide whether the credit of this is due to the husband or the wife?

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IT is a trite but very true saying that "it takes two to make a quarrel." And in answering the question which forms the title of this article, I desire to premise in behalf of my sex that, if women are to blame for the unhappiness of marriage, men also have their share of that unpleasant responsibility. But this is not the question of the moment; it is simply a *caveat;* and to be true to the facts in the case it must be allowed that women are often seriously and recklessly in fault when the marriage relation is not only unhappy, but disgraceful.

For, *first,* women often marry from wrong and inexcusable motives, and this first step in a mistaken direction leads them all astray and always downward; nor is the descent easy or agreeable. I do not hold to the sentimental and romantic notion that women should marry only from love, for that capricious passion may fasten itself, as too often it does, on an utterly unworthy person, and when the brief illusion is over, the gay blossoms of imagination and the fire-lights of passion all faded, there is left to the disgusted and disappointed woman only a perpetual and ghastly skeleton, not always in the closet. But I do not believe that a woman should marry without love: the degradation of body and soul implied in such a relation not only makes the bond a galling chain, but alienates from the wife any respect or admiration that a husband should feel for her, and rapidly degrades her character in its integral nature.

When a woman marries for money, she puts herself at once on a level with the class of women who are the lowest order of humanity. That her sale of herself is legalized does not alter its real *morale.* She is actually one of the outcasts of her sex in

heart and soul, however she may try to delude herself with a ceremonial respectability. To a woman who takes this step happiness in marriage is impossible; neither affection nor respect can live in a venal atmosphere, and when these are wanting marriage becomes a dreadful imprisonment for life. The same rule obtains when a woman marries for a home, as that motive is but a modification of the other. Yet how many women sell themselves in both these ways, and then wonder that they are not happy, and therefore revile marriage!

Again, *secondly*, women are unhappy in marriage because they enter into that condition with entirely mistaken views of their relation and responsibility: petted and indulged at home, they expect to be equally indulged and petted by the adoring lover, who in a very brief time becomes the every-day husband, and expects his wife to become, in the language of Scripture, "a help-meet unto him." It would be as easy for an orchid to become a cabbage as for a gay, spoiled girl to become at once a good housewife and an unselfish mother; and the deep and bitter consciousness of this inevitable fact has made many a woman melancholy and fretful—two traits which peculiarly exasperate the average man and make his home a real desert. If our mothers would train their daughters to the ordinary duties of daily life, and instruct them in patience and unselfishness, instead of so-called accomplishments, there would be no need of asking if marriage is a failure.

Thirdly, women make married life unhappy because the average woman is impatient. If things arise in her young experience which are new and painful, she either does battle with them in an ignorant and futile fashion, or yields to tears and despair; she wants "the mills of the gods" to grind with impossible speed, and resents the fact that she must wait months and years for her grist, whatever it may be. She cannot wait for time to allay the waves that beat upon her, or to calm the winds that blow roughly; she has not the sense to reflect that her position is new and strange, and only the attrition of recurrent days can make such a position either easy or agreeable; she resents the thorns on her roses, instead of trying to blunt them, and in her impatient passion pulls up roses and all. Two women cannot live together without patience on both sides; much less can a woman and a man live in peace without this home angel forever interposing its quiet voice.

Fourthly, women are exacting both by nature and education; especially in these latter days when the whole aim of the so-called "weaker" sex seems to be to arrogate to itself the strength, authority, and capacity of man. A woman who desires to be her husband's equal, not only resents his natural place as the head of the family, and affronts his innate mastery, but because she is really, after all, only a woman, she also demands those cares and attentions that the feminine soul considers its right. No woman, in spite of modern opinion and effort to that end, can fill a man's place in the world or at home. The Creator who made them two separate sorts has never undone his work; and his creatures never can undo it. The primitive intent of marriage was not a "partnership" or a state of "equality," but a headship vested in the stronger party to the contract, under which the weaker party should receive affection, protection, and care; yielding due respect and obedience to this God-given authority. In such an association the woman found peace, security, and happiness; and the man was blessed in a home where he was king and priest, loved and obeyed. Here children were welcomed and nurtured into goodly manhood and womanhood; there was order in these families; obedience instead of emancipation; calm instead of tumult; respect in place of revolt and impertinence.

While a woman exacts from her husband every attention and care and caress that she considers her due, while she wants everything in life to yield to her capricious humor, she cannot expect that he will be contented with her demands, or happy either in giving or refusing. Nor if she exacts from him the treatment due to another man, arrogates to herself the position of a mere business partner, and an equal in every point, will she be able to find happiness in so unnatural an attitude. Either mode of exaction is calculated to destroy the beautiful rest and shelter of a real home, a true marriage.

Fifthly, women are inconsiderate. They are not constitutionally as selfish as men, but they find it hard to understand the nature of men, and judge them by their own standard, perhaps never in a life-time discovering that men are ruled by other laws and motives than those which govern women.

That a woman should be unpunctual, extravagant, given to gossip, seems to her a small matter; but to most men punctuality is a necessity of existence; to be late at their place of business,

at an appointment, a railway train, a steamer, deranges their whole scheme of life for the time, and the disregard of woman for this one thing is often the beginning of discomfort in the home. Nor can a man's respect or affection last long for a wife who lavishly squanders the money he works hard to acquire; it has a value in his eyes that is the natural result of his labor to obtain it, and he cannot have patience with the reckless hand that scatters without a thought, for purposes of vanity or pleasure, the golden grains he has gathered one at a time. A milliner's or dressmaker's bill is too apt to be the tiny seed from which springs a perennial thistle by the threshold of home. Nor is it conducive to family happiness to have the conversation in those hours when there is any time for family intercourse, devoted to the faults and follies of mutual friends; the "unruly member" has kindled many a fire that has eaten away "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Lastly, women are almost always jealous. It seems well-nigh impossible for the average woman to believe that her husband can admire another woman without being faithless, at least in heart, to his wife. Nor does she stop here. I have known women acridly jealous of their husbands' affection for their own relatives. I have known instances where a wife was deeply incensed because her husband was devoted to his invalid father, though not at all to her real neglect. Mothers are sometimes jealous of their own children; though more frequently they neglect the father of a child openly and persistently for the child itself, and seem to have no longer any affection for the other parent, so deeply are they absorbed in their mutual offspring. Jealousy is a trait that has a reciprocal influence; a jealous woman is "cruel as the grave"; she can neither awaken nor retain affection, and the man of whom she is jealous considers his own unhappiness and her suspicions ample excuse for indulging in the very aberrations of which he is suspected.

Let women give themselves to the cultivation of their womanly virtues; become patient, considerate, submissive, and gentle; cease to be exacting, extravagant, and jealous; let them consider that marriage is a condition that can be made blessed or cursed according to their use of it, and give their whole hearts to rendering it what it should be; let them take counsel of the wisdom which is from above—for no relation in life has more explicit

direction given for its guidance in Holy Scripture—and act in this supreme and lasting position as Christian women should;—and marriage would cease to be a failure; no longer be shunned and sneered at; and that primal and sacred fiat of the Creator would be fulfilled—"And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him a help-meet for him."

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE whole system of marrying and giving in marriage, as it exists in this country, is founded upon a blunder. But for the sturdy corner-stone of reciprocal affection, absolute ruin must have overtaken it long ago, as the natural result of a compact entered into under false pretences.

From the time the baby-girl is "fie-fied" into unnatural shame if she offers her lips to her boy-sweetheart, until the fateful hour in which the blushing maiden is over-persuaded into setting the wedding-day, women are, notwithstanding all this coy show of bashful unwillingness, trained into the idea that their lives would be awry and unfinished without marriage. The conventional farce deceives nobody—least of all herself and lover; yet it is religiously played out in the sight of a knowing and grinning public.

I was once at a very amateur Jarley wax-works show, when the exhibitor achieved the solitary hit of the evening by reversing the positions of the "Beautiful Maiden pursued by the Indian" at the terminus of their track, announcing gravely the title of the group, as she set them again in motion.

The change of relative attitudes effected by matrimony is as sudden and thorough, and, but for the pity of it, would be as laughable. The beautiful maiden, hunted for her heart, flies, plaining as dramatically, if not as frantically, as when her scalp is the pursuer's object. The more reluctant in seeming, the richer the prize. From the instant of introduction to that of departure upon the bridal tour, the character of the chase remains unaltered. Should the girl avow frankly, when her wooer solicits her to marry him, that she had already divined his intentions and would have broken her heart had he not come to the point, he would be shocked and chilled. Even after betrothal, the masculine lover maintains the initiative, submits to his fair one's caprices,

tempers, doubts, and jealousies with the docile devotion of a whipped spaniel, and does his best to confirm her belief in her divinity-ship and his serfdom. If the feigned flight of modern Daphnes were to end as did hers of old, the laurels nodding across our by-ways and highways would outdo Pope's quincunx grove.

With the preconcerted wheel of the bridal procession from the sacrificial altar begins the new order of things. The alert obsequiousness of the bridegroom slips from him like the calyculate sheath of an opening flower.

He is the Husband !

Courtship was the porch ; Marriage is the house, and he is in possession. Wooing was the caracoling and prancing, the trial spurt in front of the grand stand before the business of the race began. The steady running is altogether another matter.

Without conceding the "growing frequency of unhappy marriages," which is, I believe, the predicate of this symposium, one who knows women cannot but admit that, where the cause of wedded wretchedness is not vice or inconsistency or violent temper, the wife is oftener than not in fault, and mainly by reason of the false views and practice just indicated.

A long course of petting and flattery has fastened two ideas in the girl's mind. She is an angel who is always right. Her lover is a vassal who acknowledges her infallibility. In all their talk of marriage not a hint escapes his lips that change can befall their dream. What would seem to be prosaic calculation as to future ways and possible means is idyllic to the pair. It should have been Colonel Sellers, if it was not, who tied green goggles upon his horse's eyes and fed him with jute for hay. Seen through our betrothed maiden's rose-colored glasses, expense-books and bills read like a promise of Eden and bread-fruit trees. While she lives for Galahad, and Galahad for her—and her only—baked beans are choicer fare than *vol-au-vent*, and calico will have the *frou frou* of silk.

A dozen sentences make her Mrs. Galahad, and, presto ! her lord and owner begins to think and talk of and live for a great many things besides herself and their mutual adoration. To idealize is natural to her. It is an acquired trick—seldom a taste —with him. She keeps on doing it, and he lets lapse the unfamiliar exercise with despatch, if not with neatness. Now that the cut-and-pressed dogmas of managing mammas and pessimis-

tic prudes no longer forbid her to reveal her affection in stintless terms, Galahad listens philosophically. He values—in reason—the love-words and caresses for which he once sued on bended knee, but he is not grateful for what is now wifely duty. At heart she may be tenfold dearer than was the affianced bride. She ought to know that without protestations from him.

In fine, Galahad's creed, that courtship and wedlock are different states, is not that of his wife. This misunderstanding is the key to the series of disagreeable surprises which succeed the wedding-day, increasing and strengthening until the whilom lovers are hopelessly estranged. Galahad enjoyed courting while it was in season. The thought of masquerading in the lover's rôle when the twain have been made one is preposterous. Bread and butter are to be made, rents paid, and something put by for his wife, should "anything happen to him." That "anything" has new dreads for him in view of the hostage he has given to fortune.

At the risk of seeming disloyal to my sex, I must say, being under bonds to "deal as frankly as possible with the subject," that Galahad is nearer right than his sighful spouse who bewails her disillusion in ivy-bush and on house-top. Life is not all green lanes, screened from profane eyes by blossoming hedge-rows, with sympathetic Cynthia overhead, nightingales in the thickets, and clover-scent in the air. Twelve out of the fourteen waking hours of a majority of married people are spent in plodding along

"The level stretches, white with dust,"

of the world's general high-road. The sun scorches, the dust chokes, and the rattle and rush of every-day life deafen and daze the laborers for love's sweet sake.

We seniors help on Our Maiden's delusion by euphoniously senseless twaddle of "joining hands for the minuet of life," and like figures, when, in our middle-aged wisdom, we know marriage to be nothing of the sort.

The exaggeration of sentiment (still following the line of wrong reasoning) that leads the young wife to exact the eager assiduities of the suitor from the married man, drives her fast and hard through the gates and grounds of Doubting Castle into the very presence of Giant Despair. She has lost her Galahad's love, or it was a pretence from the first; he is indifferent to her

person; careless of her wishes; he grudges her the clothes she wears, the bread she eats. She remembers the home of her girlhood, as a starving exile the land of his nativity; the imagination that lured her into marriage intensifies the unhappiness of the irrevocable estate. She believes that her prattle bores the man who used never to be grave in her presence; her tears and poutings annoy him; or his imperturbable mien incenses her to the attempt to make him feel something of what she suffers. His talk of profit, risks, and investments is intolerable. He has no right to bring sordid things into the kingdom over which she rules. More women are jealous of their husband's interest in business hobbies, and of their business associates, than of other women.

In all this they are much—I dare venture to say more to blame than men, but Galahad is not quite guiltless. He has excited expectations he does not mean to gratify. It is possible to be rational and truthful even in a love-suit; to be sober, yet romantic. To himself, Galahad—consciously or unconsciously—discounts his own passionate vows, yet demands implicit credence from the object of them. He should be man enough, and brave enough, not to begin an education in wifehood by making a holiday toy of the girl he loves. The woman with whom he must always play the tender gallant, feeding her vanity into abnormal proportions; the woman whose appreciation of the values of life is such that she is willing to make his heaviest care the solicitude lest she should touch her delicate foot against a stone,—is not the stuff of which true yoke-fellows are compounded.

Courtship is play; marriage is work. The sooner women recognize the truth of the definitions, and act upon them, the sooner will the reproach be lifted from the honorable state and condition in which the truest and purest happiness possible in our sin-warped world is to be found—or *made*.

MARION HARLAND.

THERE is a very general opinion that unhappy marriages are on the increase. It is very uncertain whether this is a truth or only an appearance.

Time was when a woman shrank from the disgrace of separation from her husband, and would bear anything rather than re-

veal her domestic woes. A divorce was something hardly to be spoken of as possible.

Nowadays all that is changed. Separations and divorces are familiar to us, and the faults which our mothers would have looked upon as disagreeable, but for which there was no remedy but endurance (and among the wiser ones, perhaps, the endurance was silent), now have a remedy. The old adage, "What can't be cured must be endured," was most likely much oftener on unhappy wedded lips than now. And it is surprising how far the sense that a thing "can't be cured" goes to make it bearable.

But in these days, the feeling which made the idea of separation so distasteful that both men and women avoided thinking of it as a possible solution of their troubles, seems to be dying out. Not, perhaps, with the *élite* of human nature, but with the average man or woman, who may be quite willing to believe that what is done under the sanction of the law cannot be, after all, very wrong. Old-fashioned prejudices are giving way in so many things to modern ideas,—why not in regard to matrimonial difficulties? Dalliance with any thought, however alien to our principles, insensibly begets a feeling of tolerance for it; and so we will suppose that women married to uncongenial husbands, familiarized, by the number of cases they hear of, with the thought that they are not compelled to live a life of endurance, gradually accept separation as a remedy in their own case.

Thus it seems probable that we hear nowadays of a much larger proportion of conjugal troubles than we did twenty years ago, not because there are more unhappy marriages, but because they are not hidden by the dignified reticence that formerly hedged about the family life.

However, the question is not, Are there more unhappy marriages to-day than formerly, but, Who is to blame for those there are—the husband or the wife?

Glib generalizers, who observe superficially, may say: "Oh, the husband, who expects a wife to render him comfortable whether he can give her the means to do it or not, who leaves her without recreation or amusement, and thinks himself a good husband if he remains at home the better part of his evenings."

Or, from another point of view, it is the ignorance, and carelessness, and selfishness of wives, who take with both hands and give nothing in return in the way of home comfort beyond what

the servants, ill-directed and left to themselves, may please to do. If dinner is not ready or is uneatable, it is that "wretched Jane," and madame thinks only of her clothes and her social life.

Both of these views have truth in them, but they apply only to the more frivolous men and women.

What shall we say of those cases where a couple enter on married life with the most earnest resolutions that it shall be in their case a beautiful experience; where both man and woman are ardently devoted to each other, and both deeply conscious of their responsibility for each other's happiness; who enter on their new life with such beautiful aspirations that cynics laugh and shrug, if by any chance they hear of them?

When in two or three years all this fair prospect is blighted, what can be said? The cynics are justified, and when a sad woman seeks relief from a tie she entered upon with such solemn sense of duty, who but the husband can be to blame?

But those who have listened to young wives' griefs, and, even if they have not gone through the agony themselves, have watched the little drama in sadness, knowing whither it tended and, without some powerful intervention of Providence, how certain the tragedy was—these, alas! would say human nature is to blame more than man or woman. Latter-day philosophy would say education, in place of human nature; but I am inclined to think an observation of bird and animal life would show that human nature is animal nature, and education in this case has not much to do with it; instinct everything.

From the nature of men and women it so happens very few love marriages are not a disappointment more or less keen to the woman. In the few cases where there is actually no disappointment, there is either an unusual development of common-sense,—yet it is cruel to say common-sense, when some of the most sensible of women suffer most; but at all events a strength of character not often found,—or in the man a rare vocation for a husband.

It is often said that those couples who marry without any pretence to being deeply in love, but merely from friendship or convenience, provided they respect each other, are generally happier than those who marry for love, and this because so much less was promised, so much less expected, that the thought is never forced on these brides that they are less to the husband than they were to the lover.

This is where much of the trouble lies, as many a mother and sister who have listened to tearful revelations can testify.

Until they are married, the man woos persistently, ardently; he sets the woman on a pedestal and may be said to worship her; her very faults are virtues in his eyes; and the woman, however well she may know that he overestimates her and earnestly strives to make him see her as she is, yet is unspeakably happy in being so beloved; and if she is an affectionate, loving woman, she resolves that, imperfect as she is, he shall never have reason to love her less. Her love is all pent up; the expression of endearment is almost impossible to some timid girl natures. She reserves it all for the future. When they are married, her husband shall know the depth of her love.

Who shall say with what sacred aspirations, what mental vows that nothing shall come in the way of their love, the majority of women go to the altar? (I am almost sure I am right in saying the majority.) Nor are men behind in their hearty determination to be good husbands, and love and cherish the women they have chosen from all others to go through life with them.

Just as true and sincere are these masculine resolutions, though they may be conceived without the fervid premeditation of the woman. With him it is a natural sequence; with her it is not only a natural result, but is to be increased by the earnest cultivation of every virtue calculated to make his happiness.

For months, or a year or two, after the marriage the wife is ideally happy; her husband is as fond and caressing as before their marriage, and now *she* dares to express her affection. Life is very beautiful, but gradually comes trouble. The husband becomes more absorbed in business, less caressing, not less loving; but a woman's nature longs for caresses; she doubts the love without its expression, and although she will recall all she has heard of others and how this thing happens to every wife, her craving heart will not be satisfied; she calls up all her commonsense in vain. Unfortunately she can rarely hide her suffering; she allows reproaches, loving ones, perhaps, to mar the harmony of her intercourse with her husband. At first he reassures her, tells how dear she is, that his love is deeper than ever; possibly he will say his manner has not altered, and be unaware that it has done so. Sure of his own love and sincerity, he

may laugh the matter off, or he may remember some of the omitted attentions and caresses for a few days, and happiness once more reigns. But in nearly all cases the husband wearies. He cannot, nor can his wife's tender remonstrance make him, see that he has completely dropped the means by which he won her. The silent love and care-taking which he feels ought to suffice any reasonable woman, are very different from the incessant proofs of devotion with which he won her love, when every wish and whim were to be gratified at any cost, and he comes to think her unreasonable. Sometimes she is; and exacting also, but only from her great love; and her woman's nature is to blame—not the special woman.

Other women who have learned the lesson and settled down to accept the facts can see her folly, and, strange to say, seldom sympathize with her. If, happily, now a little stranger appears, all usually goes well; the yearning heart which craves to bestow as well as receive caresses has now something on which to lavish fondness. Otherwise, too often the couple drift into unhappy life; to provoke her husband into more active appreciation, the wife starts some mild flirtation, perhaps, and is confirmed in her idea of his growing indifference by the impossibility of making him jealous.

What the outcome shall be depends much on the man. If he is patient, tender, and slow to anger, time may bring content; but too often he becomes angry; he wearies of what he considers non-appreciation, and the end is separation.

I have purposely left untouched the many other causes of marital trouble, because this one, for which no one seems greatly to blame, seems to an observer to overshadow all others and to open the door to every trouble.

Much is said at present about bad housekeeping, extravagance in dress, and inordinate social ambition as causes of domestic unhappiness; but in the writer's experience, men accept all these faults with infinite amiability; and in almost every case where the fault is obviously on the man's side, and the wife neglected and unappreciated, she is unselfish and good beyond the average of wives.

I see no remedy for this state of things while man's nature and woman's are just what they are.

CATHERINE OWEN.

A STARTLING question has been asked of men and women—"Is marriage a failure?"—and thousands have answered it as experience, prejudice, or ignorance led them. But while some were crying one thing and some another, the inexorable statistics of divorce put the question of failure—as far as the United States is concerned—beyond argument. For they prove that during the last nineteen years the number of divorces has increased twice as fast as the number of marriages; and that in such States as Maine and Vermont the tie meant to endure "until death part," is prematurely broken once out of every eight times in the divorce court.

Who are to blame—men or women? If the question was a commercial or a political one, women would naturally turn judicial eyes upon men. But it is essentially domestic. The failure has been wrought within homes over which women preside; the treasure lost is that priceless affection of which they are the object and centre. And the world as instinctively blames women in the divorce court as it blames men in the bankruptcy court.

Speaking broadly, women are to blame. The flattery and exaggerated attentions of courtship have on many an evil influence, and when they find that marriage is not a lasting picnic, they feel shorn of half their glory, and more than half their dues. They are not willing that passion should subside into that nobler tenderness which springs from a man's best nature. They have a "good cry" over the dropping of some silly nickname. They want constant assurances of affection, and their husbands walk on eggshells, terrified to wound feelings which take nothing on trust. This is the beginning of many miserable marriages, for a woman must become a "bore" who persistently refuses to believe in the love of her husband unless he is continually asserting it. Such wives are dead-weights on men. Though they be struggling for existence or fighting bankruptcy, they have them to carry on their shoulders, their whims to consider, their trivialities to respond to. So endurance fails and love dies of superflux.

But if weak, gushing wives have much to answer for, perhaps superior ones have more. Who does not know these perfect women, cold and proper as a well-dressed tulip? Their own temperament being generally languid and phlegmatic, the burning passions which send impulsive men into danger and sin are inconceivable to them; and as they have no constitutional ten-

dency either to speculation or carnality, they wonder how men can commercially fail or morally fall. As a general thing, weak, sanguine men marry strong women,—human affairs have this marvellous inclination to re-adjust the balance,—but it is a mistake. Wives of this kind can look with untroubled eyes into the quivering face of a man confessing his fault, and calmly remind him that "sorrow cannot undo evil."

Babbling women, who, like Antigone, are perpetually calling heaven to witness "what deeds they suffer and at what men's hands," are apt finally to go into the divorce courts with their complaints. They have no conjugal reticence; they throw wide their Bluebeard chamber and invite all their acquaintances to come in and see it. And the social sympathy they get is but civil tolerance, quickly passing into impatience and disgust; for whether a woman be right or wrong the world has not time to stop and inquire. It only feels that her example is debasing and her influence noxious, and it makes her suffer a dispassionate and perfectly just ostracism. For it is very seldom that a girl marries in ignorance of her husband's true character ; only she extenuates in a lover what she will not tolerate in a husband. She knew that he had a bad temper, or a disposition to drink, and she "risked" him with her eyes open for the transient *éclat* of a wedding ceremony, or to excite the envy of her acquaintances, or because she feared the stigma of old-maidism. For if she had married him because she loved him, then conjugal honor would have taught her conjugal reticence and conjugal patience, even unto the end.

Equally destructive of married happiness is the woman who offends not in speech, but in discouraging silences. She listens to all her husband's plans with that silent protest in her eyes which says plainly that she has no faith either in them or in him, and so takes every particle of ambition and hope out of his life. When he was her lover, she praised his singing and laughed at his jokes; now that he is her husband, she freezingly endures the one, and in pitiless silence listens to the other. She does not scold, but there is something infinitely more subduing in the patient closing of her lips and in the calm, deprecatory air which says: "I do not answer you, but I know I am right." This kind of wife often assumes another mood that is quite aggravating, when, out of sheer obstinacy, she pretends "not to understand."

Wives ignorant of the high moral duty of domestic service are great misery-makers, and are accountable for a large proportion of matrimonial failures. The days when men stuck to their roast and boiled as firmly as their creed are past. We now understand that food is the *nerve* of our social affections; and that the fervid life we lead demands food which can be assimilated with the least expenditure of vital force. There is an acute domestic disorder called "the temper disease," and a wonderful sympathy exists between this disease and the dining-table. "Much wisdom in olives," said Sancho Panza. "Soup and fish explain half the emotions of life," said Sydney Smith; and certainly upon the quality of our food depends the quality of our nerves, blood, tissues, and muscles. If these are ill-conditioned, the bent of temper, the force of will, the reach of thought, the power of judgment and of control, both at home and abroad, suffer. So, then, the successes of any life are as much commissariat victories as moral and mental ones, and wives who do not take care of their husband's digestion—who think the stock jar and stew-pan beneath their notice—these invite failure of every kind; and deserve it.

Jealousy takes many women into the divorce court, and most of them provoke the very ill they fall to by their moody suspicions. Men may surrender a purse for a cocked pistol, but this method never yet extorted a heart. The best love, like the best wine, flows without pressing; but this axiom of married life jealous women ignore, and so passionately assist the consummation of matrimonial failure. Wives whose craze is for notoriety and excitement, creatures of headachy mornings, of afternoons frittered on gossip or shopping, and nights whirled away in hot rooms, weary out very quickly the love of any sensible man. So also do those wives who have what they call "advanced" ideas—who talk about the animal character of motherhood, the degrading influence of housekeeping, the monotony of home, the slavery of self-sacrifice.

Again, many women will marry, whether God will or not. They risk a man with the sheer thoughtlessness of "the maiden who was married one morning as she went into the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit." They expect to get along as well as other people, and if they do not, the divorce court is just behind the church; and as for the doubtful *aura* which they must bring

out of it to shadow all their future lives, that is a thing too far off to trouble their speculations.

But more mischievous than all together are those wives who, knowing their husbands' salary to be two thousand dollars a year, insist upon living as if it was twenty thousand. If the women who live beyond their husbands' income would live within it, the divorce courts might dismiss one-half their officials. But they will not. Each one prefers a new spring costume, or some other equally trivial thing, to a happy home. Each one is so anxious for some paltry social *éclat* that she never notices the marks of desperate struggle on her husband's face—the brows that wear a constant plait of tension, the eyelids drooping over eyes full of care, the unconscious plaintiveness of manner which would touch any heart but that of a woman bent on looking as stylish as one acquaintance, and a little more so than another. If the husbands of such women have strength to resist their demands, they save their integrity at the price of their happiness. If they cannot face tears and complainings, they very frequently go to the penitentiary for their wives' millinery, or Christmas presents, or summer extravagances.

Marriages for money, secret and clandestine marriages, add considerably to the miserable total of divorce. But in such cases men are, as a rule, as guilty as women. Indeed, it is not pretended that in all this wrong men are altogether blameless. But every man is *just what some woman has made him;* it may be mother, sister, wife. Every woman a man meets influences him. It is her nature to do so, her genius, her song, flowing out she knows not whither, returning never again. Then, if the feminine influence of a man's childhood be adverse, it is a pitiful thing if his marriage is also a failure. But if he has had a good mother, the chances are that he will choose him a good wife.

The greatest mistake men make is in marrying immature women, girls in their teens, who have all the crudeness and tartness of sour fruit. A tradition of innocence and gentleness hangs about a young girl, but in reality she is the most cruel of human creatures. Her judgments are harsh, her prejudices stiff, her sympathies narrow, and she is full of self-assertion. In a few years the same girl may have mellowed and ripened, have become less conceited and more conciliating, and a man may marry her with hopes of realizing his dream of wife and home.

The present unsatisfactory condition of marriage is not altogether the result of present conditions. A large portion of the blame must be credited to a generation back. The religious education of youth goes to the very foundation of character, and mothers have largely delegated it to any young person who happens to teach a Sunday class; thus resigning the sweetest and strongest part of their influence—that part which, when their children are old men and women, will keep them in the way they should go, or bring them back to it. Sunday-schools for poor neglected children are a heavenly thought, but no Sunday-school can take the place of a good mother, who gathers her children around her knees and, out of the fulness of her love and the worship in her heart, teaches them what is good and what is evil. Better far for a man or a woman to be so taught than to sit at the feet of a Gamaliel.

Women are at present in a restless state of transition. They have broken forth from the citadel of home, where have walked the holy women of all past ages; they are attacking the hoary supremacy of men, and invading the world where men have hitherto toiled and travelled and ruled alone. And as yet they are in their new surroundings but inferior men, doing men's work imperfectly, and neglecting their own to do it. For, trying to unite what has been in absolute separation for 6,000 years is no light undertaking, and there is little wonder if "failure" be written on one side or the other.

Will, then, the woman of the future regard marriage, not as the crown of her life, but merely as an incident in it? a partnership lasting just so long as it is profitable and pleasant? Will love lose its enchantment, and, instead of suffusing life, become only a partial interest among her many graver ones? On the contrary, the woman of the future will probably give to love a more intense and concentrated character. She is stumbling gradually into a knowledge of right values, and when she understands the priceless worth of her "influence" upon the life of all with whom she comes in contact, she will hold life and love in level hands, and no more fritter away love than she would fritter away life.

AMELIA E. BARR.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

COFFEE-DRINKING IN EASTERN EUROPE.

THE opinions recently expressed in a short but interesting article on "Coffee-Drinking and Blindness," being based upon the writer's personal experience and observation, ought to have considerable weight, and should serve as a timely warning to those who indulge in this refreshing beverage to excess, or, indeed, indulge in it at all, if they have found its effects in any way injurious to their general health or to any particular organ. We perfectly agree with that writer in his remarks upon the seductive influences of habit in these things, and the extreme difficulty of shaking it off, as in opium- or tobacco-smoking, when years have fastened the practice upon the victim. What we would venture to criticise is the error of generalizing what is, no doubt, applicable only to special cases, as is too often apt to be the habit with reformers, whether the hobby they ride be temperance, anti-smoking, or anti-any other recognized evil. Probably the greatest moral curse of the nations to-day is intemperance, and he or she who enters the field to put down, with the force of argument or appeal, this crying evil,—whose devastating effects are corrupting the souls and bodies of millions of our fellow-beings, increasing the poverty of the working classes, and turning homes of happiness into hells of vice and horror,—ought to receive our earnest support and be ranked among the saviors of society.

But even in liquor-drinking there is a line to be drawn, and while many acknowledge this to be true, they fear to draw the line, lest advantage should be taken of it to defend the *excess*, which, after all, is the great evil to be attacked and destroyed. Nobody can deny with any show of justice that with many men—not all men—a moderate use, with one's meals, of *pure and unadulterated* fermented juice of the grape, called wine, is, if not absolutely necessary, wholesome and beneficial to the system. We do not refer to the class called invalids, who act under the physician's orders, but to men who enjoy an average condition of good health, and to whom animal and other nutritous food is inadequate by itself to support the system in its normal condition. Take as an example one whose daily occupation involves a good deal of mental strain, and to whom the quickening and permanent influences of a glass or two of sound sherry, madeira, or bordeaux are an unquestioned benefit. It must be admitted by the unprejudiced mind that it is the quality more than the quantity of the stuff which the poor man pours down his throat in daily, and often hourly, libations which burns, poisons, and finally destroys his system. In most countries it will be found that the hard-working man, temperate in all things, who takes a glass or two of *good* beer after his work, or while at work, is not injured but nourished thereby.

We apply this experience to coffee-drinking, and are persuaded, from our observation of many years in Greece and Turkey, that the moderate use of pure coffee is —one might almost say—a blessing to rich and to poor. Excess in its use, or the use of it at all, except when the decoction is made from the genuine coffee-berry, and properly made, is, beyond any question, an evil. One must live in the East for awhile—or, if not there, confine himself to partaking of the beverage in other countries, where the character of the café, or the house where it is served, is a guarantee of its purity—to appreciate what "a cup of coffee" really means. It is a recognized

fact that the mixture drunk by the majority of people in Europe and our own country, under the name of coffee, is a vile, or, at the best, an adulterated compound of inferior berries, beans, or other substitutes, and that when occasionally the genuine coffee-berry *is* the basis of the hot fluid served at the hotels, railroad stations, restaurants, and even in private houses, it is not prepared properly, and more frequently than otherwise injures the digestion and, consequently, the health of the constant drinker.

In Athens, broadly speaking, every third man indulges in cigarette-smoking and coffee-drinking, and this to an extent that astonishes the stranger. It is an everyday sight, when entering an office or private sitting-room, and not infrequently the family room, to see the tobacco-box, cigarette-paper, and ash-box lying on the table, and the visitor is expected, without invitation, to help himself and light his cigarette, as a preparation for and companion to conversation. Little cups of black coffee follow as a matter of course, however early or late the hour may be. But the Greek does not confine his attentions to the coffee-cup to these occasions. He often takes his first cigarette and his first cup in bed, before rising, and continues the practice at intervals through the entire day. It is something akin to the habit of ice-water drinking in the United States, but without the subtile, injurious results that follow an habitual use of cold liquids, which chill the stomach, impair the general health, and produce decayed teeth. So far as our personal observation goes, strengthened by medical testimony, the Greeks in the condition of their general health do not support the theory that the habitual use of coffee injures the system or affects the eye-sight. The use of spectacles in Athens, distinctly a population of scholars, writers, and readers, is as rare as it is prevalent in Germany, where beer-drinking and smoking are more prevalent than coffee-drinking.

The same is the case in Turkey. There coffee-drinking is universal and continuous. The writer passed the greater part of four years at Constantinople, where he had occasion to call upon the officials of the Sublime Porte so frequently that it would be difficult to enumerate these official visits; and with few exceptions, when the visit was protracted to any length, black coffee, pure in quality and prepared with the grounds, was regularly served in small delicate cups. All Turks, from the highest to the lowest, indulge in the beverage, a few swallows at a time, throughout the day, and without any evil effects. What makes the fact the more remarkable is that neither the sedentary habits of the Turk nor the quick, energetic temperament of the Greek seems to be affected by the perpetual imbibing of this beverage. Spectacles, it may be remarked, are as little used in Turkey as in Greece; nor are complaints of the eyes more prevalent, if we except ophthalmia, which is brought from Egypt and exists chiefly among the unclean and dissolute lower orders. An old Pacha once told us that he considered coffee to be one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed by Allah to the faithful, not only for its grateful aroma, but from its health-preserving qualities. He referred, of course, to the "divine berry" of Mocha, and not to the questionable compound served up in the "infidel" countries of the West.

That coffee has certain medicinal effects, under certain circumstances, must be admitted. One remarkable example of this occurred in the present writer's experience. A relative of ours, a lady, after a long illness, was finally "given up" by the physicians in attendance, owing to the inability of the patient to retain any food, liquid or solid. Days had passed in this hopeless condition and the patient was rapidly sinking from utter exhaustion. Everything she attempted to swallow was rejected, until an old black servant, long in the family, asked permission to try an experiment in which she had great faith. "Anything, anything you please," said the doctors; "nothing can save her now." The old woman rushed to the kitchen and soon reappeared with a cup of hot black coffee, into which she had broken the yolk of a raw egg. This the patient swallowed and retained, and from that moment rallied and lived for, if we remember rightly, several months after, succumbing at last to her malady, which was consumption.

Speaking of doctors recalls to mind an incident in connection with the coffee question. Many years ago, in Boston, a discussion arose which gave rise to numer-

ous letters in the newspapers, pro and con., as to the effects of tea and coffee. The advocates of each beverage pronounced his own favorite drink to be wholesome, and denounced the other as poisonous. The question was finally referred to one of the oldest physicians—Dr. Jacob Bigelow, we believe—for a solution, by which each of the contending parties agreed to abide. The doctor took his time about it, and an elaborate treatise was expected in reply. At last it came. If it was not satisfactory, it was at least definite—so far as it went. The learned referee stated that, after a full and careful examination of the question, he had no hesitation in declaring that "one of the two articles mentioned, tea and coffee, *was* a poison." Which one he did not specify; thus, diplomatically, offending the prejudices of neither party, and probably confirming each in its own opinion. Hence the great tea and coffee question remains open for discussion, and the only decision that appears to us to be of any value is that which each consumer of these beverages draws from his own experience.

CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN.

II.

CHRISTIANITY BECOMING MATERIALIZED.

THE following incident happened not long ago in one of the largest cities in this country:

An important church in the city owed a large sum of money to a very wealthy man, one of its leading members. But though the money was overdue, the church officers felt no anxiety, as their creditor not only appeared to have the interests of the church at heart, but was abundantly able to wait until it should be able to pay him, and, indeed, frequently expressed himself to that effect. At this point he was proved to be guilty of having broken one of the ten commandments,—which one it is immaterial to say here,—and as the transgression was a matter of common fame, the officers of the church were compelled to take cognizance of it. They did so, and, finding him guilty, declared him suspended from membership until he should give some proof of having repented. The offender, though acknowledging the charge against him, was furious at the audacity of the church in presuming to discipline him, and sent word to the officers that if he was not reinstated within a week, he should at once proceed to collect the money which the church owed him. He was reinstated in three days, or as soon as the meeting of the officers could be convened, and is to-day a member in good standing of that church.

Some few years ago, in a small town in the central part of this State, there was a church which had recently called to the pastorate a young man of strong religious convictions and fervid piety. He had not been pastor long before he learned that the leading member of his church, and the wealthiest and most influential man in the town, was living in open sin. It had been a matter of common notoriety for years, but the former pastor, a weak, good-natured man, having an eye to the rich man's very liberal contributions, discreetly ignored the matter. The new pastor, however, was a man of very different character, and, after privately admonishing the culprit to no effect, publicly cut him off from membership in the church. What was the result? The sinner, of course, withdrew his contributions, and so great was his influence in the town that the church members generally condemned the clergyman for so offending him. Some actually upbraided him for driving a good-paying member away by needlessly raking up a little private matter that was nobody's business. The poor man's salary was so reduced that he was finally compelled to resign. This, of course, was a triumph for the rich magnate. A man was called as pastor who had no desire to stir up unpleasant matters, and who was only too willing to conciliate a man of wealth and position. The rich man, still living in open sin, is an honored member of the church, while the clergyman, who tried to end the scandal of his membership, is looked upon as a sort of Quixotic crank, and with this reputation, earned by his uncompromising devotion to principle, he finds it impossible to obtain any permanent or desirable charge.

Multitudes of other instances, differing in many details, but all showing the subserviency of American Christianity to the money power, might be adduced. The

churches in the United States do not perhaps worship wealth ; but they conciliate it and toady to it to such an extent that their message of universal brotherhood becomes a farce. In no department of American life is the power of money greater than in the churches. Not only does it shape the policy and blind the vision of individual parishes, as in the cases I have related, but it compels American Christianity, as a whole, to take the rich man's view of every moral and social question that comes before it. The enormous wealth of many men, both in and out of the churches, is known to have been acquired dishonestly, and in violation of the rights of multitudes of men whom they deprive of their dues. But neither the churches in their corporate capacity, nor the clergy in their individual capacity, ever think of denouncing the social system which allows this state of affairs to exist, and even throws over it the sacred sanction of law.

The material growth of all American denominations during the last twenty-five years has been remarkably great. But that very growth has blinded the eyes of Christians to the fact that their spiritual growth has not been correspondingly great. It is the old story repeated. The early church retained its wonderful spirituality as long as it was obliged, on account of persecution, to meet in caves and catacombs. But when it became rich and prosperous, it rapidly degenerated, until it lost nearly all its pristine faith and purity. American Christianity to-day is confronted by a problem that involves not merely its well-being, but its very existence. Shall it float along on the tide of worldly conformity, adjusting its lofty ideals to the low standards of the money-worshipper ? Or shall it do what one of the catechisms says every Christian should do,—renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, no matter at what cost of popularity or worldly advantage ?

JAMES B. WASSON.

III.

DIPSOMANIA AND ORIGINAL SIN.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN says that what is called the religious reaction of recent times is far more superficial than is generally supposed. Of this Mr. Edward C. Mann gives an illustration in his note on "Inebriety as a Disease" in the January number of THE REVIEW. "Law and medicine," he says, "should unite in accepting the following as a definition of dipsomania: 'Dipsomania consists of an irresistible craving for alcoholic stimulants, occurring very frequently, periodically, paroxysmally, with a constant liability to periodical exacerbations, when the craving becomes altogether irresistible.'" The lay reader might ask how a craving defined as "irresistible" is to be so exacerbated as to become "altogether irresistible." And if this craving is not persistent but "occurs," how is a jury to know that it was dipsomania, and not plain thirst, which possessed an accused man when he took the liquor which led him to his crime ? There is danger in definition. But these queries are aside of the point.

Dipsomania, we are told, is an irresistible craving. How are we to know it is irresistible ? Plainly, by the fact that it is not resisted. Before it is resisted, nothing can be said of it; neither that it will, nor that it will not, be yielded to. It is a definition after the act. But after the moderate drinker or the habitual drunkard has taken his glass, it may be just as truly said of him that his craving was irresistible. The act of drinking is the proof of it. The craving in the moderate drinker may have come from other motives than desire for liquor. But whatever the motives, the fact of the drinking shows them to have been present ; to have swept aside all other motives ; to have been irresistible.

This is simply stating by example that uniformity of nature which is the very instrument of scientific thought. As a necessary corollary of that uniformity comes the fact that man is an automaton. This uniformity, our only rational working hypothesis, is accepted probably—one may almost say inevitably—by the thoughtful among the medical fraternity. Yet when the physician turns to the consideration of a concrete case, he forgets or neglects the truth to which he has just given assent, and, betraying the superficial character of the religious reaction in his own mind, harks straight back, we may say, to original sin.

"The dipsomaniac," says Mr. Mann, "is driven into a debauch by an irresistible impulse; the drunkard merely chooses to seek the intoxicating effect of alcohol." That is to say, the dipsomaniac drinks because all the past compels him to it; while the drunkard drinks because, in the depravity of his heart, he has, without regard to the past, to his nature, or to his environment, originated the desire to drink. If there be any such thing as science, this statement is absurd.

Much energy has been expended in the attempt to lay down a test of insanity which should also be a boundary line of legal responsibility. The attempt has been fruitless. From the nature of things it must always be so. The reasoning of those who seek such a test is like this: A commits a murder; A is sane; therefore, by virtue of the originating power which lies in his free will, A could have chosen not to commit this murder, had he so willed; therefore he originated this murder; therefore he is responsible for it. B commits a murder; B is insane; therefore B had lost the originating power which lies in his free will; therefore he could not have chosen not to commit this murder; therefore it did not originate in him and he is not responsible for it. The error—and it vitiates the entire reasoning—lies in the assumption that man is an original first cause. This assumption is part of the prevailing theology. Though denied by the science in the doctors, it is asserted by their religion, and so far are they from having been deeply affected by the so-called religious reaction that, in all the discussions of mental responsibility of recent years, it may be questioned if the doctrine of automatism has been, in this country, once seriously considered as entering into the problem. The New York Medico-Legal Society has wearied itself for years in word-building over the definition of insanity and the test of responsibility. It seems never to have brought into its discussion the fundamental doctrine of cause and effect, and at last reports was still beating the air as widely and vainly as does Mr. Mann in his definition of dipsomania.

Mechanism in thought and morals—the automatism of man—is a doctrine which in this age will receive scant recognition. But it is a curious illustration of the failure of logic and the persistence of superstition that our most liberal profession—even the students of the pathology of the mind in that profession—refuse to apply to the problems which vex them that uniformity of nature which is the very instrument of scientific thought.

JOHN COTTON DANA.

IV.

TWO NEEDED NEW WORDS.

SOME time ago, in a newspaper article, I took occasion to insist on the necessity of introducing into the language one or two new words in order to express with clearness ideas growing out of the use of one of the modern labor-saving devices, which, in all probability, is bound to be more and more used as time goes on. The device referred to is the type-writer. That it will entirely supersede handwriting is by no means likely; but that dexterity in the use of it will come to be one of the essentials in the education of boys and girls I have not the slightest doubt. There will necessarily be some loss along with a great gain, since the individuality of handwriting—one of its chief charms—will, as a matter of course, disappear.

Philology can never be an exact science because it deals with a living and growing thing. Language must grow or die—unless the people who speak it become stagnant and stationary. The important thing is that its growth should be wisely directed. A good deal is said about "newspaper English," and it cannot be denied that much of it is very bad indeed. Most newspapers use the language of the people with little discrimination, losing sight, apparently, of the high privilege they possess of exerting a continuous and pervasive influence in favor of good, if not of absolutely pure, English. It is the newspapers that must plead guilty to the charge of giving currency to such bastard (because improperly formed) words as "derail" and "cablegram"; whereas, by frowning upon such formations and resolutely refusing to admit them to their columns, they could do much to prevent them from coming into general use. It is the plain duty of all teachers and all trainers of public opinion to

see to it that when the language grows, as grow it must with the progress of invention and civilization, it shall grow as it ought, and be pruned if necessity for this arise.

To return to the point where I started: in connection with the use of the type-writer the necessity for two new words must be apparent on a moment's thoughtful consideration. One of these is for the product of the type-writing machine. "Type-written manuscript" is the clumsy phrase now employed; but is there any reason why "typoscript" should not be substituted for it? The word is properly formed, and is needed to express a new idea; and along with this would naturally go "typoscripture" to convey the abstract notion of the art of type-writing. Equally, if not more, needed is a name for the type-writing machine. "Type-writer" is now applied indiscriminately to the machine and the operator, so that when a man says, "I have just got a new type-writer," it is impossible for his friend to determine without further inquiry whether a machine has been purchased or a pretty young woman engaged. My first thought upon this matter was that "typograph" would be an excellent word to denote the instrument on which "typoscript" is produced; but as soon as my attention was called to the fact that we already have the words "typography," "typographical," etc., with well-established meanings, it was apparent that "typograph" would not answer the purpose. Instead of this, "graphotype" was suggested, and as this is equally good etymologically, as it expresses the same idea, and as it is free from the fatal objection that lies against "typograph," I see not why it is not an admirable word to express the thought.

"Typoscript" and "graphotype," then, are, in my judgment, needed additions to the language, and the sooner they come into common use the better. There should be no hesitation in using them because they are new; for they stand for new ideas, and in their make-up they violate no law that rightly governs the formation of words. In connection with this, I may add that along with "typoscript" would very properly go the abbreviations TS. and TSS., as counterparts to the long-accepted MS. and MSS.

PHILO H. SYLVESTER.

V.

STATEHOOD FOR THE INDIANS.

THE frequent conventions held during the past twelve months in the States adjacent to the Indian Territory, and the resolutions which they uniformly and almost unanimously adopt favoring the opening up of this region to white settlement, are but symptoms of the wide-spread discontent with its existing anomalous and deplorable condition.

It is not necessary here to enter into a detailed account of this condition. A few of the more important facts seem to be generally recognized and acknowledged. That this Territory offers a serious and damaging obstacle to free commercial intercourse between the States and Territories surrounding it is apparent. That the present form of its government affords no protection to life or property in the sense known to civilized people seems equally well understood. Several years ago I heard a wealthy and intelligent citizen of this Territory say that if he could sell his property he would move into the States, as he was unwilling to reside in a country where his only protection was the shotgun. He defined the situation in a sentence. The amount of crime committed in the Indian Territory when a white man is one of the parties can readily be ascertained, approximately at least, from the records of the Federal Courts having jurisdiction; and surely it is sufficiently shocking. But the crimes committed where both parties are Indians cannot be ascertained. A newspaper published in that country not long since estimated the number of murders alone at three hundred during the year 1888. Considering the paucity of its population, the figures are something appalling, and appeal eloquently for some remedy.

The United States Government assumes to be the guardian of these people, and cannot shirk the responsibilities of the situation by mere non-action. Humanity and sound policy alike demand a change.

What shall the change be? The more enlightened public sentiment, as well among the Indians as among white people, seems at last to have reached the con-

clusion that the only solution of the Indian question is to clothe him with citizenship. The distinguished Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, who was at the head of the Senatorial Commission sent out a year or two ago to investigate the condition of the five so-called civilized tribes of Indians, is reported to have admitted, in a public utterance, that they have attained to a stage of civilization beyond which it is impossible for them to advance, under their present form of government. Those who have resided along the border of their country long enough to become acquainted with their character and condition can attest the truth of this statement.

But two heretofore insuperable obstacles stand in the way of a change. One is the Indian himself—his fears and prejudices. The other is the none too exalted regard for the rights of the Indian, but the much too exalted opinion of his character and of the nature of his rights, which exist in the Eastern half of the United States. No one will deny, at this late date, the right of these Indians to the lands included within their Territory; but this right does not carry with it the right of their people to determine the relations to the political organization of the United States which they and their domain shall hold. The United States Government has claimed and has exercised this right from its establishment. It cannot shut its eyes to the effects of its existing paternal, emasculatory guardianship. It owes it to the Indian, it owes it to humanity, that this relation should be changed, and for the better.

Again, then, we come to the question, What shall the change be? And it is a question that presses more and urgently for an answer.

Thirty years' residence upon the border has made me somewhat familiar with the fears and prejudices of the Indian, and I venture nothing in asserting that he will never consent to any form of Territorial government that could possibly be devised. Under a Territorial government, the President of the United States appoints all the more important officers, and the Indian is afraid that during this transition period he would be deprived of his rights to his lands. But if a bill admitting this Territory into the Union as a State at once, without the intermediate Territorial condition, be carefully prepared, allotting to each citizen of the country his present individual claim in fee simple, and giving the remainder to the new State to be disposed of at its will, as soon as they can be made to understand it the Indians will consent to it.

No one better knows than the Indians of this Territory that there will be a change in the not distant future, whether they consent or not; and if they be made to understand that each individual is to have in fee simple the land to which he now has but a shadow of title; that he is to be permitted to elect his own officers, State and National; that he himself is to be made a citizen of the United States, clothed with all the rights, enjoying all the privileges, and fortified by all the protection of every other citizen; and that he is no longer to be subjected to the inquisitive surveillance of the United States Government,—both his interest and his pride will be awakened as never before. He is not a fool, even if he is not fully civilized. Remove him from his present emasculating tutelage and throw him upon his own resources, and his pride, his interest, and a sense of his new responsibilities will lift him to a higher civilization, and this farce of a government, this *imperium in imperio*, will cease to be a barrier to our National progress, a disgrace to our National policy, and a stain upon our National honor.

W. M. FISHBACK.

VI.

MR. GLADSTONE'S OVER-ESTIMATE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S essay on the future of the English-speaking races estimates the probable population of the United States in 1988 at 500,000,000. Twenty years ago a countryman of the venerable prophet predicted a pandemonium of anarchy that would explode the civilization of Anglo-America as effectually as it has blighted the prosperity of Mexico and Peru. Optimism, in this age of rapid progress, is apt to harmonize with the general current of tendencies; but while the stability of Republican institutions has been considerably under-rated, the natural resources of our special Republic have been as undoubtedly over-rated.

General Hazen's treatise on "Our Barren Lands" demonstrates the indisputable fact that an enormous area of our "Great West" is as unfit for agricultural purposes as the limestone plateaus of Western Australia, and that the task of reclaiming the old garden lands of the Mediterranean peninsula would be far less discouraging than the attempt to irrigate the summer scorched and winter storm-tortured alkali plains of the upper Missouri into anything like farm lands. The best agricultural regions of our National territory were settled before the middle of the present century, and we accordingly find that, in spite of an unparalleled concurrence of circumstances favoring the rapid growth of our population, the average ratio of the increment has gradually decreased. In the two decades from 1830 to 1850, the aggregate population of the United States nearly exactly doubled, by rising from twelve to twenty-three millions. In the next twenty years, the aggregate advanced to thirty-eight millions, and that of 1890 will hardly exceed sixty millions.

But a still more significant fact is the circumstance that in the wealthiest States of the Union *the ratio of increase steadily declines in proportion as the average density of population approaches that of civilized Europe.* Thus, while the population of the State of New York only just doubled in the course of the forty years from 1840 to 1880, that of Missouri, during the same period, increased more than 500 per cent., that of Texas 600 per cent., and that of Wisconsin *more than* 3,000 per cent. The inference is obvious. By the time that Missouri and Wisconsin shall be as densely populated as the State of New York, their growth will cease to be anything like phenomenal; the inexorable laws of physical geography will prevent the tide of progress from inundating the deserts of the great central plateau; and Mr. Gladstone's augury is, therefore, an undoubtedly flattering, but not less undoubtedly preposterous, over-estimate.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

VII.

TREE-PLANTING AND ARBOR DAY.

THE setting apart in various States of a day to be observed as Arbor Day—that is, a day on which tree-planting is to be engaged in, especially by the children who attend the public schools—is commendable in the highest degree. Wider knowledge concerning trees, and a true conception of the results that must inevitably follow the ruthless destruction of forests in many sections of the country, cannot be inculcated too diligently in the minds of the growing generation; and every tree planted is something done, even though but a trifle, to offset the ravages committed by the conscienceless wood-choppers who turn the deafest of ears to the passionate entreaty to "spare that tree." As one of our poets has finely said,

> "Who does his duty is a question
> Too complex to be solved by me,
> But he, I venture the suggestion,
> Does part of his that plants a tree";

and a fine old English proverb, quoted in Mr. T. F. T. Dyer's recently-published "Folk Lore of Plants," affirms that "He who plants trees loves others besides himself."

In New York State, Arbor Day has been fixed for the first Friday in May. This year (the first time that it is observed) that will fall on the 3d of the month. It is a serious question in the minds of many who are familiar with the general subject of tree-planting whether that is not quite too late a date, at any rate in the vicinity of New York city, for deciduous trees to be set out with a good prospect of thriving, in ordinary seasons. That it may be too early in the northern portions of the State is equally obvious. That there would be a notable advantage in having one day observed for this purpose throughout the State is a patent fact. But the disadvantages growing out of the wide territory embraced in the State, and the varying dates at which the season necessarily "opens," would seem to turn the balance in their favor. As a way out of the difficulty, I would suggest that a fortnight or three weeks, including the latter half of April and the early part of May, be set apart for this purpose, with the understanding that Arbor Day is to be observed on one day

during that period. The selection of the day would have to be left to the teachers; or perhaps the county superintendents of schools could make the selection, so that all over each county the pleasant task of planting trees could be performed simultaneously.

In the case of country schools, there will, of course, be no trouble in determining where the trees shall be set out: the waste places everywhere are crying aloud for them; but in cities, I suppose, there must be something in the way of coöperation between the various schools, whereby, through committees from each and with the consent of the park authorities, the planting, which is to be the significant feature of Arbor Day, may be done in the public parks.

JAMES R. AUSTEN.

VIII.

SPITE IN TEXT-BOOKS.

INTENSELY bitter as are some men's political prejudices, it seems scarcely credible that they would find expression in scientific treatises and text-books; yet so they have in several notable instances. Dr. Johnson could not refrain from letting his bile overflow into his dictionary, as we see by his definitions of "excise" and "pension." The former is defined to be "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid"; and "pension," to be "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country." One of the last places in which one would expect to meet with such an exhibition of temper is among the dispassionate definitions of a dictionary; and the Doctor would hardly have been betrayed into it had he dreamed that, only a few years later, he himself would accept a pension from George III.

But Johnson, "a good hater," though he was an ultra-Tory, has been surpassed by William Cobbett. In his English grammar, Cobbett contrives skilfully to drag in his political opinions, not occasionally, but again and again, and makes his examples and illustrations subservient to his likes and dislikes on almost every page. Thus, as an example of the time of an action expressed by a verb, he gives this: "The Queen (*i. e.* Queen Caroline) *defies* the tyrants, the Queen *defied* the tyrants, the Queen *will defy* the tyrants." To illustrate the hyphen, we have: "the never-to-be-forgotten cruelty of the borough tyrants"; under the possessive case: "Oliver the Shy's evidence, Edwards the government's spy." Nouns of number and multitude are thus grouped together: "Mob, Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Court of King's Bench, den of thieves, and the like." "You may use," he tells his pupil, "either a singular or plural verb with a noun of multitude, but you must not use both numbers in the same sentence. You may say, for instance, of the House of Commons, '*they* refused to hear evidence against Castlereagh, when Mr. Maddox accused him of having sold a seat'; or, '*it* refused to hear evidence.' It is wrong to say: 'Parliament *is* shamefully extravagant, and *they are* returned by a gang of rascally borough-mongers.'" As a specimen of faulty syntax, Cobbett gives: "The Attorney-General Gibbs, whose malignity induced him to be extremely violent, and was listened to by the judges."

But the bitterness of Johnson's, and even of Cobbett's, political prejudice pales before that of General Hill, the Confederate officer, as manifested in a text-book published by him just before the late Civil War. There are few persons whose ingenuity would not be puzzled and baffled in an attempt to introduce sectional feelings and personal spite into the neutral region of pure mathematics; but General Hill actually succeeded in conveying covert sneers by algebraical symbols, and insinuating contempt through mathematical problems. In a text-book, called the "Elements of Algebra," strongly recommended by Professor Jackson, of the Virginia Military Institute (afterwards the famous rebel general, "Stonewall" Jackson), a number of problems are given, of which the following are specimens: "A Yankee mixes a certain number of wooden nutmegs, which cost him one-fourth of a cent apiece, with real nutmegs worth four cents apiece, and sells the whole assortment for $45, and gains $3.75 by the fraud. How many wooden nutmegs were there?" "At the

Woman's Rights Convention, held at Syracuse, N. Y., composed of one hundred and fifty delegates, the old maids, childless wives, and bedlamites were to each other as the figures of 7 and 3. How many were there of the old maids?"

OLIVER H. RUSSELL.

IX.

WOMEN AND WAR-POLICIES.

TO THE student of social problems a very interesting question is raised by the evident inclination of the principal European states to increase their standing armies. With 8,000,000 men already under arms on the continent of Europe, and a reserve of 14,000,000 prepared to be called into the field at any moment, and with such a disposition to increase this enormous number as was shown by the vote of the German Reichstag to add 700,000 men to their army, and by the recent decision of the French Senate to increase both army and navy, it is impossible not to speculate upon the effect which the withdrawal from actual life of such vast numbers of young men will have upon the social order. The status of woman is a prominent factor in every social question of to-day. It enters into—it may almost be said to form the basis of—nearly all economic problems, and from the economic, no less than the moral, stand-point it is of prime importance here. What will be the effect upon women, and how will the evolution of society at large be affected by the present method of preserving the peace of Europe?

It is evident that the withdrawal of so many men from active life must bring women to the front in business matters. Thus the development of women in intelligence, in shrewdness, in administrative ability, will be rapidly carried forward, *pari passu*, with that moral and industrial deterioration of the young men which is the inevitable result of barrack life. The effect of these opposing influences cannot but be felt.

How far it will influence the solution of some of the most perplexing social questions of the day is an interesting subject for reflection. The temperance question is now looming up portentously, both in wine-drinking France and in beer-drinking Germany. The question of social purity, and of that blackest curse upon women's lives, the so-called social evil, is imperatively demanding attention. Will these questions, and others hardly less vitally affecting women, be met upon sounder and safer grounds when woman's influence has become a more fully recognized force in social dynamics?

It may be argued that it takes long periods of time and many generations of human life to work out a change of character so marked as to affect institutions or customs. Such has, indeed, been hitherto the case, but the change that has come over European women, especially German women, within the present generation, is too marked not to be highly suggestive. The French woman of the lower-middle class has long enjoyed a remarkable degree of freedom in the business world. She has been the head and her husband the hand, and any result of the withdrawal of the man from her side will be slow to make itself felt. But the German woman has always been secluded from active life; the home has been preëminently her sphere. Education, temperament, and circumstance have combined to make her to the highest degree sentimental, self-abnegating, unpractical, in all but domestic concerns. The change which has come over her life within the past few years has, therefore, had the more marked effect upon her character. And the fact that to-day the women of Germany are more efficiently organized in their trade and educational and social unions, that the movement to secure their personal and commercial rights is on a sounder basis than in any other country in the world, shows that social changes, even when dependent on character and opinion, are not necessarily slow. It gives some hint of what may be expected in the years that are to come, if the peace of Europe continues to be maintained by the means now employed.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

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WEALTH.

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE problem of our age is the proper administration of wealth, so that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and poor in harmonious relationship. The conditions of human life have not only been changed, but revolutionized, within the past few hundred years. In former days there was little difference between the dwelling, dress, food, and environment of the chief and those of his retainers. The Indians are to-day where civilized man then was. When visiting the Sioux, I was led to the wigwam of the chief. It was just like the others in external appearance, and even within the difference was trifling between it and those of the poorest of his braves. The contrast between the palace of the millionaire and the cottage of the laborer with us to-day measures the change which has come with civilization.

This change, however, is not to be deplored, but welcomed as highly beneficial. It is well, nay, essential for the progress of the race, that the houses of some should be homes for all that is highest and best in literature and the arts, and for all the refinements of civilization, rather than that none should be so. Much better this great irregularity than universal squalor. Without wealth there can be no Mæcenas. The "good old times" were not good old times. Neither master nor servant was as well situated then as to-day. A relapse to old conditions would be disastrous to both—not the least so to him who serves—and would sweep away civilization with it. But whether the change be for

good or ill, it is upon us, beyond our power to alter, and therefore to be accepted and made the best of. It is a waste of time to criticise the inevitable.

It is easy to see how the change has come. One illustration will serve for almost every phase of the cause. In the manufacture of products we have the whole story. It applies to all combinations of human industry, as stimulated and enlarged by the inventions of this scientific age. Formerly articles were manufactured at the domestic hearth or in small shops which formed part of the household. The master and his apprentices worked side by side, the latter living with the master, and therefore subject to the same conditions. When these apprentices rose to be masters, there was little or no change in their mode of life, and they, in turn, educated in the same routine succeeding apprentices. There was, substantially, social equality, and even political equality, for those engaged in industrial pursuits had then little or no political voice in the State.

But the inevitable result of such a mode of manufacture was crude articles at high prices. To-day the world obtains commodities of excellent quality at prices which even the generation preceding this would have deemed incredible. In the commercial world similar causes have produced similar results, and the race is benefited thereby. The poor enjoy what the rich could not before afford. What were the luxuries have become the necessaries of life. The laborer has now more comforts than the farmer had a few generations ago. The farmer has more luxuries than the landlord had, and is more richly clad and better housed. The landlord has books and pictures rarer, and appointments more artistic, than the King could then obtain.

The price we pay for this salutary change is, no doubt, great. We assemble thousands of operatives in the factory, in the mine, and in the counting-house, of whom the employer can know little or nothing, and to whom the employer is little better than a myth. All intercourse between them is at an end. Rigid Castes are formed, and, as usual, mutual ignorance breeds mutual distrust. Each Caste is without sympathy for the other, and ready to credit anything disparaging in regard to it. Under the law of competition, the employer of thousands is forced into the strictest economies, among which the rates paid to labor figure prominently, and often there is friction between the employer

and the employed, between capital and labor, between rich and poor. Human society loses homogeneity.

The price which society pays for the law of competition, like the price it pays for cheap comforts and luxuries, is also great; but the advantages of this law are also greater still, for it is to this law that we owe our wonderful material development, which brings improved conditions in its train. But, whether the law be benign or not, we must say of it, as we say of the change in the conditions of men to which we have referred: It is here; we cannot evade it; no substitutes for it have been found; and while the law may be sometimes hard for the individual, it is best for the race, because it insures the survival of the fittest in every department. We accept and welcome, therefore, as conditions to which we must accommodate ourselves, great inequality of environment, the concentration of business, industrial and commercial, in the hands of a few, and the law of competition between these, as being not only beneficial, but essential for the future progress of the race. Having accepted these, it follows that there must be great scope for the exercise of special ability in the merchant and in the manufacturer who has to conduct affairs upon a great scale. That this talent for organization and management is rare among men is proved by the fact that it invariably secures for its possessor enormous rewards, no matter where or under what laws or conditions. The experienced in affairs always rate the MAN whose services can be obtained as a partner as not only the first consideration, but such as to render the question of his capital scarcely worth considering, for such men soon create capital; while, without the special talent required, capital soon takes wings. Such men become interested in firms or corporations using millions; and estimating only simple interest to be made upon the capital invested, it is inevitable that their income must exceed their expenditures, and that they must accumulate wealth. Nor is there any middle ground which such men can occupy, because the great manufacturing or commercial concern which does not earn at least interest upon its capital soon becomes bankrupt. It must either go forward or fall behind: to stand still is impossible. It is a condition essential for its successful operation that it should be thus far profitable, and even that, in addition to interest on capital, it should make profit. It is a law, as certain as any of

the others named, that men possessed of this peculiar talent for affairs, under the free play of economic forces, must, of necessity, soon be in receipt of more revenue than can be judiciously expended upon themselves; and this law is as beneficial for the race as the others.

Objections to the foundations upon which society is based are not in order, because the condition of the race is better with these than it has been with any others which have been tried. Of the effect of any new substitutes proposed we cannot be sure. The Socialist or Anarchist who seeks to overturn present conditions is to be regarded as attacking the foundation upon which civilization itself rests, for civilization took its start from the day that the capable, industrious workman said to his incompetent and lazy fellow, "If thou dost not sow, thou shalt not reap," and thus ended primitive Communism by separating the drones from the bees. One who studies this subject will soon be brought face to face with the conclusion that upon the sacredness of property civilization itself depends—the right of the laborer to his hundred dollars in the savings bank, and equally the legal right of the millionaire to his millions. To those who propose to substitute Communism for this intense Individualism the answer, therefore, is: The race has tried that. All progress from that barbarous day to the present time has resulted from its displacement. Not evil, but good, has come to the race from the accumulation of wealth by those who have the ability and energy that produce it. But even if we admit for a moment that it might be better for the race to discard its present foundation, Individualism,—that it is a nobler ideal that man should labor, not for himself alone, but in and for a brotherhood of his fellows, and share with them all in common, realizing Swedenborg's idea of Heaven, where, as he says, the angels derive their happiness, not from laboring for self, but for each other,—even admit all this, and a sufficient answer is, This is not evolution, but revolution. It necessitates the changing of human nature itself—a work of æons, even if it were good to change it, which we cannot know. It is not practicable in our day or in our age. Even if desirable theoretically, it belongs to another and long-succeeding sociological stratum. Our duty is with what is practicable now; with the next step possible in our day and generation. It is criminal to waste our energies in endeavoring to uproot, when all we can profitably or possibly accomplish is to

bend the universal tree of humanity a little in the direction most favorable to the production of good fruit under existing circumstances. We might as well urge the destruction of the highest existing type of man because he failed to reach our ideal as to favor the destruction of Individualism, Private Property, the Law of Accumulation of Wealth, and the Law of Competition; for these are the highest results of human experience, the soil in which society so far has produced the best fruit. Unequally or unjustly, perhaps, as these laws sometimes operate, and imperfect as they appear to the Idealist, they are, nevertheless, like the highest type of man, the best and most valuable of all that humanity has yet accomplished.

We start, then, with a condition of affairs under which the best interests of the race are promoted, but which inevitably gives wealth to the few. Thus far, accepting conditions as they exist, the situation can be surveyed and pronounced good. The question then arises,—and, if the foregoing be correct, it is the only question with which we have to deal,—What is the proper mode of administering wealth after the laws upon which civilization is founded have thrown it into the hands of the few? And it is of this great question that I believe I offer the true solution. It will be understood that *fortunes* are here spoken of, not moderate sums saved by many years of effort, the returns from which are required for the comfortable maintenance and education of families. This is not *wealth*, but only *competence*, which it should be the aim of all to acquire.

There are but three modes in which surplus wealth can be disposed of. It can be left to the families of the decedents; or it can be bequeathed for public purposes; or, finally, it can be administered during their lives by its possessors. Under the first and second modes most of the wealth of the world that has reached the few has hitherto been applied. Let us in turn consider each of these modes. The first is the most injudicious. In monarchical countries, the estates and the greatest portion of the wealth are left to the first son, that the vanity of the parent may be gratified by the thought that his name and title are to descend to succeeding generations unimpaired. The condition of this class in Europe to-day teaches the futility of such hopes or ambitions. The successors have become impoverished through their follies or from the fall in the value of land. Even in Great Britain the

strict law of entail has been found inadequate to maintain the status of an hereditary class. Its soil is rapidly passing into the hands of the stranger. Under republican institutions the division of property among the children is much fairer, but the question which forces itself upon thoughtful men in all lands is: Why should men leave great fortunes to their children? If this is done from affection, is it not misguided affection? Observation teaches that, generally speaking, it is not well for the children that they should be so burdened. Neither is it well for the state. Beyond providing for the wife and daughters moderate sources of income, and very moderate allowances indeed, if any, for the sons, men may well hesitate, for it is no longer questionable that great sums bequeathed oftener work more for the injury than for the good of the recipients. Wise men will soon conclude that, for the best interests of the members of their families and of the state, such bequests are an improper use of their means.

It is not suggested that men who have failed to educate their sons to earn a livelihood shall cast them adrift in poverty. If any man has seen fit to rear his sons with a view to their living idle lives, or, what is highly commendable, has instilled in them the sentiment that they are in a position to labor for public ends without reference to pecuniary considerations, then, of course, the duty of the parent is to see that such are provided for *in moderation.* There are instances of millionaires' sons unspoiled by wealth, who, being rich, still perform great services in the community. Such are the very salt of the earth, as valuable as, unfortunately, they are rare; still it is not the exception, but the rule, that men must regard, and, looking at the usual result of enormous sums conferred upon legatees, the thoughtful man must shortly say, "I would as soon leave to my son a curse as the almighty dollar," and admit to himself that it is not the welfare of the children, but family pride, which inspires these enormous legacies.

As to the second mode, that of leaving wealth at death for public uses, it may be said that this is only a means for the disposal of wealth, provided a man is content to wait until he is dead before it becomes of much good in the world. Knowledge of the results of legacies bequeathed is not calculated to inspire the brightest hopes of much posthumous good being accom-

plished. The cases are not few in which the real object sought by the testator is not attained, nor are they few in which his real wishes are thwarted. In many cases the bequests are so used as to become only monuments of his folly. It is well to remember that it requires the exercise of not less ability than that which acquired the wealth to use it so as to be really beneficial to the community. Besides this, it may fairly be said that no man is to be extolled for doing what he cannot help doing, nor is he to be thanked by the community to which he only leaves wealth at death. Men who leave vast sums in this way may fairly be thought men who would not have left it at all, had they been able to take it with them. The memories of such cannot be held in grateful remembrance, for there is no grace in their gifts. It is not to be wondered at that such bequests seem so generally to lack the blessing.

The growing disposition to tax more and more heavily large estates left at death is a cheering indication of the growth of a salutary change in public opinion. The State of Pennsylvania now takes—subject to some exceptions—one-tenth of the property left by its citizens. The budget presented in the British Parliament the other day proposes to increase the death-duties; and, most significant of all, the new tax is to be a graduated one. Of all forms of taxation, this seems the wisest. Men who continue hoarding great sums all their lives, the proper use of which for public ends would work good to the community, should be made to feel that the community, in the form of the state, cannot thus be deprived of its proper share. By taxing estates heavily at death the state marks its condemnation of the selfish millionaire's unworthy life.

It is desirable that nations should go much further in this direction. Indeed, it is difficult to set bounds to the share of a rich man's estate which should go at his death to the public through the agency of the state, and by all means such taxes should be graduated, beginning at nothing upon moderate sums to dependents, and increasing rapidly as the amounts swell, until of the millionaire's hoard, as of Shylock's, at least

> "—— The other half
> Comes to the privy coffer of the state."

This policy would work powerfully to induce the rich man to attend to the administration of wealth during his life, which is

the end that society should always have in view, as being that by far most fruitful for the people. Nor need it be feared that this policy would sap the root of enterprise and render men less anxious to accumulate, for to the class whose ambition it is to leave great fortunes and be talked about after their death, it will attract even more attention, and, indeed, be a somewhat nobler ambition to have enormous sums paid over to the state from their fortunes.

There remains, then, only one mode of using great fortunes; but in this we have the true antidote for the temporary unequal distribution of wealth, the reconciliation of the rich and the poor —a reign of harmony—another ideal, differing, indeed, from that of the Communist in requiring only the further evolution of existing conditions, not the total overthrow of our civilization. It is founded upon the present most intense individualism, and the race is prepared to put it in practice by degrees whenever it pleases. Under its sway we shall have an ideal state, in which the surplus wealth of the few will become, in the best sense, the property of the many, because administered for the common good, and this wealth, passing through the hands of the few, can be made a much more potent force for the elevation of our race than if it had been distributed in small sums to the people themselves. Even the poorest can be made to see this, and to agree that great sums gathered by some of their fellow-citizens and spent for public purposes, from which the masses reap the principal benefit, are more valuable to them than if scattered among them through the course of many years in trifling amounts.

If we consider what results flow from the Cooper Institute, for instance, to the best portion of the race in New York not possessed of means, and compare these with those which would have arisen for the good of the masses from an equal sum distributed by Mr. Cooper in his lifetime in the form of wages, which is the highest form of distribution, being for work done and not for charity, we can form some estimate of the possibilities for the improvement of the race which lie embedded in the present law of the accumulation of wealth. Much of this sum, if distributed in small quantities among the people, would have been wasted in the indulgence of appetite, some of it in excess, and it may be doubted whether even the part put to the best use, that of adding to the comforts of the home, would have yielded

results for the race, as a race, at all comparable to those which are flowing and are to flow from the Cooper Institute from generation to generation. Let the advocate of violent or radical change ponder well this thought.

We might even go so far as to take another instance, that of Mr. Tilden's bequest of five millions of dollars for a free library in the city of New York, but in referring to this one cannot help saying involuntarily, How much better if Mr. Tilden had devoted the last years of his own life to the proper administration of this immense sum; in which case neither legal contest nor any other cause of delay could have interfered with his aims. But let us assume that Mr. Tilden's millions finally become the means of giving to this city a noble public library, where the treasures of the world contained in books will be open to all forever, without money and without price. Considering the good of that part of the race which congregates in and around Manhattan Island, would its permanent benefit have been better promoted had these millions been allowed to circulate in small sums through the hands of the masses? Even the most strenuous advocate of Communism must entertain a doubt upon this subject. Most of those who think will probably entertain no doubt whatever.

Poor and restricted are our opportunities in this life; narrow our horizon; our best work most imperfect; but rich men should be thankful for one inestimable boon. They have it in their power during their lives to busy themselves in organizing benefactions from which the masses of their fellows will derive lasting advantage, and thus dignify their own lives. The highest life is probably to be reached, not by such imitation of the life of Christ as Count Tolstoï gives us, but, while animated by Christ's spirit, by recognizing the changed conditions of this age, and adopting modes of expressing this spirit suitable to the changed conditions under which we live; still laboring for the good of our fellows, which was the essence of his life and teaching, but laboring in a different manner.

This, then, is held to be the duty of the man of Wealth: First, to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and after doing so to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer, and strictly bound

as a matter of duty to administer in the manner which, in his judgment, is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community—the man of wealth thus becoming the mere agent and trustee for his poorer brethren, bringing to their service his superior wisdom, experience, and ability to administer, doing for them better than they would or could do for themselves.

We are met here with the difficulty of determining what are moderate sums to leave to members of the family; what is modest, unostentatious living; what is the test of extravagance. There must be different standards for different conditions. The answer is that it is as impossible to name exact amounts or actions as it is to define good manners, good taste, or the rules of propriety; but, nevertheless, these are verities, well known although undefinable. Public sentiment is quick to know and to feel what offends these. So in the case of wealth. The rule in regard to good taste in the dress of men or women applies here. Whatever makes one conspicuous offends the canon. If any family be chiefly known for display, for extravagance in home, table, equipage, for enormous sums ostentatiously spent in any form upon itself,—if these be its chief distinctions, we have no difficulty in estimating its nature or culture. So likewise in regard to the use or abuse of its surplus wealth, or to generous, free-handed coöperation in good public uses, or to unabated efforts to accumulate and hoard to the last, whether they administer or bequeath. The verdict rests with the best and most enlightened public sentiment. The community will surely judge, and its judgments will not often be wrong.

The best uses to which surplus wealth can be put have already been indicated. Those who would administer wisely must, indeed, be wise, for one of the serious obstacles to the improvement of our race is indiscriminate charity. It were better for mankind that the millions of the rich were thrown into the sea than so spent as to encourage the slothful, the drunken, the unworthy. Of every thousand dollars spent in so called charity to-day, it is probable that $950 is unwisely spent; so spent, indeed, as to produce the very evils which it proposes to mitigate or cure. A well-known writer of philosophic books admitted the other day that he had given a quarter of a dollar to a man who approached him as he was coming to visit the house of his friend. He knew nothing of the habits of this beggar; knew not the use that

would be made of this money, although he had every reason to suspect that it would be spent improperly. This man professed to be a disciple of Herbert Spencer; yet the quarter-dollar given that night will probably work more injury than all the money which its thoughtless donor will ever be able to give in true charity will do good. He only gratified his own feelings, saved himself from annoyance,—and this was probably one of the most selfish and very worst actions of his life, for in all respects he is most worthy.

In bestowing charity, the main consideration should be to help those who will help themselves; to provide part of the means by which those who desire to improve may do so; to give those who desire to rise the aids by which they may rise; to assist, but rarely or never to do all. Neither the individual nor the race is improved by alms-giving. Those worthy of assistance, except in rare cases, seldom require assistance. The really valuable men of the race never do, except in cases of accident or sudden change. Every one has, of course, cases of individuals brought to his own knowledge where temporary assistance can do genuine good, and these he will not overlook. But the amount which can be wisely given by the individual for individuals is necessarily limited by his lack of knowledge of the circumstances connected with each. He is the only true reformer who is as careful and as anxious not to aid the unworthy as he is to aid the worthy, and, perhaps, even more so, for in alms-giving more injury is probably done by rewarding vice than by relieving virtue.

The rich man is thus almost restricted to following the examples of Peter Cooper, Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, Mr. Pratt of Brooklyn, Senator Stanford, and others, who know that the best means of benefiting the community is to place within its reach the ladders upon which the aspiring can rise—parks, and means of recreation, by which men are helped in body and mind; works of art, certain to give pleasure and improve the public taste, and public institutions of various kinds, which will improve the general condition of the people;—in this manner returning their surplus wealth to the mass of their fellows in the forms best calculated to do them lasting good.

Thus is the problem of Rich and Poor to be solved. The laws of accumulation will be left free; the laws of distribution free.

Individualism will continue, but the millionaire will be but a trustee for the poor; intrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself. The best minds will thus have reached a stage in the development of the race in which it is clearly seen that there is no mode of disposing of surplus wealth creditable to thoughtful and earnest men into whose hands it flows save by using it year by year for the general good. This day already dawns. But a little while, and although, without incurring the pity of their fellows, men may die sharers in great business enterprises from which their capital cannot be or has not been withdrawn, and is left chiefly at death for public uses, yet the man who dies leaving behind him millions of available wealth, which was his to administer during life, will pass away "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," no matter to what uses he leaves the dross which he cannot take with him. Of such as these the public verdict will then be: "The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced."

Such, in my opinion, is the true Gospel concerning Wealth, obedience to which is destined some day to solve the problem of the Rich and the Poor, and to bring "Peace on earth, among men Good-Will."

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

WHAT IS THE DESTINY OF CANADA?

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

EIGHT men of every ten in this country, who have thought upon the subject, have reached the conclusion that Canada ought to belong to the United States. This decision has not been reached by an elaborate process of reasoning, nor by a mature consideration of the consequences of such an event. The general belief that the United States comprises nearly all that is worth having on the continent makes it easy for the average American to jump to the conclusion that what remains ought to be included within the Union. Without realizing the magnitude of the country to the north, or making any estimate of its possibilities, the general conclusion is that its addition to the United States would not disturb or imperil the existing system. A more careful study of the matter might lead to a different conclusion; but, in view of the feeling which now prevails, the eventual acquisition of Canada as a National policy would be approved by an immense majority.

While the opinion that Canada should belong to the United States is general, no one proposes to achieve it by other than peaceable means. In the event of war with England, public sentiment would entirely change, and Canada would then be the battle-ground. It might even happen that a persistence by the Canadian Government in a nagging and unfriendly policy, as shown in the harsh and antiquated interpretation of the Fishery Treaty, the constant invitation to retaliation by acts of bad neighborhood, by hostile tariffs and other irritating influences, might work up a sentiment in the United States that would demand and justify the military capture of Canada. If, indeed, the anti-British vote in the United States had any real influence upon the policy of the country (which it has not), some military advan-

tage might be taken of Canada's weakness, by reason of its remoteness from Great Britain and the enormous preponderance of the United States. But up to the present hour there is not the slightest sign, in any class or in any direction, of a desire to acquire Canada other than by the free and unbiassed consent of her own people.

While it may be said, in truth, that eight of every ten men in the United States would like to see Canada a part of the Union, it could, until recently, with equal truth be alleged that, in Canada, eight of every ten Canadians preferred to preserve existing political conditions and to remain part and parcel of the British Empire. An agitation for closer commercial relations, which have been denied to them; a persistence in a restrictive and offensive policy toward the United States, and an attempt to divert public opinion in favor of some form of Imperial Federation with other colonies, have, it is true, created a sentiment in favor of annexation nearly as pronounced as the Tory manifesto of 1849. This tendency has recently been quickened by the encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church and its evident hold upon legislation, as evinced in large grants of public money to Jesuits in Quebec, which were afterwards confirmed by a preponderating vote of the Dominion Parliament. It is true that this growth of the annexation sentiment is denied by super-loyalists and subsidized supporters of the present administration, and its existence for any present political purpose is ignored. Yet it is claimed by some observers that, if a secret ballot were taken in Canada today on the question, a majority of the voters would be found to favor a political union. But the fact that a *secret* ballot would have to be taken in order to evoke any pronounced opinion in its behalf is the significant circumstance by which the force of the movement is to be judged. No man, however favorable he may be to a political union between the two countries, can believe that such a revolution in public sentiment is possible as would elect within a period of twenty years a Parliament whose main plank should be annexation to the United States. True, now and then there are indications of a growing party in favor of political union; but their rarity and inconsequent character show that, while the sentiment may be a growing one, many years will pass before it is sufficiently effective to become a force in practical politics.

The great body of thinking Canadians are quite content with their present political condition. In the absence of universal suffrage, and wanting the constant additions of a foreign vote which threatens the political extinction of the American; in the absence also of an elective judiciary; with a system of government less dependent upon the corner saloon, the professional politician, and the ward boss; with an admirable code of election laws, under which bribery is difficult, if not impossible; and with many other improvements upon the American system, the political contentment of the Canadian is assured. Aside from this, there is a sincere and ardent attachment to British institutions, and especially to the person of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. It could hardly fail to be otherwise. England has treated Canada with the utmost liberality, and it has often been said that if, prior to the Revolution, Great Britain had treated the colonies with the same consideration and coöperation, there would have been no Declaration of Independence. Made up as Canada largely is of descendants of United Empire Loyalists, and of former residents of Great Britain or their immediate descendants, between whom and the mother-country there is a close business and social connection, how is it possible that an allegiance so constant and beneficial should be suddenly and without justification severed? This is all the more unlikely when it is recalled that there is now a steady stream of immigration into the great Northwest, made up of English people who deliberately prefer to live under British rule.

Perhaps the most serious barrier, however, to the vital change in the political condition of Canada which would follow annexation to the United States is the French Canadian element, under the dominant influence of the Roman Catholic Church. It may be doubted if anywhere else in the world this great clerical institution rules more absolutely than in Quebec. Elsewhere its power and influence diminish; its wealth is stationary or decreases; but here in free North America, in the Nineteenth Century, the Roman Catholic Church is becoming so dominant, so successful in a business point of view, and so generally aggressive, as to create serious alarm for the future in the minds of the Protestants of Canada. The marvellous fecundity of the French race, their thrift, industry, and contentment, are elements of vital strength in this religious propaganda; and

already considerable areas, formerly jointly occupied by Protestant and Catholic communities, are given up to French domination. Special privileges, the right to levy tithes, protection, and other important advantages are assured to the French church under existing political conditions. These, it is feared, would be materially lessened should annexation to the United States ever occur. The complete control of education, the possession of vast estates for religious purposes, freedom from taxation, and public grants could hardly be tolerated in a free State of the Union; while, above and beyond all, would be feared the danger of an influx into Quebec of intelligent Protestants, owing to the development of natural resources and the increase of foreign capital. The influences of a progressive spirit, greater intelligence, higher forms of education, and freedom of inquiry into the power and influence of the church, would be more feared than even a change in the political conditions.

It will thus be seen that great impediments stand in the way of annexation in Quebec. On the other hand, it is a fact that recent events have so alarmed a large body of thinking Canadians that no other escape seems possible from the despotism of the church than that which a complete revolution in political conditions would afford by annexation with the United States. While this consideration may have weight with the more intelligent and independent, as a means of lessening the undue influence of the church, the very fact that it is urged with that end in view alarms the devout and arrays both priest and people against political union.

Meantime an influence adverse to annexation prevails in Canada, the force and universality of which very few in the United States apprehend. It is a Protestant force, and its reason for existence is opposition to the encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church; and yet, so pronounced is its loyalty, so prejudiced and ignorant is it in regard to the United States, that it would unite with its bitterest enemy to maintain British supremacy. This force is the secret society known as the Orange order, which, owing to recent events in the progress of Jesuitism, is likely to become, in conjunction with various sectarian bodies, the most powerful organization in Protestant Canada. It is impossible to conceive of a body of men more vociferously loyal to the Crown; and in view of the antecedents of its members,

their prejudices and peculiar rites,—in which an oath to maintain the British rule is the chief obligation assumed,—it is difficult to see how political union can be attained while such an organization exercises an influence so powerful. It would, therefore, seem that two great organized forces—to wit, Protestant and Catholic Canada—are arrayed against any political change whatever.

In considering the obstacles to a political union with the United States, nothing has been said as to the feeling of Great Britain on this question. It would seem almost incredible that the official and aristocratic class, which is so powerful in England, will favor the loss of nearly half of the British Empire. The colonial policy of Great Britain has been largely stimulated by the expectation that trade would follow the flag, and that, if the English flag ceased to be emblematic of governmental control, English trade would languish and cease. Republican sentiment in Great Britain would, it is presumed, receive an enormous impulse should these principles of government, by a single act, be extended over so large a part of the British Empire as is included within the greater half of the continent of North America. If Great Britain has spent millions of money and sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives to make conquests in distant parts of the world, it would be a complete reversal of policy to abandon or cede so great a country as Canada cheerfully and without a murmur. When one recalls how essential to her political and military supremacy is the possession of outlying posts, such as Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, and other strongholds, it seems incredible that she would willingly relinquish Halifax on the Atlantic or Vancouver on the Pacific. The new-born hopes of an alternative route, within British territory, to her vast eastern possessions, and the expectations that have been raised in the minds of English capitalists as to the development of a great eastern trade through English channels, are all opposed to the assumption that England would for a moment consider favorably a proposition that her great colony of Canada should become part and parcel of the United States.

In all this enumeration, difficulties in the way of the annexation of Canada to the United States which for the moment seem insurmountable present themselves. How many years must

elapse before these difficulties will disappear so as to permit the election of a Parliament in Canada that will demand separation from the mother-country? How many will elapse before it puts an end to its own existence, and, filtering into a requisite number of State legislatures, merges itself into the Congress at Washington? The possibility of such a catastrophe to the Senate of Canada, who are all selected for life and whose animating sentiment is loyalty to the British crown, it is impossible to contemplate with any expectation that its remnant would survive to tell the tale. Certainly not within the present generation does such a consummation as the extinction of Parliament seem possible to the average Canadian, who is familiar with the feeling of loyalty to the British crown on the one hand, and, on the other, the political cowardice and mock sentimentality that exist throughout Canada, which, even in the presence of a marked change favorable to open trade relations with the United States, and while one-fourth of its adult population is already in this country, shrieks hysterically, "Treason!" "Rebellion!" Under these circumstances a political union seems too remote to justify its present consideration from a business point of view.

The peculiarities of the Canadians — their sturdy Anglo-Saxon nature—make the task a hopeless one, either to drive or force them into submission. Moreover, the great mass of the American people would disapprove such a policy. Those who might favor it would soon find that the people at large, especially the great mass of business men, would much prefer a more natural and a more profitable course. If a union of nations on this continent is to be brought about except by conquest, it must be brought about by a union of interests. Unless a political union can be achieved by a perfect acquiescence in the advantages and superiority of the institutions of the United States, a political union would be a serious and fatal mistake.

It remains, therefore, to consider whether a Commercial Policy cannot be inaugurated by both countries which will materially benefit both nations, without political union, and which might have the eventual effect of removing the obstacles to political union. There are those who think that a policy of retaliation—for which Canada has afforded abundant justification—would starve the Dominion into submission; there are others who believe that a

steady persistence in the policy of rigid and, perhaps, offensive indifference will result in Canada dropping like a ripe plum into the ever-open mouth of the United States. But life is too short for either of these policies to work out a union of the English-speaking people on this continent in our day.

With this conception in view, a movement in favor of a Commercial Union between the two countries has been for some time making steady progress on both sides of the border. It has met with surprising favor in the United States among merchants, bankers, and manufacturers, and especially among the intelligent class of artisans in New England industrial centres, who see in it a hopeful sign for cheapened food and a supply of raw material, on the one hand, and an enlarged market for the product of their industry, on the other. Nova Scotia to the New England States is a new Alabama, within easy reach, with resources equally important, especially to the regeneration of her iron industries. Without some such advantage these are doomed to extinction, in view of the competition of the Southern and Western States. With, however, sources of supply of iron and coal and coke from Nova Scotia, New England iron industries, with a slight reduction of taxation, should compete in all the markets of the world, owing to their advantageous position on the sea-board. In New Brunswick and Quebec (the latter comprising five times the area of New York State) there would be found supplies of raw material of the most useful character; from the great Province of Ontario—the most favored spot on the continent—there would be derived an infinite variety of products, from the mine, the forest, and the field; while in the enormous wheat-producing areas of the Canadian northwestern territories there would be found a receptacle for immigration from all the world, thus affording a field for western trade and for western transportation of the greatest possible consequence. As for the Pacific coast, no boon could be afforded to California and Oregon greater than is implied in the essential supplies from British Columbia of the finest coal, the largest timber, and the enormous fishing wealth which the coast of that province affords —a coast the extent of which the reader will realize when he is told that it covers a mileage as great as from Florida in the south to the boundary of Maine on the north.

In furtherance of the pronounced sentiment in behalf of a commercial policy that would make all these palpable advantages

almost immediately available, a most significant event was the passage at the close of the last session of Congress, by the House of Representatives, of a resolution which, had it been assented to by the Senate, would have proved a great stride towards a permanent and most beneficent settlement of all difficulties between the two nations. This resolution, the movement towards which originated in the fertile mind of the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, but was eventually promoted by that sagacious statesman, the Hon. R. R. Hitt, of Illinois, is in the following words:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, etc., That whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the Government of the Dominion of Canada has declared a desire to establish Commercial Union with the United States, having a uniform revenue system, like internal taxes to be collected, and like import duties to be imposed, on articles brought into either country from other nations, with no duties upon trade between the United States and Canada, he shall appoint three Commissioners to meet those who may be likewise designated to represent the Government of Canada, to prepare a plan for the assimilation of the import duties and internal-revenue taxes of the two countries, and an equitable division of receipts, in a Commercial Union; and said Commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress.

The effect in the United States of the passage of this resolution would simply be to give shape and form to a desire for an enlarged relation with the greater half of the continent, on terms of a mutuality of interest as perfect as is possible to be created, and to disclose, as the result of inquiry, for the subsequent action of Congress, the advantages to both countries which would flow from the adoption of this policy. The effect in Canada of the adoption of such a policy by the United States would be, at the proper time, an acquiescence in it of a most marked character. The vast majority of the population of Canada is made up of men whose interests would be enormously advanced by an open market in the United States and a cheapened supply of manufactured goods,—composed largely as that people is of farmers, lumbermen, miners, and fishermen. These number three to one the class who would be adversely affected, such as manufacturers, artisans, and professional men. But even among these latter it is certain that a very large contingent are favorable to improved relations with this country. It is believed by those who watch the trend of affairs that a general parliamentary election, which occurs within three years, will result in a triumph for Commercial Union, should the United States continue to offer terms similar to those set forth in the above resolution. The elec-

tion of a Parliament having a Commercial-Union complexion would result in the passage of a bill giving practical shape to the proposition above set forth. Such an event may have most momentous consequences, not only in Canada and in the United States, but upon the relations that will thereafter exist between Canada and England. It is to the very critical conditions that would thus be created between Great Britain and her greatest colony that the attention of the people of the United States is now most earnestly asked. Heretofore the Dominion has shaped her own fiscal policy and has been permitted, in her freedom of action, to create a customs barrier against English goods in common with those from the United States and from other countries.

But it is pushing this freedom of action to an extreme to ask Great Britain to consent to let one part of the British Empire charge a high rate of duty against the goods of another part of that Empire, while admitting free of duty the manufactures of the United States, her great commercial rival. It is even going a step further than this, because if the tariff under the proposed continental Commercial Union is to be regulated anywhere, it must be at Washington; so that in the event of the Canadian Parliament passing a bill for Commercial Union with the United States, the spectacle would be presented of Congress fixing the rate of duty which shall prevail thereafter in nearly one-half of the British Empire, as against the goods manufactured in another portion of that Empire. It will be seen, therefore, that, if the people of Canada were in earnest in their desire for open and unrestricted trade with the United States, and made such an expression of their views through Parliament,—as they certainly would,—the dilemma of the Imperial Government would be extreme. That Government would either have to renounce the principles of free trade which her people have preached with such force for so many years, or she would have to give perfect liberty to Canada to trade with whom she chose. The Imperial Government, on the one hand, would be compelled to refuse Canada that liberty which she has hitherto enjoyed, and thus afford a justification for a severance of the tie which has bound her with silken cords and with such affectionate regard that to talk of severing it now is considered as the highest form of treason. If Her Majesty should refuse to

advance the interests of five millions of her Canadian agricultural subjects, and sacrifice them for the benefit of half a million English manufacturers, a serious shock would be given to the relations that now exist, and the annexation sentiment would then be justifiable. If, on the other hand, Imperial consent were given for a Commercial Union with the United States, as in the end it no doubt would be, the effect upon Canada and its future would be decisive and remarkable. An open market for her minerals, her vast fishing possibilities, and enormous timber resources, with other stores of wealth, would soon beget an immigration into Canada of Americans and their followers that might so change the political complexion of the country that within two or three Parliaments she might find an outcome in an altered destiny. If, in the meantime, the great problem of self-government had been successfully worked out in the United States,—if a right solution had been achieved of many troublesome questions now impending, and the attractiveness of American institutions were such as to induce an annexation propaganda,—it could then, with far greater probability of success, be promoted. So that through Commercial Union some will see a short cut to annexation, while to others this indefinitely postpones it.

The destiny that awaits the greater half of the continent, now included within the British possessions in North America, is a subject of the most profound interest. If, as resulting from a Commercial Union with the United States, and the political consequences that would follow from an enormous increase in population, with a dissatisfaction with colonialism and the development of a real national life, a movement should set in for the Independence of Canada, it would take but a few years to achieve it. Already there is a tendency in this direction in the Canadian mind, especially among the young men of Canada; and there would be less disinclination on the part of English statesmen to favor a movement of that character in preference to absorption by the United States. The Independence of Canada could result only in the creation of a great Republic, founded upon very much the same principles as those that now pervade the United States. The area, comprising now eleven provinces and territories, could be divided advantageously into thirty States; and if the movement towards a Republic should have the hearty cöoperation and all the commercial advantages of a close

union with the United States, no greater achievement could be imagined than to build up a great nation, composed of people of the same lineage, the same language, the same laws, and the same literature, governed by the same principles, and having the same destiny in the advancement of civilization. England would be benefited, the United States would have a constant contribution to its greatness without increased responsibility, and the new Canadian Republic would occupy a place before the world such as her magnificent proportions, her vast wealth, and the genius of her people would entitle her to.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES IN FICTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Poscimur. The Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW asks for a study of married misery in fiction. Whence are we to begin? *A Jove principium,* we might say, for the poets fable that the King of Gods and Men was most unluckily married. This, no doubt, is a mystery, and implies a prehistoric belief that not even a god can secure a happy wedlock. But more modern students may start from a letter of Mr. Thackeray's to Alexandre Dumas. "Why don't you take possession of other people's heroes," asks the Englishman (I translate his French), and "show us the secret of their wedded lives?" The Master of Ravenswood, Thackeray thinks, did not really perish in the Kelpie's Flow. He was picked up by a passing smuggler (perhaps the skipper was Dirck Hatteraick the elder), and it was the Master's bonnet and plume, floating on the tide, that caused the myth of his decease. Why not continue his annals? Quentin Durward, too, had adventures manifold after he married the heiress of a castle in most debatable land. Let us pursue the fortunes of our favorites beyond the altar. So Thackeray said, and himself shows us how. Wilfred of Ivanhoe bore the yoke. But marriage is the trite finish of romance. Neither in poetry nor novels has married life been duly studied. Authors "avert their ken from half of human fate," like Wordsworth in Mr. Arnold's poem.

"They lived happy ever after." We all adopt that formula of the fairy tale. There are, to be sure, fairy tales more daring than most, which prolong the narrative beyond the nuptial hour, behind the nuptial veil; show us what a wicked mother-in-law can inflict and a pretty princess may endure. But human nature is impatient of such researches. If you will consult "La Belle

au Bois Dormant," of M. Charles Perrault, you shall find that the Sleeping Beauty's troubles only begin after she has been married and made a mother. But our English nursery versions, except in the old original rendering of Mr. Pote (1729), leave all that out. Is this not a clear proof, in its way, that novel-readers and story-hearers do not want to know the truth about marriage? Poets and romancers say they are "critics of life." But there is a part of it which very few of them criticise. It has been asked whether any poet has ever yet sung the sorrows of being "hen-pecked"? Not one, unless we count a dramatic rendering in Mr. Browning's "Andrea del Sarto." Yet many poets, and novelists too, must have been in Socrates's case. The wisest of men found the bay mare (Xanthippe) the better horse. But Socrates wrote little verse, still less fiction, and the world waits for the daring lyrist who is to touch this saddest and sweetest of minor chords.

Marriage, on the whole, is avoided as a topic, except where the "love interest," as they call it, is to begin *after* marriage. In an English or American story, the union of hearts occasionally follows tardily after the union of hands and fortunes. The girl is made to fall in love with her husband, or he with her, when both have passed through a period of slight aversion. This is not a very agreeable topic, and one may doubt whether any of the great novelists have handled a situation that tempts lady authors. Out of England and America the opposite rule prevails: love comes after marriage punctually enough, but it is love for Another. At the risk of seeming flippant, one is obliged to say a word on this view of marriage—of marriage when it is needlessly and improperly complicated; a situation with which the English mind has little sympathy. Marriage of this kind is criticised from a dozen points of view by the romancers of France, of Russia, of Finland, I dare say. Is this or that marriage of alien fiction happy? we are asked, but then the difficulties begin to arise. Happy for *whom?* Say there are only three persons interested,—the usual three,—and, thinking of M. Paul Bourget, I wonder at the moderation of the allowance. Is it a happy marriage? What does the heroine think, who likes her husband very well, and finds him unsuspicious and affectionate? That depends on the heroine's character and sense of honor. Sometimes she is perfectly happy; so is her lord, and so is the Third Person. Sometimes she is

unhappy,—a little grain of conscience makes her sour,—and then it is unnecessary to assure the experienced reader that neither of the others is allowed to be jolly. The lady takes care of *that*, and a duel, or suicides, one, two, or even three, may illustrate her lack of felicity.

Then we have the marriage (I am still speaking of Continental romance) where the Third Person learns to prefer the husband, to think him a good fellow, while, as to the lady, "he is passing weary of her love." I do not think we can call *that* a happy marriage; nor is it happy when the lady begins to prefer her lord, in the long run. Take, again, the case of the husband. He may believe in his wife and his friend, and then he is "happy as mortals count happiness," to render Aristotle's expression, and, as far as *he* goes, there is no reason why the marriage should not be happy also. Now and then the sympathetic man commits suicide to oblige the others, as in George Sand's "Jacques." But with so many possible situations, it is clear that wedded happiness is not easy to win in foreign fiction. French novels of married life are usually either humorous—when the whole sacred institution is made a joke of; or they are serious—and pessimistic. Indiana, that daring creation of George Sand, was not happy, nor was the wife in "Le Recherche de l'Absolu," nor that much-tried spouse of the Baron in "La Cousine Bette." On the other hand, the married lady in "Mensonges" was almost ideally happy, for she liked *all* of them, in their way, till things went wrong, and several of them found her out. But even then she displayed a stoicism and a power of making the best of things, which are very unlike the conduct of Brynhild in the "Völsunga Saga," that old and heroic novel of thwarted love.

Our Anglo-Saxon fiction is rather shy of these complications, or used to be rather shy. Among the gallant gentlemen and ladies who now throw off our old-fashioned scruples, one notices an air of "who's afraid?" Like a warrior mentioned by Thackeray, "they are not only brave, but they know it," and are in a kind of emancipated flutter at their own audacity.

When we think of unhappy marriages in fiction, then, we mean English and American fiction, and we mean marriages which are *not* complicated by the errant affections of either party or of both. Then what *is* a happy marriage?—for only by establishing

the type can one estimate divergencies from the type and analyze marriages which are unhappy. Now, the essence of a happy marriage is put into few words by the first and greatest writer of romance—by the author of the "Odyssey." His hero, shipwrecked on the coast of Phæacia, is rescued by the Sea-King's daughter, and he addresses her thus: "May the gods give thee all thy heart's desire, a husband, and a home, and a mind at one with his may they give, for there is nothing nobler nor stronger than this, when a man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best." This is the definition of wedded happiness, and there is an irony in the words, for Nausicaa loved Odysseus, who went home to his own wife, and it may be that she never came to her heart's desire.

However that fell out, there are moderns who will tell us that the marriage Homer had in his mind is impossible. In a recent dialogue, Mr. Henry James introduces a character who remarks that the great war of the world and of the future is the strife between the women and the men. And another modern novelist, at the opposite pole of fiction from Mr. James, chanced casually to say the same thing lately. Men and women, he said, are, indeed, more absolutely divided in their estimate of life, its value, its conduct, its pleasures, its duties, than Aryans from Australians, or Jews from Chinese. Our idea of honor is not their idea, nor our notions of justice or of humor, nor can we at all discover a common calculus of the relative importance of things. Matters that are trivial to us fill women's thoughts in sleeping and waking; affairs that we consider momentous leave them quite indifferent, quite unmoved. There is only one thing in the world better than a good woman; namely, a good man, and his excellence lacks the charm of hers, and the bloom on it. But a very indifferent man will, in some matters, have a juster estimate of life than the best of women. Children of the same mothers, we are born more different than if we were of alien race, and color, and speech. Yet nature compels us to try to be one, and to be wretched when we fail.

I do not speak cynically or lightly: the wisest of the ancients were of this mind. Aristotle will not allow that "happiness" can be predicated of a woman, a child, or a slave. Marcus Aurelius learned from his mother "piety, and beneficence, and

abstinence not only from evil deeds, but even from evil thoughts, and simplicity in his way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich." And yet it is Marcus Aurelius who, when sketching the absolute evil, says "a black character, *a womanish character*, a stubborn character, bestial, childish, animal, stupid, counterfeit, scurrilous, fraudulent, tyrannical." We know what Montaigne said of women, and Montaigne has a renown for being wise. It is not meant, of course, that women deserve what Montaigne says, and what Aristotle and the great Emperor say, but their words, and the male tradition of the world, are proofs of the eternal conflict and strife between the sexes.

Look at mythology—that is, at man's earliest theories of the world. Man always comes first and alone into the world. Woman follows to bring a curse, in Greece, among the Hebrews, among the Minitarees. The very gods are unhappily married in the Aztec, as well as in the Greek, mythology. Men and women are made to thwart and to misunderstand each other, no less than each is made to be, and may be, the help-meet of the other. But the way of evil is easy, and the way of good is steep and hard to climb. And so it happens, in the words of Rochefoucauld, that "there are excellent marriages, but there is scarce such a thing as a delightful marriage." St. Paul is of the same mind as the wise Duke : they speak the voice of humanity and of experience, not of stupid scorn and silly pessimism. Life is hard, and marriage is harder ; we cannot mend the matter by effusive twaddle.

If this be true, we might expect the majority of marriages in fiction to be, not unhappy, but far from "delicious." The novelists who end their story at the altar, of course leave the opposite impression, and with perfect fairness and honesty. The hero and heroine come, in Homer's words, "to their heart's desire," and the gods give no better gift. Why should we go further, and show how often the heart's desire is deceived, or fades, or is thwarted ? But the novelists who deal with married life might be expected, on a reasonable calculation, to describe unhappy marriages. Happy are the couples, as well as the countries, whose history is uninteresting, and as the novelist is compelled to interest, he may seem almost compelled to make his married people more or less miserable.

On the whole, speaking only of "Anglo-Saxon" fiction, it is wonderful how often the novelist escapes what seems inevitable.

Let us think first of the dead masters; of Richardson, Fielding, Miss Austen, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot; of those who wrote for our great-grandfathers and our fathers. No doubt they all described marriage as they saw it, when they chanced to make married people prominent characters, which was not very often. Now, Sir Walter did not marry the woman of his heart; he never "came to his heart's desire"; his poems and his letters—at least, his unpublished letters—and his diary frankly confess it. One can hardly remember one example of married hero and heroine in his works. He writes of the love of young folk, and he once admitted that his lovers were "automata," mere uninteresting puppets. It is not, therefore, to Scott that we can look for studies of marriage. He takes it for granted that Rowena and Ivanhoe will "ca' through it," as the Scotch say, well enough, after the ceremony, and that the memory of Rebecca will not be too importunate. Perhaps their life will be as humdrum as that of the laird in "Guy Mannering," while his worthy wife endured—a more good-natured Mrs. Bennet. Lady Ashton and her subservient lord, in "The Bride of Lammermoor," may be pronounced moderately happy. The lady has her will and her way, and the husband has stoicism enough, and not too much heart, for the situation. He can see his daughter's heart broken, his honor stained, his house disgraced, by his wife's masterfulness, and he can bear it very tolerably. The study is true enough, but it was not Sir Walter's way to dwell on the dismal commonplace of miserable marriages.

Nor is Richardson fond of this topic. "Clarissa" scarcely gives him an opportunity, and to wed Sir Charles Grandison was, in itself, bliss beyond the dreams of maidenhood. Fielding is such a believer in marriage, and in good women, that he probably expects wedlock to convert Tom Jones, that volatile foundling, or Sophia to be happy with him even while he remains unconverted. Nor could any man fail to be happy with Sophia. Fielding's wife, whether she had "a broken nose" or not, must have been an angel. It is she who sat for Sophia Western, and for Amelia Booth, the kindest, the dearest, the most charming and lenient of women. The author does not linger over the sorrows of the men who led Lady Booby and Lady Bellarton to the altar. He furnishes a rugged tavern-keeper with a shrew for a wife, in "Joseph Andrews," and the

shrill shrew is drawn with masterly success—the Lady Ashton of lowly life. But, on the whole, looking at the three greatest of our elder novelists, we see them making matrimony a goal, and a fortunate goal; but the beginning of evils.

If any novelist might have been expected to sketch married miseries, it is Mr. Thackeray. In a recent criticism by a modern English writer of one or two obscure tales, Thackeray is spoken of as the artist of "the odd and the ugly." This kind of estimate simply amazes, however narrow the education and the intellect of the person who ventures on it may be. Unhappy married life abounds in the odd and the ugly, but it is not these qualities—not these, but the mortal pain of the wretchedness—that meet us in Mr. Thackeray's miserable marriages. We think of Clive and Rosey, of Clive with his heart otherwhere:

"There she sits; the same, but changed: as gone from him as if she were dead, departed indeed into another sphere, and entered into a kind of death. . . . . Do you suppose you are the only man who has had to attend such a funeral? You will find some men smiling and at work the day after. Some come to the grave now and again out of the world, and say a brief prayer, and a 'God bless her!' . . . . Shall we go visit the lodge gates of Newcome Park with the moon shining on their carving? Is there any pleasure in walking by miles of gray paling, and endless palisades of firs? O, you fool, what do you hope to see behind that curtain? Absurd fugitive, whither would you run? Can you burst the tether of fate: and is not poor dear little Rosey Mackenzie sitting yonder waiting for you by the stake?"

That is the man's part in the entertainment—and the lady's.

"'Who is it, Pen?' says Clive. I said, in a low voice, 'Ethel'; and starting up and crying 'Ethel! Ethel!' he ran from the room.

"Little Mrs. Rosey started up too on her sofa, clutching hold of the table-cover with her lean hand, and the two red spots on her cheeks burning more fiercely than ever. I could see what passion was beating in that poor little heart. Heaven help us! What a resting-place have friends and parents prepared for it!"

Even without the Campaigner (who is "ugly," but not "odd,") here is a memorable marriage, here are two excellent people in a very evil way. They have more desperate companions in Barnes Newcome and his wife, and there the Third Person, Mr. Jack Belsize, is very much more importunate and obtrusive than the prematurely-buried love of Ethel. Thence comes another hopeless wedding, that of Jack and Lady Clara; a mere example of what follows when the rules of the game are broken. For in England, at least, it can be said that, however unhappy a marriage may be, it is less unhappy than whatever may be won by breaking the rules.

In Thackeray's opinion, as far as it can be gathered from his

novels, marriages are usually spoiled either by having been arranged in the beginning by relations, or by the intrusion of the mother-in-law. It is the mother-in-law who makes Clive's marriage an inferno,—it need have been no more than an endurable state of probation,—and the mother in-law appears in such sketches as "A Little Dinner at Timmins's," and in "Lovel the Widower." This wicked cynic, by the way, this dabbler in the odd and the ugly, is almost as fond as Henry Fielding of happy marriages. Who were ever happier than General Lambert and Mrs. Lambert, in "The Virginians," and who ever deserved happiness better, for their tenderness and humor? Did Theo and George Warrington not reach the haven where they would be, even their heart's desire, after many a tempest? We are to understand that Pen's wedlock proved happier than was likely, and that Laura did not trouble him about Blanche. The new occupant did *not* say, "Are *these* the letters you thought so charming? Well, upon my word, I never read anything more commonplace in my life," and so forth.

But, somehow, we don't much envy the happiness of Mr. Pendennis, nor, indeed, are we allowed to envy Rawdon Crawley. He had, to be sure, the most delightful wife in the world. Becky would have made any man happy, till he found her out, and for my own part I believe that Mrs. Wenham *had* one of her headaches, that Becky was cruelly used, that she was not unkind to little Rawdon. The author does not agree with us; he seems to credit all that unkind tongues have said of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, just as George Eliot invents dreadful, spiteful calumnies about fair Rosamond Vincy. Miss Rosamond made a mistake; she married Dr. Lydgate, who was what the young men call "an ideal bounder." He may not have made her happy, but her friends remain true to her, as they are true to Becky, through good report and evil report. Mr. Thackeray's genius was too strong for him; his own creation mastered him and masters us; and which would you rather have wedded, the bride of Rawdon or of his brother, Sir Pitt? Was Becky ever *jealous?* Her green eyes were not lit by that flame which shone behind poor Rosey's and Lade Jane's, and even Emmy's when George flirted with Becky on the balcony. Had we known Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, she would have made us all her slaves, and was it her fault that she had not £3,000 a year? It was all she asked

as a condition of goodness. Her fall, her failure, move one like Napoleon's at Moscow, like Charles Edward's when they made him ride northward from Derby. Why had Mrs. Wenham that unlucky headache?

Dickens was more or less bound to make his married people happy. There is no better-assorted union than that of Mr. and Mrs. Squeers. Sir Leicester Dedlock was a Baronet, and had to be punished somehow; so his nuptial fortunes were cloudy. The old schoolmaster's wife in "David Copperfield" comes to prefer her husband to her cousin. David himself had all the chances of unhappiness, but Dora conveniently died, and Agnes came to the front. Another woman might not have been wholly blessed in such a lord, but Mrs. Micawber would never desert Mr. Micawber. Mr. Weller the elder was rendered unhappy by the intrusion of the clergy, in the shape of Mr. Stiggins—a not infrequent cause of matrimonial wretchedness.

For it is to be observed that the saints are always, or almost always, unmarried. If either husband or wife is filled with the ambition to be a saint, misery is assured. Christian deserted Mrs. Christian and the children. It was a mean act, but what was he to do? What is any one to do, who feels a vocation for perfection, after marrying, in another mood, as one who plays tipcat, drinks beer, and dances with the girls. This is a fruitful source of unhappiness in married life; it matters not whether you take the case of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, or of the second wife of the elder Weller. Where one partner is a saint and the other a "wessel," happiness flies out of the door. We are usually invited to sympathize with the "wessel," but I am not certain that the saint does not as much deserve our compassion. In other cases, the saintliness is common to both partners, but the pattern of excellence differs. Then we have the woful predicament of Mrs. Elsmere, who was good, but on the old lines, while the Rev. Elsmere was good too, but "advanced"—a reader of Strauss and Renan and Baur.

"Better had he been plodding
Among his clods that day!"

George Eliot made but little use of speculative differences in her unhappy marriages. Romola's was unhappy, because, being a High Soul, she married for the delight of the eye; she married a handsome, agreeable person, with no more conscience than a

kitten. One is sorry for poor Tito when Romola sits up late for him. That marriage could not end well. As to Dorothea, she married also from some wrong, and, indeed, quite inscrutable motive; she married an elderly and deeply mistaken mythologist. As a rule, mythologists make the *best* husbands; their studies incline them to tolerance, and when out of temper they can wreak it on the other mythologists. Mr. Casaubon was a person who would never have married at all if Dorothea would only have let him alone. She, not he, is to blame for an unfortunate union. Mr. Grandcourt would have made Griselda Grantley happy enough; Gwendolen would have been happy with nobody. There are persons of both sexes who cannot be happy, whether wedded or single, and Gwendolen was one of them. We should not be too hard on Mr. Grandcourt, though he was not amiable. George Eliot's ideal of a happy marriage was that of Caleb Garth. He had humor, which is almost indispensable to a Benedick—witness the case of Mr. Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice." Only a humorist could have extracted content and enjoyment out of Mrs. Bennet and the girls. A High Soul would not have been happy with Mrs. Bennet: suppose, for example, that Robert Elsmere had married Mrs. Bennet or Lydia! It would have been dreadful, and yet the mind lingers with fondness on this idea. Indeed, the possible combinations of Venus, when, glad in her cruel business, she delights to yoke unequal mates, are full of ideas for novelists. Let some one take such a lofty moralist, full of noble aspirations and soul-conflict, let him marry this hero to a lady like Becky, or one of Miss Broughton's girls,—say, Sara, in "Belinda,"—and what would happen? The experimental novelist may use the notion, and work it out. There will be laughter and tears on the way—tears and laughter which make up our lives—above all, wedded lives—and render us a spectacle for gods.

The unhappy marriages of later novelists are not easy to remember. Either the characters they draw are much less marked and memorable than those of Scott, Thackeray, Miss Austen, or we forget them more easily because we studied them in later life. Mr. Stevenson has two unhappy marriages—first, that of Prince Otto, which I confess I could never make head or tail of; and next, in his romance, unfinished as I write, "The Master of Ballantrae." That is a study of gloomy power. Mr. Henry James's

marriages one does not expect to be happy, because they are at the mercy of "international complications"; indeed, they are international complications themselves. They add a new element of misery, and an element quite superfluous. Mr. Howells has a most unhappy marriage in "A Modern Instance," but who can be sorry for such a pair—a jealous shrew, and a beery journalist? Elsewhere—I have hopelessly mislaid the reference—one of a jangling pair in a novel of Mr. Howells's says the best and most touching thing about such a union—about husband and wife being like two children together—that one remembers to have read. Can the story be "Dr. Breen's Practice"?

Mr. George Meredith has treated this matter fully in the singular poem, "Modern Love," but less in his prose. Mr. Besant's marriages are always what Rochefoucauld says *no* marriages can be. The ideas of Mr. Norris are not so radiant. There is a most complicated miserable marriage in Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration," but it is easy to see that the author has been in more than one mind about her sentimental heroine; nor can one believe that the poor married man was *repente turpissimus*. The man is usually treated but badly in this kind of romance, just as in real life the husbands of the prettiest ladies are commonly, but perhaps inaccurately, reported to be "brutes." Concerning an early marriage of She, (1340 B. C.) it may be enough to observe, on private information, that the union was far from happy. Perhaps the best advice on marriage is given by the miserably-mated Uncle John, in a story of Whyte Melville's. The counsel ends with the words: "And, whatever you do, never try to reason with her as if she were a man." By remembering this, much unhappiness will be avoided in the marriages of real life.

Nay, let us end with a wiser word and a kinder picture out of Thackeray,—the picture of George Warrington in his old age. "An old man, sitting in this room, with my wife's work-box opposite, and she but five minutes away, my eyes grow so dim and full that I can't see the book before me. 'But five minutes' away, and some time he or she will go away, and will not come back again, and the other will know that this trouble and that, all the little jars and sorrows of their lives, endured but for a moment, and are burned up in love, which is one and is immortal. For if we love so much those whom we have lost, can we quite lose those whom we have loved?"

ANDREW LANG.

HOW TO RESTORE AMERICAN SHIPPING.

BY NELSON DINGLEY, JR., MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM MAINE.

THE inquiry suggested by the caption of this article has reference solely to American shipping in the foreign trade. This is the only branch of our merchant marine which has declined.

Our shipping in the domestic trade is prosperous and steadily increasing in effective tonnage, notwithstanding the unexampled development of railroad competition in the last forty years. To obtain an adequate idea of the growth of this branch of our merchant marine, it is necessary to take into account not only the increase of its tonnage, but also the increased efficiency of this tonnage arising from the substitution of steamers for sailing vessels. Computing on the rule that one ton of steam vessels is equal in carrying power to only three tons of sailing vessels, the tonnage of our shipping in the domestic trade has increased from a sail equivalent of 1,639,314 tons in 1840, and 4,300,392 tons in 1869, to 6,177,475 tons on the 30th of June, 1888. This gives the United States a home fleet which has increased more rapidly than the similar fleet of any other nation, and with a tonnage more than three times that of the coastwise shipping of the United Kingdom, and five times that of any other nation.

In striking contrast with the growth and prosperity of our shipping in the domestic trade stands out the humiliating decline since 1855 of the tonnage of the United States in the foreign trade. From 1807 to 1840 our shipping in the foreign trade made almost no permanent growth, notwithstanding the increase of population. The most prosperous period of our merchant marine in this trade was from 1840 to 1855, during which time the discovery of gold in California and the Crimean War caused an exceptional demand for American sailing vessels. In 1840 our shipping in the foreign trade registered only 899,765 tons. In

1855 it had increased to 2,535,136 tons, of which all but 115,045 tons were sailing vessels.

The decadence of our shipping in the foreign trade began immediately after 1855, although for several years thereafter this decline was shown by a slow, but steady, reduction of the percentage of our exports and imports carried by American vessels, rather than by the aggregate tonnage employed in this trade. In 1855, 75½ per cent. in value of our exports and imports was carried by American vessels. This percentage decreased from year to year, until in 1861 it was only 66⅓ per cent.—a decline of nine per cent. in six years, or one and a half per cent. per annum. During the four years of the Civil War we lost one-third of our tonnage in this trade through capture by the Confederate cruisers and sale to foreigners to escape capture. In 1865 only 28 per cent. of our exports and imports was carried by American vessels. Since the close of the War the decline of our foreign carrying trade has continued at an annual rate slightly less than that experienced between 1855 and 1861, until in the last fiscal year a little less than 14 per cent. in value of our foreign commerce was borne by American vessels.

The falling-off in ship-building for the foreign trade in the six years before the War was still more marked than the decline of our foreign carrying trade. In 1854, 507 square-rigged vessels, presumably for the foreign trade, were built in the United States, but in 1857 the number declined to 309, and in 1859 to only 117. Since the close of the Civil War the decline has gone on, until in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, there was not one ship, and but few other vessels, built in this country for the foreign trade.

There is a disposition among a class of public men who look at everything through partisan glasses, to divert attention from the real causes of this decline of our shipping in the foreign trade, and to discredit adequate remedies, by ascribing the decline to the change in our tariff policy in 1861, which (they allege) has crippled our foreign commerce and increased the cost of materials for ship-building. The conclusive answer to this oft-repeated, but entirely unfounded, assumption is found in these facts :

First. Our foreign commerce, which furnishes the cargoes for ocean transportation between the United States and foreign countries, has increased more rapidly since the close of the War, under

the alleged "crippling" tariff policy, than ever before in the history of the country, and was 50 per cent. larger per inhabitant in the decade ending with 1880 than in the decade ending with 1861. Cargoes have multiplied as never before; but these cargoes have been seized by foreign vessels.

Second. The present tariff is as favorable, on the whole, in its duties on imported materials for the construction of American vessels for the foreign trade as was the tariff of 1846. The tariff of 1846 levied duties on all materials for the construction, repair, and supplies of such vessels. Under the act of 1872, as embodied and extended by the Tariff Act of 1883, all imported lumber, timber, hemp, manilla, iron and steel rods, bars, spikes, nails, bolts, copper and composition metal, and wire rope for the construction and equipment of American vessels for the foreign trade, and all materials for their repair, are admitted with a rebate of the entire duty. And under the Shipping Act of 1884 all supplies for such vessels come in free of duty. The difference in cost of materials for an iron steamship in this country and in England was as great before the War as now, so that if we had then been called upon to build and sail such vessels, we should have had the same difficulty as at present.

Third. The decline of the American foreign-carrying trade began immediately after 1855, when the revenue tariff of 1846 had been in operation for eight years, and continued under the same tariff policy between 1855 and 1861 at as rapid a rate as in any similar period since the War under a protective tariff; while under both tariff policies our shipping in the domestic trade prospered.

These facts demonstrate that changes of tariff policy have had nothing to do with the decadence of American shipping in the foreign trade.

Coupled with the fact that, while our unprotected shipping in the foreign trade has declined, our shipping in the domestic trade, absolutely protected against foreign competition by our navigation laws, which restrict this business to American vessels, has prospered, they further demonstrate that the decline of the former is due to unequal foreign competition, and the growth and prosperity of the latter to protection against such competition.

It was not till 1850 that British vessels were admitted to participate in the business of transporting our exports and imports on the same terms as American vessels, and maritime reciprocity be-

came the accepted policy of the United States. At that time natural conditions gave the United States such an advantage in the competition for the ocean transportation of the world's commerce that our statesmen of that period failed to discern a revolution, then already inaugurated, which in a few years would deprive us of this natural protection and place American vessels at a great disadvantage in competition with British steamships.

Up to about 1855 the world's ocean carrying trade was done by wooden sailing vessels. Inasmuch as we had cheaper and more abundant timber than any foreign nation, and the labor required to construct a wooden vessel from the timber in the forest was comparatively small, we could build our vessels cheaper than our maritime rivals; and in consequence of the small crews required for sailing vessels, this advantage offset the slightly-increased cost of sailing them after they were built. But about this period iron steamships began to seize upon the ocean carrying trade, and Great Britain, as the possessor of rich mines of coal and iron near the sea-shore, with much cheaper labor to transform the ore into the completed steamship, and especially to officer and man her after construction, obtained a far greater advantage than we ever had.

The natural advantages gained by Great Britain through this revolution from wood to iron and steel, and from sail to steam, were greatly strengthened by direct and indirect Government aid extended to her shipping. Among the methods adopted by England with this object in view were the tender of liberal contracts for the construction of war-ships and transports, to encourage the establishment and extension of private ship-yards; direct subsidies to ship-builders and ship-owners who would construct iron steamships after plans prepared by the Admiralty; and enormous indirect subsidies for carrying the mails, to encourage the establishment and maintenance of British steamship lines.

This policy of Great Britain was all the more effective for the reason that at the time it was most liberally employed to build up great ship-building plants and obtain possession of the ocean routes of commerce, our shipping in the foreign trade was being driven from the ocean by Confederate cruisers built in British ship-yards, and the hands of our own people and Government were tied first by the Civil War and subsequently by the seriousness of the problem of Reconstruction and the engrossment of our citizens in the development of the new West.

In this situation, it is evident that it is far more difficult now to devise a policy which will enable our shipping in the foreign trade to compete successfully with British and other foreign vessels, especially steamships, in the transportation of our exports and imports, than it would have been thirty-four years ago, when the revolution from wood to iron and from sails to steam first began to place our vessels at a disadvantage.

If we could return to the policy of imposing discriminating dues and duties on foreign vessels and their cargoes, which was inaugurated by the founders of our Government and finally discarded in 1850, this protection against foreign competition would be ample to restore our shipping in the foreign trade. But after the policy of maritime reciprocity has been adopted by nearly all commercial nations on our own invitation, it would probably lead to reprisals if we should now attempt to return to the old policy.

All that remains to us, if we desire to revive our shipping in the foreign trade, is to adopt some other policy that will neutralize the advantages which foreign vessels have over American vessels, and thus overcome the disastrous open foreign competition which is driving our vessels from the ocean. The character and extent of some of the advantages possessed by our foreign rivals will be appreciated when it is borne in mind that the laborers employed in mining the ore, smelting the iron, and transforming it into the completed steamship, and the officers and men required to run her after she is built, according to the official report of United States Consul Russell, receive 38 per cent. higher wages, and demand 27 per cent. better fare, on an American vessel than on a British vessel.

The measure which has been most strenuously advocated to place our vessels in the foreign trade in a position where they can compete successfully with foreign vessels, is what is known as the "free ship" policy—*i. e.*, the repeal of the provision of the navigation laws of 1792 which restricts American registry to vessels built in the United States, so far as it applies to vessels in the foreign trade, and the enactment of a law allowing the free importation and registry of foreign-built vessels for this trade. It is this provision of the navigation laws of 1792, and not the tariff laws, to which a certain class of critics refer when they assert that "our shipping in the foreign trade has been protected to death." If cross-examined, these critics would explain that

they do not question the wisdom of this legislation when originally enacted in 1792 on the recommendation of Washington and with the approval of Madison, but that, when British vessels were admitted to participate in the business of transporting our exports and imports on equal terms with our own vessels in 1850, then this provision of our navigation laws should have been repealed, as the logical complement of maritime reciprocity.

It cannot be denied that, in theory, this position seems sound; but the fact that not a single statesman of that day advocated "free ships," notwithstanding the prevalence of free-trade ideas, shows that there was a general concurrence in the view that there were National interests involved which demanded that American ships should be built in American ship-yards.

"Free ships" before the War might have materially aided ship-owners in meeting the British competition of that day; and very likely that policy might have been then adopted, if the statesmen of that day had not regarded it as dangerous to rely on British ship-yards for the construction of our vessels. But "free ships" now would do almost nothing to restore our shipping in the foreign trade. Some years ago there were ship-owners who favored "free ships" as a partial remedy for the disadvantages under which we labored; but to-day it is doubtful if half a dozen could be found to risk their reputation as business men by pronouncing "free ships" at this time an adequate remedy in that direction.

At the present time, partly on account of the fact that higher wages are paid mechanics in this country than in England, and partly on account of the fact that Great Britain has numerous large iron and steel ship-yards well established through Government encouragement, the cost of constructing an iron steamship is about 15 per cent. more in this country than on the Clyde. This difference in cost, however, is steadily diminishing, and if our iron ship-yards could be encouraged by the Government as those of Great Britain have been, in ten years most of this difference would disappear.

But it is not this difference in the first cost of an American iron steamship which causes the serious difficulty in competing with British steamships. The chief difficulty lies in the increased expense of running an American steamship after construction. The slightly-increased cost of construction of an iron steamship

here is spread over the thirty to fifty years of her life, and is of comparatively little consequence. But the increased cost of running an American steamship, mainly in consequence of the higher wages paid the large number of officers and men, is a constant burden which renders competition with British steamships difficult, and which the "free ship" remedy does not reach.

The most serious objection, however, to the policy of having our vessels for the foreign trade built on the Clyde and the Tyne, instead of at home,—for that is what the "free ship" policy means,—relates to our commercial independence and National security. The Nation cannot afford to have the vessels of our merchant marine built in foreign ship-yards. They must be built at home at whatever cost. If we should adopt the policy of relying upon the Clyde and the Tyne to build our vessels, what would be our situation if Great Britain should become involved in a war with a great naval power? Our commercial independence requires that we should build our ships at home.

More important still, our National safety demands this. Jefferson well said that numerous ship-yards, to which we can resort for the construction of cruisers and transports in time of war, are as essential to National safety as forts.

On the assumption that the people and Congress regard an American merchant marine in the foreign trade, constructed in American ship-yards, as indispensable to commercial independence and National security, there ought to be no serious difficulty in reaching an agreement on the more essential features of a policy which will secure this great National object.

First. The Government, in constructing vessels for a new navy, should give contracts for building such vessels not only to iron and steel ship-yards already in existence, with the view of enlarging and improving these plants, but also to such responsible citizens as will undertake the establishment of new ship-yards at suitable points on the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts and on the Great Lakes. Great Britain has built 80 per cent. of her war-vessels and transports in private ship-yards, in order to build up great iron and steel ship-building plants, to which she can resort in time of war. We should do the same.

Second. Our Government should imitate Great Britain in offering a liberal construction bounty to encourage the building of iron or steel steamships for the foreign trade, to be constructed

on plans approved by the Secretary of the Navy, such steamships to be subject to be taken by the Government at an appraised value whenever required for naval uses. Nearly all the great steamships in the leading British lines have received a Government bounty, and are subject to be taken by the Admiralty for war purposes. By this policy British merchants are aided in controlling the routes of foreign trade, and the British Government is provided with a large naval reserve at a lower cost than it could be secured otherwise.

Third. The act of 1872, admitting free of duty certain materials for the construction, equipment, and repairs of American vessels for the foreign trade, which was incorporated in the tariff of 1883, should be extended so as to cover whatever may be classed as materials for the construction of the hulls and machinery of vessels for this trade. This act rests on the same principle as the familiar drawback laws which have existed on our statute-book for ninety years, under which 90 per cent., and in some cases 99 per cent., of the duty paid on imported materials used in the manufacture of articles for export is reimbursed ; and there ought to be no objection to its extension as suggested.

Fourth. American steamship lines should receive such liberal pay for transportation of the United States mails as will increase the frequency and celerity of the trips of existing lines and induce the establishment of new lines, especially to South and Central American countries and to the East. Thus far, with the exception of two or three spasmodic movements in this direction, Congress has declined to adopt the policy by which foreign countries, particularly Great Britain, have secured the establishment and maintenance of great steamship lines, which have enlarged their merchant marine, increased their naval power, controlled routes of commerce, and largely developed foreign trade. The recent action of Great Britain and Canada in granting a subsidy of $300,000 per annum to secure the establishment of a British steamship line between Vancouver and China and Japan, with the object of driving off the American line between San Francisco and those countries, ought to arouse Congress to the importance of encouraging the establishment and maintenance of American steamship lines between the United States and the countries of South America and of the East.

But something more than aid to lines of steamships carrying

United States mails is necessary, if American vessels generally are to be placed in a position where they can compete successfully with foreign vessels in the over-ocean trade, and if the American merchant marine in this trade is to be started on a career of prosperity. Our shipping in the foreign trade has been so long subjected to the unequal competition of foreign rivals that the latter are now strongly intrenched on all the routes of commerce; and nothing but the encouragement and assistance of our Government for a sufficient period to enable American vessels to obtain a similar position is adequate to revive this branch of our merchant marine.

What this encouragement and assistance should be must be measured by the extent of the disadvantages under which an American vessel enters into free competition with a foreign vessel for the transportation of our exports and imports. This business cannot be protected against foreign competition by duties on imports, as are all other industries in this country which are not thus protected by natural conditions; but justice and the public interests demand that some other method of equalizing the conditions under which this business encounters foreign competition should be devised, so long as the general policy of protection prevails, as it has prevailed to a greater or less extent in all tariff legislation, whatever may have been the theories of its framers.

The most feasible method of equalizing the conditions under which American vessels compete with foreign rivals in the over-ocean carrying trade, is by a system of navigation bounties similar to those given by France and Italy. The French system offers a bounty of thirty cents per registered ton for every thousand miles sailed by a French vessel actually engaged in the foreign trade. The bill approved by the American Shipping League and introduced at the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress by General Negley, of Pennsylvania, and referred, is substantially the same as the French law. A bill based on the same idea, but perhaps providing for a smaller bounty, not to exceed a specified sum per ton per annum, and embodying additional provisions to guard against possible abuses, will undoubtedly be introduced at the next session of Congress, with the indorsement of all the Shipping Leagues and many Chambers of Commerce in all parts of the country.

In the judgment of gentlemen well acquainted with shipping interests, such a navigation bounty to American vessels in the

foreign trade, gradually reduced after five years, and terminating at the end of fifteen years, would give our foreign carrying trade such an impetus as to lead to the permanent revival of this branch of our merchant marine. The amount needed to make such a system effective has been estimated by experts at three millions the first year, rising to five millions the fifth year, and after the eighth year gradually diminishing. When it is remembered that the Government has received since the close of the War over twenty-eight millions of dollars from the tonnage-tax on vessels in the foreign trade, and that this tax now yields nearly half a million annually, it will be seen that this fund alone would pay a large part of the expense of carrying out this policy.

The objections to such a measure are based on the theory that the Government should not extend aid or bounty to any enterprise of a private nature.

While this theory is just and proper as applied to private enterprises that are not so related to the public welfare as to have a public as well as a private character, yet in private enterprises of a *quasi*-public character, especially such as are not likely to be successfully carried out by private resources alone, the policy of this and every other commercial country is based on the theory that the public ends to be subserved justify public encouragement and aid. The records of both State and National legislation are filled with examples which amply sustain this statement. The grants of land to aid in the construction of western and trans-continental railroads are illustrations of the applications of this policy on a gigantic scale.

Now, the restoration of the American merchant marine in the foreign trade is an object of at least equal National importance with any of those objects which have received National aid by general consent. Indeed, from the stand-point of commercial independence and National defence this interest should be considered as having practically the same National importance as the establishment and maintenance of a navy. For unless Congress speedily comes to the rescue of our imperilled shipping in the foreign trade, the day is not far distant when this branch of our merchant marine will practically disappear from the ocean, and our flag will rarely be seen in foreign seas or ports flying from the peak of an American vessel.

NELSON DINGLEY, JR.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

BY R. H. THURSTON, DIRECTOR OF SIBLEY COLLEGE, CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

"The introduction of new Inventions seemeth to be the very chief of all human Actions. The Benefits of new Inventions may extend to all Mankind universally; but the Good of political Achievements can respect but some particular Cantons o f Men; these latter do not endure above a few Ages, the former forever. Inventions make all Men happy, without either Injury or Damage to any one single Person. Furthermore, new Inventions are, as it were, new Erections and Imitations of God's own Works."—LORD BACON.

"· · · Was I wrong in predicting that the heat-engine of the future will probably be one independent of the vapor of water?"—SIR FREDERICK BRAMWELL.

RECENT advances in the improvement of the various forms of heat-engines other than the steam-engine, and the assumed or apparent slow progress of the latter prime motor during recent years, have led many men of science, no less than many a charlatan or other less well-informed ordinary mortal, to question whether the last days of the steam-engine are not approaching; whether the grand invention of James Watt, his predecessors, his successors, and his joint inheritors of fame among inventors, may not be on the eve of passing away with the countless other antiquated inventions of the past centuries. This anticipation of an early disappearance of the grandest power that man has yet subdued to his own use has even gained ground in later years among engineers, and we find Sir Frederick Bramwell, as long ago as at the York meeting of the British Association (1881), predicting that, unless some great improvement were made in the steam-engine, its days, for small powers at least, were numbered, and that another fifty years would see this wonderful agent and servant of mankind only in the museums, preserved as merely of antiquarian interest. Seven years later, at the Bath meeting, the same distinguished engineer signalizes his election to the presidency of the association by reiterating the same conviction.

In a recent article in the *Forum*, treating of "Steam and its Rivals," I have shown what are the principles involved in the

transformation and conversion of energy from the form of heat to that of mechanical energy in this class of motors, and have given my reasons for doubting the probability that any one of the numerous other available working fluids proposed as substitutes for steam will ever successfully displace that cheap, convenient, and efficient motor. What are the probabilities of the steam-engine soon seeing its "last days" may, perhaps, be best judged by tracing the development of that motor from its inception to its latest form, observing the method, extent, and direction of improvement in the past and at present, and comparing it in these respects with its anticipated rival, the gas-engine.

Before making this comparison it should be stated that the three essential conditions of economical operation of a heat-motor of whatever kind are: First, the possibility of securing so high a pressure in the working cylinder that the resistance of the machine itself shall become comparatively small and unimportant; secondly, that the working fluid shall have a power of expansion with sustained pressure in a maximum degree; and, thirdly, that it shall be competent to convert a maximum proportion of heat into mechanical energy, and thus to supply the demanded power at a minimum cost for fuel and operating expenses. Further than this, the machine must be reasonably safe, convenient of operation, and durable. It should, for many purposes, as for navigation, be compact, simple, powerful, and light of weight, and in many, in most, cases it should be of minimum cost per horse-power, as well as economical of operation.

It is now over a century since Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the great naturalist, published his "Botanic Garden," in which he wrote:

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam, afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
> Or, on wide-waving wings expanded, bear
> The flying chariot through the fields of air."

This was at a time (1781) when the earliest of the great inventions of James Watt had hardly been conceived, and long before they were made generally known. The prediction was but little less remarkable than the famous stanzas of Homer:

> "We use nor Helm nor Helms-man. Our tall ships
> Have Souls, and plow with Reason up the deeps;
> All cities, Countries know, and where they list,
> Through billows glide, veiled in obscuring Mist;
> Nor fear they Rocks, nor Dangers on the way."

Pope's translation* furnishes the following rendering of Homer's prophecy:

> "So shalt thou instant reach the realm assigned,
> In wondrous ships, self-moved, instinct with mind;
> * * * * *
> Though clouds and darkness veil the encumbered sky,
> Fearless, through darkness and through clouds they fly.
> Though tempest rage, though rolls the swelling main,
> The seas may roll, the tempest swell in vain;
> E'en the stern god that o'er the waves presides,
> Safe as they pass and safe repass the tides,
> With fury burns; while, careless, they convey
> Promiscuous every guest to every bay."

The minds of the prophets, from the earliest times, were evidently fully prepared to look with confidence and faith to the appearance of the wonderful motor that first received its form from the genius of Watt.

The real inventor of the modern steam-engine, however, was, more correctly, Thomas Newcomen. It was he who first converted the old, wasteful, dangerous contrivances of Savery and his predecessors into a comparatively safe, and, even for the time, economical machine. Watt found this machine of Newcomen already in successful operation, and it continued in operation until after the death of Smeaton, the greatest of contemporary engineers. Watt made use of the Newcomen machine as the base of his own invention, and adding to the crude engine his separate condenser, introducing the steam-jacket, adopting better valve gearing, and making other improvements, he converted that engine into the modern steam-engine. The purpose of these more important changes was, as Watt himself expressed it, "to keep the cylinder as hot as the steam which entered it." The older engines wasted heat and steam enormously. As the piston moved backward and forward in the cylinder, under the alternate impulsion of the steam and the atmosphere, the motor fluid was first introduced to follow the piston and, displacing the air, to exert its pressure upon it, then to be condensed, forming a vacuum behind the piston, allowing the pressure of the air or of the steam, as the case might be, to act in turn. The condensation was effected in the Newcomen engine by the introduction of a jet of water into the cylinder, in the midst of the steam, thus at once condensing the steam and

* "Odyssey," Book VIII., p. 175.

cooling the cylinder down to the temperature of the water of condensation. The result of this operation was that, when the next charge of steam was introduced, the first action was the heating-up of the cylinder to the temperature of the steam itself by the condensation and waste of a corresponding amount of steam which otherwise might have been applied to the impulsion of the machine. This enormous waste was first observed and ameliorated by Watt, and the work of all great inventors improving the steam-engine, from his time to ours, has been mainly the reduction of wastes, partly by modifications of construction and partly by that gradual progress in the elevation of steam-pressures, in increasing the speed of the engine, and in making available a more complete expansion, which has attracted the attention of every intelligent observer of its advancement from that day to this.

The machine of Watt, in its most perfect state at the commencement of this century, was, at its best, a slowly-moving, cumbersome, wasteful, and feeble machine, as compared with the modern forms of engine familiar to us as the motors of our steamships, our railway trains, our factories, and our mills. To-day it represents the noblest product of the inventive genius of man. We may to-day say, more unreservedly than could Belidor:

"VOILÀ LA PLUS MERVEILLEUSE DE TOUTES LES MACHINES; le Mécanisme ressemble à celui des animaux. La chaleur est le principe de son mouvement; il se fait dans ses différens tuyaux une circulation, comme celle du sang dans les veines, ayant des valvules qui s'ouvrent et se ferment à propos; elles se nourrit, s'évacue d'elle même dans les temps réglés, et tire de son travail tout ce qu'il lui faut pour subsister."

Before we can judge with confidence whether this most wonderful of all the marvellous inventions of the mechanic is approaching its last days, it will be necessary to consider what is the nature of this energy-transforming machine; what are its powers; whence derived; what its advantages and disadvantages, its merits and its defects; what it has done, is doing, can do; to what extent further growth and improvement seem to be possible; what seem to be the limits which are being approached; where further improvement may probably cease; when may we reasonably expect to see it reach those limits, and what may we anticipate to be the powers and characteristics of the finally perfected machine, when man's genius can no further go. We must also

inquire what are the characteristics of its presumed rival and in what respect are we to look for superiority, or a higher limit of perfection, as the end of the contest for superiority approaches.

Buried in the depths of the earth, distributed all over the globe, and in total quantity beyond the ability of the human mind to conceive, and almost beyond its power of computation, lie the skeletons of forests which covered the earth for, perhaps, millions of years during that ear' period called by the geologist the carboniferous. During a long interval of time the globe was covered with a warm, moist, misty atmosphere, rich in carbonic acid, the food of the vegetable kingdom, and its soil was kept warm and productive by the conjunction of the heat of its internal fires with the caloric received from the sun and held encaged by this atmosphere, which is known to have the property of permitting easy transmission of the rays of the sun to the earth, while strongly resisting their return into space. Under such circumstances, the growth of vegetation took place with a rapidity unknown even in the tropics to-day; the earth became covered with forests; forests grew on the relics of earlier vegetation; millions of square miles of soil were composed of the trunks, the branches, the leaves of tropical plants, the stems of gigantic ferns, the masses of enormous mosses; while the sea was clogged with marine vegetation the growth of which was stimulated by a steady and uniform warmth extending from the equator to the poles. Higher animal life could not exist amidst this atmosphere of mixed air and carbonic gases; but the lower forms swarmed throughout the world. Thus heat, moisture, and carbon-supplying compounds conspired to provide a wonderfully gigantic and rankly-growing vegetation, and the progress of ages saw the rise and the fall of measureless quantities of woody material, which was finally spread over the earth, to form, by later consolidation and by the elimination of volatile constitutents, those apparently inexhaustible stores of fuel now an essential element of human life and civilization. The partial decomposition of the animal and vegetable juices and fibre produced the petroleums and the unimagined quantities of compressed gases which are just coming into use for fuel and light in many parts of the country—a hitherto unsuspected reserve.

This process of production and storage of fuels of such strange variety of condition and composition is now known to have been

a system of reception and storage of a minute part of the energy, the work-power, that the sun and the subterraneous fires of the earth were lavishly and wastefully distributing in all directions into space. Every pound of the carbon thus stored away for the use of the human race in the millions of years succeeding the millions that should elapse before its appearance on the globe, is now known to hold in "potential" form, as the man of science puts it, 14,500 thermal units of heat, once active and kinetic in the sun or in the earth. Of this heat every 2,500 thermal units, or a trifle over, will measure the equivalent, each hour, of a horse-power; every pound of pure coal contains the equivalent, if burned in one hour, of about six horse-power; every ton of carbon burned per hour is the measure of over 13,000 horse-power. The coal-producing area of the world, so far as known, is about 400,000 square miles, of which about three-fourths is in the United States and one-fortieth in Great Britain. But Great Britain is estimated to possess 200,000,000,000 tons of fossil fuels. At the same rate, the United States possesses 4,000,000,000,000, and the world, we may presume, about 6,000,000,000,000 tons, allowing for as yet undiscovered deposits. This will last the human race, if we assume a rate of expenditure twice as great as to-day,—500,000,000 tons per annum,—for 12,000 years. At this rate of expenditure, it is the equivalent of about 15,000,000,000 horse-power for the world.

Measured by the periods of the geologist, obviously the human race is very rapidly using up its essential material of sustenance; quite as much so as if it had its food stored in a similar manner in the depths of the earth. Measured even by the time-gauge of the historian of civilization, or by the chronologies of the Egyptians and the Hindoos, the race has but little time to live on this earth, unless it can find, and promptly, means of economizing its stock of heat and available power, or unless some other resource, as yet unknown, is discovered by the man of science or by the inventor.

Most unfortunately, the facts of the case, as revealed by science, are that the best methods of utilization yet known to the world are enormously wasteful. Fortunately, if looked upon from the other side, there remains a margin for improvement and economy of very considerable magnitude, of which, it is believed, human genius will soon find ways of greatly availing itself. The

best heating apparatus of the day ordinarily wastes at least one-fourth of all the heat developed by the combustion of fuel; the best heat-engines of the day, whether steam or other, waste over four-fifths. Ordinary forms of heating apparatus and of heat-engine probably waste, on the average, not less than one-half and *nine-tenths*, respectively. Could these wastes be reduced to insignificant figures, the life of the race would be more than doubled; every ton of coal would heat, on the average, twice as long, or twice as much space; every steam-engine, on the average, would use but one-eighth as much coal, or less, or the fuel used for power would last eight times as long as now. But science shows that, if we must adhere to known methods of utilization, a sensible loss of heat must be submitted to, and a large waste of fuel in heat-engines, in whatever form, is inevitable. We are thus forced to the conclusion that either existing types must be improved much more effectively than now seems possible; or a new type of engine must be invented; or a new system of transformation of heat-energy into mechanical energy must be discovered, which shall not involve the now necessary and unavoidable thermodynamic loss, by converting the latent energy of fuels into some other form of natural energy, perhaps into electricity.

This latter is one of those obvious and seemingly possible improvements which the scientific men of the time are beginning to search for; it has been effected by nature, ages ago, in the fire-fly and the glow-worm, in the production of light, and in the whole animal economy in the production of heat and power. There seems no reason to assume that its discovery is always to remain beyond the reach of men of science.* But until that much-to-be-desired point is reached in the scientific progress of the race, it seems probable that we must depend upon the so-called heat-engines for the utilization of that inconceivable store of potential energy which lies dormant in our coal-beds, in our oil-fields, and in those ungauged reservoirs of "natural gas" upon which we are now drawing so prodigally and wastefully. Latent energy must be converted into the active form by chemical forces,

* The writer publicly called attention to this evident, but apparently previously unnoted, yet vitally important, matter as early as 1881. See his second President's Address to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, November, 1881; Trans Am. Soc. M. E., 1881.

causing combination of oxygen with hydrogen and carbon and resulting in combustion; and the heat so produced must be transformed into mechanical energy and work by the, at best, wasteful operation of heat-engines.

"Heat-engines" are the machines devised by the engineer and the mechanic for the purpose of the conversion of all this stored energy of past ages, and of the once kinetic heat-energy of the universe, into mechanical power. All known forms—steam-engines, gas-engines, hot-air engines, æther-engines, whatever their class—exhibit certain common essential features: they depend for their power upon the production of heat by the combustion of a fuel, and transform the energy of molecular movement thus evolved into mechanical power and mass motion, through changes of pressure and volume effected in a "working fluid," as the steam, the gas, or the air which gives a name to the engine employed. In all of them, a mass of gas or vapor, or of a mixture of both, is caused to absorb a quantity of heat, and thus to take an accession of pressure, of temperature, or of both pressure and temperature, and of volume, expanding behind a piston which it drives by the excess of its pressure above that of the air, or the vapor in a condenser, on the opposite side, until, the stroke being completed, the unutilized stock of heat and of fluid is expelled.

Science shows that, in all such operations, it is impossible to transform a proportion of the heat stored in the working fluid, or communicated to it during this cycle of operations, greater than the proportion borne by the range of temperature worked through to the total absolute temperature of the working fluid at its maximum, measured down to the perfect zero of heat-motion, nearly four hundred degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit. In the best steam-engines this, to-day, represents the proportion of about two hundred to eight hundred; in the gas-engines something like twice this proportion. In other words, it is known, by scientific processes of unquestionable accuracy, that in the best of ordinary practice in steam-engineering, if it were possible to conduct the proposed operations in a perfect machine, incapable of wasting any portion of the heat or power by conduction, radiation, or friction, but one-fourth of all the heat-energy stored in the coal used in its furnace could be converted to useful purposes by transformation into mechanical power; and, similarly, the gas-engine has a maximum possible efficiency, as it is called,

of about one-third. These figures may be increased indefinitely by increasing the initial temperature of the fluid actuating the engine.

The actual performance of heat-engines falls short of these ideal efficiencies in proportion as they are subject to wastes of heat and of power due to their imperfections as structures or in operation. Perfect utilization of the heat from the fuel would give us a horse-power, in the steam-engine, through the consumption of about two and a half pounds of steam, or a quarter of a pound of good coal, per hour. Very few engines could, "theoretically," work on less than ten pounds of steam or one pound of fuel; the wastes usually bring the actual performance far short of this, and in the very best type of engine, these wastes often amount to about as much as the quantity actually required "theoretically." A gas-engine which should use but ten cubic feet of gas per hour and per horse-power actually demands, at best, twenty—ten for use thermodynamically, ten to supply wastes due to the fact that the machine has a working cylinder composed of metal, a substance capable of storage and of conduction of heat. That form of heat-engine which most completely reduces these wastes, other things being equal, will constitute the fittest, the surviving, form of heat-engine. That which permits the highest ideal efficiency and is least subject to such losses will ultimately outlive all competitors. It is asserted that it will be the gas-engine, not the steam-engine, which must be expected to do the work of the world in the end; since, as is thought, it is capable of working through the widest range of temperature, and offers the most promising outlook for reduction of internal wastes. That it must be one or the other of these forms of engine—or possibly the hot-air engine—is generally believed by scientific men and by engineers to be certain; since it is only these classes of machine which use as working fluids those which are at once readily available, of no cost, free from liability to special accident or to produce serious annoyance or injury to life, if liberated, and each, in its way, peculiarly well fitted for the storage and utilization of energy. Steam stores the most heat; air or the products of combustion of the gas-engine, which are essentially similar to air and largely composed of the elements of the atmosphere, permit the adoption of a wide range of temperature; steam gives

high pressures, and wastes but little power in driving its own mechanism; air or the gas, through the adoption of a wide range of temperature, gives high efficiency of thermo-dynamic transportation, but is loaded in larger proportion by the resistances of its machinery. That which ultimately can be made to work up at once to high temperature and to high pressures, and can be, at the same time, made to develop its powers in the smallest and lightest engine, will be the survivor in the competition, the winner in the race.

The whole history of the steam-engine has been a history of progressive amelioration of the wastes of the earlier and cruder machines, and of gradual increase in temperatures and pressures at which it has been worked. Watt's engines demanded one cubic foot (62½ pounds) of water and ten pounds of fuel, per horse-power and per hour; the best engines of the next generation required about five pounds of coal and forty pounds of steam; those of the period signalized by the successful introduction of the Sickels "cut-off" and of the Corliss engine, three pounds of coal and thirty pounds of feed-water, and the best engines of our time are claimed to work on one and a half pounds of fuel and fifteen pounds of steam, or less, per horse-power per hour; and even now we are expending 50 per cent. in what are judged to be avoidable wastes, and are consuming six times the mechanical equivalent of the heat-energy stored in our coal, in the process of transformation into power. The principles of its operation are, however, only now becoming generally and thoroughly understood by men of science and by engineers, and we may anticipate the approach, soon, to the practical limit of its improvement in the direction of reduced wastes of heat by conduction and by transfer without transformation. The limit of gain in range of working temperature remains an uncertain and conjectural matter.

The history of the hot-air and of the gas-engine is a similar story. Both have a history extending over about a century, as has the steam-engine of modern type. The gas-engine, taken as the more important of the two, required, in its earlier forms, about one hundred cubic feet of gas per horse-power per hour; by the middle of the century, it had come down to from fifty to seventy feet; ten years ago, to about thirty feet; and the best engines of our day consume about twenty feet, or a little less, of

the best gas, when of moderate size and power. As in the steam-engine, these improvements have been effected by changes which have resulted in the reduction of the wastes of the machine; the ideal thermodynamic requirements remaining substantially unchanged. The heat called for for thermodynamic transformation is as at first, nearly; but the losses by internal conduction and by external transmission through the thus far essential "water-jacket," required to prevent injury to the machine by its own internal fires, have been to this extent reduced. When, in both engines, if ever, these losses can be substantially evaded, the two machines will stand, so far as can now be seen, in about the relations above stated as those of the ideal machines.

The two machines have had, thus, pretty nearly the same length of life and opportunity to exhibit their capacities for useful work. What have they accomplished? Which has thus far been the more efficient servant of mankind? Which has done more and which is doing more for the world? Finally, which gives to-day the better evidence of capacity to do effectively and satisfactorily the work of the coming centuries, to utilize the more thoroughly the stored energies of those millions of millions of tons of coal still remaining in the depths of the earth?

The gas-engine, after years of struggle against natural and artificial obstacles, to-day successfully drives a few thousand small factories and does the work of an insignificant portion of the world's industries; it competes with steam here and there, where work of small magnitude is demanded; it is now and then effective for powers exceeding fifty horse-power. Its fuel is costly; its weight and bulk are considerable; it is sold in the market at high prices. The promise is that it may, if in time supplied with cheaper fuel, give higher efficiency and correspondingly extend its range of competition with steam; there is no reason, as yet, to believe that it can ever be expected to operate at a higher maximum or much lower minimum temperature, or to have a much wider range of working temperature; the reduction of its wastes to *nil*, hardly to be hoped for, would double its economy of fuel. Any great extension of its powers for unity of its weight is very uncertain. If we assume that it may, in time, double its efficiency and may have its weight reduced to one-half or one-third that now common, it may, perhaps, be taken as a fair estimate. This would give us a gas-engine using about a half-pound

of gas, or ten cubic feet, per horse-power per hour, and weighing, exclusive of the gas-generating apparatus, about two hundred and fifty pounds per horse-power. It is not anticipated that the steam-engine, as at present constituted, can ever consume as little as ten pounds of steam, or about one pound of coal, per horse-power per hour. It weighs, as a minimum, about fifty pounds per horse-power, including boiler. The cost of gas is to-day many times that of coal, weight for weight; it is not anticipated that it can ever be brought down to as little as twice the cost of the coal from which gas is necessarily made. It is not likely, apparently, that we can ever hope, therefore, to have a gas-engine that shall compete in cost of fuel with the steam-engine, where of equal powers; nor can we hope that it will ever, gas-producer included, nearly approach the small weight for equal powers that has already been attained by its rival—a weight which, it is expected, will in time be still further and greatly reduced in the steam-engine. The use of the gas-engine at sea or on the rail, the grandest and most extensive of the uses of the heat-engine, seems thus quite beyond reasonable expectation, even if competing with the steam-engine of to-day. Should ways of increasing the economy of working of the steam-engine be devised,—and we have no reason to presume that the days of invention and of scientific progress in that direction are past,—the gas-engine has still less chance in the competition.

The steam-engine, on the other hand, with but little longer period of actual growth, instead of being confined in its operation to the pigmy tasks measured by ten, twenty, or fifty horse-power, drives ten thousand tons of ship and freight, living and inanimate, across three thousand miles of sea, in face of the heaviest gales, indifferent to wave or storm or current; crossing the Atlantic in six days; attaining twenty miles an hour, the whole week through; exerting fifteen thousand horse-power continuously; doing the work that, if done by horses, would require a stable of 60,000 horses, weighing three times as much as the great ship and cargo altogether and demanding more space than could be found in fifty such ships. It does its work so cheaply that the burning of a copy of this magazine in its furnaces would afford sufficient power to transport a ton of freight five or eight miles, consuming, as it does, in the very best of recent ships, less than a pound and a half of fuel per horse-power per hour. Its weight is but two hundred pounds per horse-power,

and this is brought down in torpedo-boats and fast yachts to one-fourth that figure, but at the sacrifice of economy. On land, it draws a thousand tons of freight at a cost of a half-cent per ton per mile, bringing the wheat-fields of Dakota nearer the consumer in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia than were those of the Genesee valley at the date of its application to this task, but little more than a half-century ago. It spins across the continent in four days; it transports the traveller, with his bed, his table, his library, his stores, his wardrobe, a thousand miles, from New York to Chicago, in a single day; it alone still does the work about which it was first set by Watt a century ago, the raising of water from the depths of the earth that mines may continue to supply us with coal, with ores, with the precious metals; it drives all the spindles; it actuates every loom; it does the work of the world.

And who shall say that the steady progress of a century has reached its limit? Are we to presume that we may set a period to the victories of the mechanic, or assert that the genius of the inventor shall cease to be the main-spring of advance in our material civilization, the foundation of that prosperity on which culture must lay its most solid foundations? Can we see a limit to the improvement of the steam-engine more definitely than could the generation preceding Watt? It may well be doubted if the growth of this wonderful and indispensable servant of the race, more powerful than Aladdin's genius, has reached its end. On the contrary, every step made in the further advancement of the philosophy of the subject, every new discovery in science or in art, indicates that the limits of the development of this mightiest of the products of human constructive talent, this noblest work of the engineer, are set far ahead. By reducing the visible wastes of the contemporary machine, we can see that its efficiency may be nearly doubled; by increasing the range of temperatures through which it may be worked, its gain in economy may be indefinitely greater; by finding ways of utilizing its rejected—its necessarily rejected—heat, the engine being thermodynamically perfected, we may again make an enormous advance; by the steady increase of the speed of its piston, up to a limit quite beyond our present outlook, and far beyond our experience, we may gain in lightness and cost of production and of transportation, and thus in extent

of application, possibly even, in time, to the point of meeting the prediction of Darwin or of old Mother Shipton.

The engineer and the man of science see no reason to set a limit to the extent to which the wastes may be reduced; none to the extension of the working range of temperatures—even to the point of superheating to temperatures limited only as those of the gas-engine are limited, by the resisting power of the materials of construction. They see no natural limit, in the near future, to the decrease of weight or of lost work in the machine itself. No one can yet say when or where the limit of improvement of the steam-engine is to be reached. Were a guess to be hazarded, it might, perhaps, be that we may see the steam-engine of the next generation consuming one pound of fuel per horse-power per hour; weighing twenty-five pounds per horse-power; driving ships of twenty thousand tons or more at the rate of thirty or even forty miles an hour; crossing the Atlantic in three or four days; spanning the continent by flying trains in two days; transporting machinery and cotton and woollen goods to San Francisco at a cost of three or four dollars a ton, and returning the grain and the fruits of the Pacific coast and of Mexico to feed and to comfort the poorest of our workers at prices that they may all afford to pay; doing the work of the world far more cheaply and more universally than to-day; continually, and with still invisible limit, developing in power, applicability, and economy. It seems far more likely that the life of the race will ultimately be conserved, through those thousands of added years, by the steam-engine, improved by a hundred coming inventors, than by any other form of heat-engine.

But a time must come, nevertheless, when, the coals and the oil and the gas being substantially exhausted, the race must depend upon the steadily decreasing heat of the sun for its life and support. Then, perhaps, humanity may remember gratefully John Ericsson, the inventor of the "Sun Motor."

R. H. THURSTON.

THE INEVITABLE SURRENDER OF ORTHODOXY.

BY THE REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, OF THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY, BOSTON.

HUMANITY is an army on the march. Where the van-guard is to-day, there the main body will be to-morrow. Find out what the few best thinkers of any age are dreaming, and you have what will be the common thought of the next age. With the exception of what has been scientifically demonstrated, the thought which is popular is that which is about to pass away. This only means that the world grows and is gradually learning.

In the ordinary departments of secular life and thought, so far are these ideas from being startling that they are regarded as even commonplace. But, strangely enough, in religion they are looked on as even shocking and profane. Everywhere else the past is known to have been the world's childhood, and maturity is expected to bear riper fruits of thought as well as action. But in religion it is wicked to grow to manhood and to "put away childish things." The religious leader can learn nothing, because he already knows it all. He is bound, hand and foot, brain and heart, by a theory that locates all divine wisdom in the past, and that threatens with infinite penalties the man who is daring enough to test it in the light of new discoveries and to declare that it does not fit the facts.

As anomalous, however, as this condition of things may seem at first sight, it is neither strange nor unnatural. It is but the inevitable result of a system of thought that starts with the ruin of the race and postulates a supernatural revelation, which man is just rational enough to accept, but not rational enough to criticise or reject. How inevitable this state of mind is, and, at the same time, how indefensible, will appear as we go on with our discussion.

There was a time, during the middle ages, when the church was practically synonymous with civilization. She matched and satisfied the brain, the heart, the conscience, and the spiritual

aspirations of the world. Such science as there was, devoted itself to constructing a theory of the universe into which her dogmas would fit as a picture fits into its frame. Philosophy clipped its own wings and bounded its flight by the limits which she had determined. Art found no other patron, and so brought the creations of its genius and laid them on her altars. Music sought only to give wordless voice to the pathos of her penitence, to wing her aspiration, or catch some echoes of the rapture of her triumph. Either the world's heart was not tender enough to be shocked by the cruelty of her doctrine and practice, or else it took refuge in, and hushed its cry in the presence of, an infinite mystery it dared not attempt to understand. The world's conscience abdicated its right to judge what set itself above all human judgment, and humbly compelled its decision to square with an authority that arbitrarily imposed itself from without. And its dreams of the future were apparently satisfied with such conceptions as the "Paradiso" of Dante and the later visions of the blind Protestant singer. And the church was established on secure foundations so long as the world was thus content.

But the church forgot that this is a growing world. And, unfortunately for her future, she committed herself to a hard-and-fast theory of infallibility, which made it impossible for her to change without abdicating those claims which were the very source of her life and power. Perhaps these claims were the steps of her ascent to her throne of world-wide dominion. But certain it is that they had in them the prophecy of their overthrow. For though she forgot that this is a world that grows, the world did not, for that reason, conclude to stand still. The muttered assertion of the humiliated Galileo, though in a sense different from that in which even he meant it, was the sentence that decreed her downfall.

The church taught certain things about the world, about God, about man, about destiny, as having been revealed from heaven once for all, and as being, therefore, infallibly and unchangeably true. It staked its authority and rested its claims on the verity or falsity of these teachings. So much of these teachings as is an essential part of what is well known as "the plan of salvation," is properly called *orthodoxy*.

What, then, are these? Or, what *is* orthodoxy? This question must be definitely and explicitly answered at the outset.

Nor must those who like to be considered as still orthodox be allowed to make a private dictionary of their own. Such a course is confusion of all discussion, an abuse of the dictionary, and practical infidelity to the very first principles of morals. He who tampers with the meaning of words not only debases the intellectual coin of the world, but he becomes false to the realities of which words are only symbols, and so a dishonest juggler with the supreme interests of men. The word orthodoxy for some hundreds of years has stood for a something perfectly definite and clear. This something, it has always been claimed, was supernaturally and infallibly revealed. And now to play with the word and (to escape a difficulty) to attempt to substitute for its very soul a something else that the ages of faith would have indignantly repudiated,—this is not only "to palter with us in a double sense"; it is to be guilty of what any honest business man on the street would bluntly call *lying*.

The Romish branch of the church still teaches with sufficient clearness the main points of orthodoxy. But in the Protestant churches of both hemispheres there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ministers who are not orthodox in any true sense of that word. Yet they still claim the name and enjoy its advantages, trying to justify their course by such pseudo-reasoning as reveals either an amazing mental confusion or such a moral indifference to the means by which they prosper as stultifies their claim to be moral teachers at all. Their beliefs have suffered "a sea-change into something"—"strange," if not "rich." They have become a series of dissolving views; and yet these men still claim to hold "the faith once delivered to the saints." They are as pliable courtiers as *Polonius;* the theological cloud is "camel," or "weasel," or "whale"; and yet they still claim to speak for him "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

It is needful, therefore, that the candid mind—there is no use in discussing with any other—should be brought back to clear and calm recognition of what "orthodoxy" really is. Then one can rationally note its present conditions and its prospects.

As I am writing now chiefly for Protestants,—though the main line of my argument will apply equally well to the Romish position,—I must begin with the one claim which is the basis of the whole orthodox system. This, of course, is that they have

received an infallible revelation from God, which revelation consists of the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. The orthodox scheme of doctrine is alone derived from these scriptures. No one claims that this scheme would ever have come into existence but for these scriptures. For, on any other supposition, the supposed revelation would not have been necessary.

What, now, are the essential points of the scheme, as thence derived? I shall deal with *only* the essential points, the absence of any one of which constitutes so radical a change as to turn orthodoxy into something which is not orthodoxy. For when *either one* of the following points is surrendered, what is left may be either false or true, but *it is not orthodoxy.*

The first point, then, is *the Fall of Man,* and the consequent condition of the entire race as under the wrath and curse of God. Every man, woman, and child are "alienated from God," naturally incapable of being partakers of his life, and so, unless "saved," naturally and necessarily separated from him forever. So necessary is this point that, but for it, the rest of the scheme would be entirely *uncalled for, and would never have been thought of.*

The remaining essential points together constitute a plan for delivering the race from the supposed effects of the supposed fall. The chief feature of this plan is, of course, *the Atonement.* The work of this atonement centres in the supposed *Incarnation, Life, Teachings, Suffering, Death, Resurrection, Ascension,* and continued *Intercession* of the *Second Person* of the *Trinity ;* this second person in the Trinity being identified with the historical man Jesus of Nazareth. The precise method of this atonement is taught with so little clearness and consistency in the scriptures that several widely-differing theories of it have been held and taught in the church. It will be well to note the chief of these.

At first, and for a long time, it was supposed that man, by his rebellion against God, had become the veritable subject of the hostile kingdom of Satan, the arch-enemy of God. God was supposed to have entered into a bargain with Satan, by the terms of which the second person of the Trinity was to be delivered into his hands in exchange for mankind, or such portion of it as should not accept the conditions of the proposed ransom. But Satan was deceived ; for, after he had bound himself to the agreement, he discovered—what he had not known before—the divine nature

of his victim. And as the victim "could not be holden of death," he escaped, "leading captivity captive." That is, at his resurrection, he broke down the gates of hell, and escaped with a multitude who, up to that time, had been in the power of Satan. So far were many of the church fathers from seeing any culpable "sharp practice" in this, that they held and taught it as worthy of the divine ingenuity.

A later theory of the atonement taught that the justice of God demanded satisfaction, so that somebody must suffer what might be taken as an equivalent for the penalty of the world's sin. So God, in his great love for men, took it upon himself in the second person of the Trinity, Jesus offering himself as a "substitute." Thus "God could be just and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." This appears to have been the doctrine of Paul. It is also the ordinary Presbyterian doctrine of Great Britain and America.

What is commonly known as the "New England" theology has held to the "governmental theory." It was not any personal quality of justice in God that needed to be "appeased," so much as it was a governmental necessity that had to be met. In order to be a divine government at all, its subjects must see that the law could not be broken with impunity. So somebody must suffer; and "without the shedding of blood" there could be no "remission" of sin.

One more theory needs to be mentioned. This is the one that takes its name from its famous exponent and advocate, Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford. According to this, the Christ was only a manifestation to the world of the eternal love of God. It was intended solely to influence the sinner and make him willing to be saved. This doctrine has always been rightly regarded as verging dangerously near to Unitarianism. For if all that God needed to do was to let the world know that he loved men and was willing to save them, it hardly seems necessary that he should resort to so stupendous a series of miracles as those which constitute the older theory.

These, then, are the chief forms that the doctrine of the atonement has assumed. The remaining essential points of the orthodox scheme are only two—*Heaven* and *Hell*. These follow of necessity. If all are "lost," then only those who are "saved" go to heaven; and the rest simply stay lost and go to their own place. It needs

no additional condemnation, for "they are condemned already," as the word of scripture declares.

Of course, there are many other points contained in the generally-accepted creeds of the orthodox churches. But as I wish to make this paper as clear and simple as possible, so that there may be no confusion of thought as to the issue, they are purposely left out of this discussion. These constitute the citadel that must be defended at all hazards. Unless they can be defended, all of them, then surrender of all is inevitable.

It will be well, right here, to group and number them. They stand as follows :

1. The fall of man.
2. Atonement through the Christ.
3. Heaven for those who accept the atonement.
4. Hell for those who, for whatever reason, do not accept it.
5. The infallible Bible, which has revealed these things, and by means of which only are they known.

Here is the real *heart of the creeds,* the *kernel in the husk.* If the truth of these can be maintained, orthodoxy is secure. If any one of them be not true, then any most ordinary thinker, if he be at all clear-headed, must see that the whole system must be surrendered. For each of these points is vital to the whole scheme. Let any one of them be taken away, and the reason for maintaining the rest is gone. If there has been no fall, then there is no need of any such atonement. If there has been no such atonement, then either man has not fallen or else he can be saved in some other way. The old heaven implies the fall, the atonement, and the lost. Take away the old hell, and there is no reason for all this stupendous scheme for saving people from it. And if scripture be not infallible, then the whole scheme becomes the fancy of an ignorant and barbaric age, of no more authority than the dreams of Mohammed or Gautama. All this is perfectly clear,—as simple and as inevitable as the "multiplication table."

Let us now address ourselves to the question as to whether these central and essential points of the orthodox faith are true, and, so, defensible. This is not a difficult task, in the light of modern knowledge. It is within the reach of any fairly-intelligent man or woman. The issue is perfectly simple and plain. The world already possesses knowledge enough to settle it beyond any reasonable doubt. If the orthodox faith, as set forth above, is

true, then every honest man must be orthodox. If not, no honest man can be. It only needs that people face the matter. Were it not that prejudice, self-interest, and fear were involved, it might be settled in six months. People know enough, and the facts are sufficiently accessible. It only needs candor and courage. To those possessing these I speak. It is of no use to speak to others.

Let us first consider the question which is at the foundation of all—as to whether the books of the *Old and New Testaments* are infallible. The claim that they are is absolutely without any basis whatever, except that of an utterly baseless ecclesiastical tradition. These books make no such claim on their own behalf. The only appearance of such a claim—and it is only carelessness or dishonesty that could even for one moment urge it—is in a passage that occurs in II. Tim., iii., 16. This reads, in the revised version: "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching." It does not say *what* scripture is "inspired of God." Even if it did, it would express only the opinion of the writer, unless it could be otherwise proved that he was infallibly inspired. And, furthermore, since we do not know who the writer was, we have no way of estimating the value of even his opinion. And, in any case, the passage could have had no reference to the New Testament as we now have it, for its books were not then gathered; *i. e.*, there was then no New Testament.

In the next place, what *certainty* have we of the verbal accuracy of any single text on which, as we are told, hangs the tremendous issue of heaven or hell? The oldest manuscript of any part of the New Testament takes us no nearer the real words of Jesus and his disciples than some time in the fourth century. Hundreds of manuscripts, of all or a part of the Testament, are in existence. But they contain *thousands* of differences in their readings. Generally these differences are not important; that is. they do not materially change the sense. But in some cases they are very important. They amount to a difference as to whole verses; and, in a few instances, to whole paragraphs or parts of chapters. Some of these differences mean more than carelessness; they indicate a deliberate tampering with the text, under the influence of doctrinal bias.

It is sometimes urged, in reply to this point, that we are as sure of the general accuracy of the New-Testament text, as we

are of that of the best classics, such as Cicero's orations. Suppose we are: the fact is still entirely beside the point. When some one claims that the salvation of the soul depends on the reading of a text in Cicero, then the comparison will have some relevancy. Until then, however, it is only a flippant evasion of the difficulty even to raise such a comparison. Whatever be the condition of any or all the classic texts, the plain and serious fact remains that we are not sure of the verbal accuracy of any single New-Testament text, on which we are told depends the destiny of the soul. And this would still be true although the Bible had been infallible in the first place. For the blunders of copyists are proof enough that the work of handing it down has had no infallible superintendence.

And though there were a reasonable certainty—as there is not—that *some* books were infallibly inspired, the question would still remain as to *which* ones. The canon has never been settled by any infallible authority. The Romish Church came to no final decision until the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, and included a whole list of books—the Apocrypha—which the Protestants rejected. Which was right? No voice from heaven has answered. And no generally recognized authority, except a sort of blind drifting or common consent of the incompetent, has ever settled the Protestant canon. Doctrinal bias was clearly apparent during the early centuries. As one illustration, the apocalypse of John was very popular so long as the immediate second coming of Jesus was looked for. But when it was found that he did not come, it fell into disrepute on account of its pronounced Millenarianism, and for a long time recognition was refused to it. It is well known that, so late as the Reformation, there was no general agreement as to what was "Scripture" and what was not. Luther even contemptuously rejected the Epistle of James, the very brother of Jesus, calling it "an epistle of straw." And no voice of authority has spoken since his day.

In general, it can be said of nearly all the books of both the Old Testament and the New, that nobody knows when or where or by whom they were written. It is true that this does not at all affect their general religious value, any more than critical disputes over the authorship of Homer or Shakespeare touch the poetic worth of the "Iliad" or "Hamlet." But it does have

a most serious bearing on the question as to whether these books are of such authority that they must be taken as settling all the great problems of human origin, character, and destiny.

More than this, it has been proved, over and over again, beyond all honest and intelligent question, that these books are full of errors as to matters of natural science, of history, and of morals. To deal with this point adequately would require a book. The story of creation, both as to method and the order of appearance of the forms of life on earth, has been demonstrated to be untrue. The Genesis account of the origin of languages is childish in its absurdity. The history of the Exodus is so full of impossibilities and contradictions that it would require a long article, all by itself, even to point them out. Indeed, the whole of the five books of "Moses" is one mass of incongruities, absurdities, and impossibilities, if we try to treat it as history. As tradition, of great interest and value, of course no one would have anything to say against it. In itself, it is just what we might expect it to be. But the foolish and unfounded claims, not its own, but which others put forth for it, on behalf of a theory, compel these things to be said. What shall be said of a "revelation" that does not reveal things until, thousands of years after it is supposed to have been written, the truth is tortured and twisted *into* a text in which the wholly unknown author plainly supposed he was saying something else?

Were there time for it, similar points might be made good against the accuracy of the New-Testament writers. I will stop for only one case, but one so remarkable that I have often wondered that it is not oftener referred to. If the Bible be an infallible revelation, then the *Epistle of Jude* is a part of it. In the three verses of its one chapter (14–16) is one of the most curious and palpable blunders. The writer quotes what he declares to be the words of the old Patriarch, "Enoch, *the seventh from Adam.*" Whom is he actually quoting? The wholly anonymous and irresponsible writer of a wildly apocryphal book, written within a century or so of the time of Jesus, and full of absurdities worthy of the author of Baron Munchausen. The "Book of Enoch" is easily accessible; and a merely superficial perusal of it will incline any reverent mind to relieve the Holy Spirit from all responsibility for any such palpable blunder as Jude is here guilty of. But if one of "the inspired writers" is capable of such a

mistake, who can vouch for the rest? And if the church has been mistaken in accepting Jude as canonical, who can vouch for its judgment as to all the others?

In their attempts to defend, not the Bible, but their own theories about the Bible, from the assaults of critical scholarship, orthodox theologians have several times shifted their ground. For a time *verbal inspiration* was held. When that was found untenable, the theory of *plenary inspiration* was adopted. This claimed that, though not verbally accurate, the Bible writers had been so inspired as to teach only truth with no admixture of error. Now, in many quarters, they take refuge from scientific and historical errors in saying that the Bible was not intended to teach science or history, but only spiritual truth. And, at last, some are claiming only that the Bible *contains* a revelation, not *is* one. In other words, the claim is virtually abandoned, except as to such points as cannot be brought to any decisive test. Where it can be tested, it is fallible; where it cannot be, there it is infallible: so stand the admission and the claim. But what reasonable man will take as authority in the unseen a book that is full of errors as to the realm of the seen? No, it may as well be frankly confessed that this sort of talk is surrender of the only claim that here concerns us. *Whatever else we have, it is certain that we do not have any divine or infallible authority for accepting as true the essential points of the orthodox creed.*

This claim, then, is an affront to human reason. But not only this; it is also an outrage on the human heart. In justification of this statement, let us examine a little the morality of the orthodox creed. I pass by the Biblical indorsement of slavery, polygamy, and other like barbarisms, because they are well known and have been often dwelt on. But, before coming to the main point I wish to make, I will briefly touch on one or two actions that the Old Testament attributes to Jehovah himself. What shall be said of a god who sends forth a prophet divinely commissioned to lie, in order to entice a king on to his destruction? (I. Kings, xxii., 22, 23.) What shall we say of a god who sends Moses forth with the command, "Avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites"?—a part of the vengeance being expressed in the following terms: "Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women children that have

not known man by lying with him, *keep alive for yourselves*". (Judges, xxxi., 17, 18.) Moses is instructed to lie to Pharaoh, telling him at first that all the Israelites desired was to go into the wilderness to sacrifice. And when the time comes for actual departure, the people are instructed to "borrow" of the Egyptians —plainly with no intention of returning it—everything they could easily lay hands on. It is an ungracious task to dwell on such illustrations of a barbaric age. But what shall be said of men who, in this nineteenth century, attempt to defend such barbarities in support of a theory ?

Many are willing to admit that the Old Testament does thus "accommodate" itself, as they say, to the conditions and cruelties of the times, while they still claim that the ethics of the New Testament is perfect. Were there time, much might be said as to the practical morality of the *Sermon on the Mount*, as well as of the teachings of some of the disciples. I must, however, call attention to only one point. It has been the custom of the Protestants to condemn severely the Romish doctrine and practice as to the celibacy of the clergy. But the teaching of the New Testament is explicit and clear as to the superior holiness of the single as contrasted with the married state. This would seem also to apply to the laity as well as the clergy, so that the Shakers are doubtless right in their contention. Paul's doctrine concerning women is, to say the least, not a lofty one. The Apostle John assigned to the unmarried the very highest place in heaven. See Rev. xiv., 1–4. And Jesus himself teaches plainly, not only by example, but by precept, their superior sanctity. See Mat. xix., 10–12. And there is no intimation that he had any reference to a temporary condition of affairs.

But the chief thing I wish to emphasize, in this connection, is that the whole "plan of salvation" is distinctly and definitely an immoral scheme from beginning to end.

Here let it be kept clearly in mind that an Infinite Being must be held as ultimately and solely responsible for whatsoever he either ordains or permits. Keep also clearly in mind the distinction between an evil that is temporary and one that is eternal. Any kind or amount of suffering and evil that are temporary, that are only experiences in the development of a soul, may conceivably be justified by the outcome. But, in the very nature of the case, eternal evil and suffering have no outcome

except more evil and suffering, and so cannot be justified. Now look at the orthodox scheme.

God creates a man. He has had no experience of either good or evil, and so cannot possibly comprehend the results of his action. He is a man-sized child. He has no way of knowing that he is under any obligations to obey him who, "for his own pleasure," has created him. Neither can any one else, even now, see how he was under any obligation to obey a mere arbitrary command. This child-man God allows to be tempted, and punishes him because he falls. This is bad enough, and outrages all common-sense and justice. But there is worse to come. He has so related this child-man to all the unborn millions that every man, woman, and child that have since come into the world have come weighted with the curse and wrath of God, and doomed to endless pain. Tested by the standard of any justice that the human mind is capable of conceiving, such an act as this is an unspeakable crime. All the cruelty of all the bloody characters of all the world, its Tamerlanes, Neros, Caligulas, Borgias, and Torquemadas rolled into one, would show white and merciful against such a background of blackness and cruelty. For all earthly tortures, however prolonged, must have an end. But, according to orthodoxy, the immense majority of all that have ever lived are now in hell, and "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up *forever and ever.*"

But, it is said, it is the fault of the lost if they be not saved, for salvation has been offered freely to all. In the first place, this is not true. What of the countless millions before Christ, who did not even know that a little obscure people in Palestine were being "prepared," as they say, for his coming? What of the countless millions who have been born and have died since, and who have never heard anything about it? And, by the way, is it not a little strange that the *Almighty* God has been at work for nearly two thousand years and has not been able to get the news of his own incarnation, sufferings, and death before even the superficial attention of more than a third part of the inhabitants of this little earth?

But, leaving all this one side, the orthodox representation of the "infinite love and mercy" of God is only mockery and cruelty. Let us see how it looks in the light of an illustration. Suppose a great merchant should send a ship to sea. It is loaded

with merchandise and crowded with passengers. He knows before it leaves port that it is unseaworthy and will not get half way across before it will spring a fatal leak. Still he sends it. After it is well on its way, he, knowing what will occur, fits out and sends after it a relief-ship. This arrives, as he knew it would, just in time to save a few of the passengers, while the great majority sink into the waves, "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown." But the illustration has one merciful feature that the orthodox theory has not; these poor victims will get through being drowned some time. The strangling and struggle for breath are not endless. But what would any fair man say of such a merchant? Would he sing hymns to him for "the few that he saved," or execrate him for his cruelty? On this orthodox theory, I cannot find any voice with which to praise God for the saved, for my words are drowned in tears of pity for those he did not choose to number with the few "elect."

Not only, then, does the educated and unbiassed head cry out against orthodoxy, but the civilized heart and conscience reject it as a relic of those barbarous ages when might was right and man was only clay in the hands of a potter who shaped his vessels to honor or dishonor as suited his whim. There is not one single feature of the orthodox "plan of salvation," starting with the fall and ending with heaven and hell, that does not outrage the sense of justice of any intelligent and unbiassed mind. Speaking of the Ptolemaic system of the universe, Alfonso of Castile said that, "if he had been present at creation, he could have suggested a better ordering of the heavenly bodies." So any intelligent and honorable man might say that, had he been present at creation, he could have suggested a better ordering of the course of human destiny than that set forth in the orthodox scheme.

Either the critical or the moral argument, as already set forth, is fatal to the orthodox claim. But one other consideration remains, which alone is sufficient, not merely to cast doubt upon it, but to demonstrate its falsity. I purpose now to set that forth as clearly as the limits of this article will allow.

Every religion presupposes, runs back to, roots itself in, and springs out of, a cosmology or theory of things. The Bible begins with science. So orthodoxy has its theory of the world, of God, of man, of destiny. The crucial point of this, so far as

our present discussion is concerned, is the doctrine of the fall of man. Had it not been for this, no such thing as "the plan of salvation" would ever have been heard of. It came into being and it exists simply and solely as a means for delivering the race from the supposed effects of the supposed fall. Now, modern science has demonstrated the antiquity of man and his derivation from lower forms of life. These facts are demonstrated as conclusively, and in precisely the same way, as is the rotation of the earth on its axis or its revolution about the sun. It is perfectly safe to say that, but for theological bias, no competent intelligence on earth to-day would think of disputing it. And what of it? Why, plainly this: It means a belief in the *ascent of man*, instead of the *fall of man*. It means that man began at the lowest point, and, however slowly, has been ascending from the first. And since there has been no fall, it requires no great leap of logic to reach the conclusion that the elaborate, unsupported, and unjust scheme of orthodoxy is not needed. The human race is needy enough, but it does not need this. It has called for "bread," and has received this consecrated "stone." It does not need an imaginary cure for an imaginary evil. Man's great want calls for rational treatment in the light of the discovered facts as to his origin, nature, and course of development.

Though no necessary part of this argument, which is quite able to stand alone, it is well worth while for Bible-readers to note two points which are generally overlooked. In the first place, every scholar knows that the Jews themselves had not heard of any fall of man until they obtained the Eden story from the Persians during their captivity. Not a little strange is this, after all the talks that Abraham and Moses are reported to have had with Jehovah.

And, in the next place, it is not a little curious that Jesus should never have referred to it. On the supposition that Jesus was the second person in the Trinity, and that he had come to earth for no other purpose than to rescue the race from the effects of this fall, it seems to me nothing less than remarkable.

The belief in the fall, then, being given up,—and it must be soon surrendered by every intelligent and honest man,—the whole orthodox scheme crumbles and falls. The critical argument, the moral argument, the scientific argument—either one of these is fatal to the orthodox claim.

But, in spite of these incontrovertible facts, thousands still cling to it because, busied with other things, they do not investigate these matters; and so the force of tradition drifts them on. Other thousands cling for reasons of interest, social or business. Still other thousands cling because they are afraid of consequences; ethical motives seem bound up with the old beliefs, or they do not see clearly what is coming in place of them. Other thousands more cling to them under the impression that only some slight modification of views is necessary, and that they can hold the property, the places, and the name, while the thing itself is being changed.

It would be ludicrous, were it not pathetic, to notice the desperate make-shifts of some of these latter. The Rev. Dr. E. A. Abbott, of England, in his book, "The Kernel and the Husk," strips off the husk with a vengeance. He accepts the evolution of man, surrenders the infallibility of the Bible, the miracles, the deity of Jesus, and everlasting punishment. What is left he may call "the kernel," if he pleases; but what is left is certainly *not* the kernel of the orthodox "plan of salvation." And a business man, accustomed to inviolable "trade-marks," would hardly call it honest to keep the old label. But the most astonishing thing in this direction that I have come across is a note in Eaton's "Heart of the Creeds," a work by an Episcopal clergyman. This note is as follows: "When we say of Jesus, 'Conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, and went into the place of departed spirits,' we simply *mean* to declare our belief in *the facts of history, whatever they are.*" The italics are mine. *Can* the language of mental confusion go further than this? Compared with this, the wisdom and clear-headedness of the boy who claimed to have the same jack-knife after both blade and handle had been renewed, were profound. In the "funny" column of a newspaper, a remark like this would be entitled to rank high among the best of those of Josh Billings or Artemus Ward. But when put forth as the serious work of a "reconciling" theologian—well, perhaps in these days it is in place. Trinities that are no trinity, falls that are not the fall, resurrections of the body that are only ascensions of the soul, hells that are only a temporary regret—these are to be found on every hand. All these were well enough, if only we could have

them along with words that were meant to tell the plain truth, and not to conceal ideas.

But this is the age of *theological fiction*, in a sense that does *not* refer to any of the popular novels of the time. But perhaps it is so that the change must come. It took three centuries for the transition from paganism to Christianity. It took two centuries for the popular mind to become habituated to the new ideas of the Copernican system. And even then the ideas and phrases of both paganism and Ptolemy still lingered. Though thought moves faster to-day, it may yet take many years to work out the greatest revolution of human thought that the world has ever seen. For what we are now going through is no less than that. It means nothing less than a new universe, a new God, a new man, a new destiny. It is as certain to come as sunrise. And when the sun is up, the cruelties, crudities, monstrosities, injustices of the long night of orthodoxy will have fled away with the shadows. From the "new heaven" will smile down a grander God, and on the "new earth" will live and labor and hope a grander man.

M. J. SAVAGE.

HOW A CENSUS IS TAKEN.

BY THE HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF LABOR.

THE interest in census-taking increases with each recurrence of the Federal enumeration. The census answers for the Nation to the stock-taking time of business men; so now, as the year 1890 approaches, the interest in the decennial account of stock increases, and especially as the period is the centennial of the first constitutional enumeration. One hundred years will have elapsed since the first constitutional enumeration took place.

The American census finds its germ in the colonial period of our history, but all colonial enumerations, or nearly all of them, were exceedingly faulty. They related simply to the counting of the people. The census as such, with all the proportions known to the modern enumeration, was not known until within recent years. The colonial enumerations were carried on under the immediate direction of the colonial governments, through the agency of sheriffs and their deputies; but it is evident from the results that, so far from a census having been achieved under their direction, there was not even a thorough enumeration of the population.

It was the province of the Constitution to secure to the country, first, a full enumeration, and afterward what is now known as the census. The following is the constitutional provision, and was the result of much deliberation on the part of the Constitutional Convention:

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers. . . . The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct."

Under this provision, the United States has had at each decennial period, commencing with 1790, an enumeration of the population, and for each decade since and including 1850 what may well be called a National census; that of 1880, the tenth, comprehending a vast collection of information other than that

which is ordinarily secured through the machinery of an enumeration. The growth from the first to the last has been uniform and steady. Without attempting an analysis of the various steps as presented at each decade, this growth may be shown by reciting the facts sought at the first enumeration, in 1790, and indicating the scope of the inquiries in 1880. The following shows the schedule, and the only schedule, used in 1790 :

SCHEDULE OF THE WHOLE NUMBER OF PERSONS WITHIN THE DIVISION ALLOTTED TO A. B.

Names of heads of families.	Free white males of sixteen years and upward, including heads of families.	Free white males under sixteen.	Free white families, including heads of familes.	All other free persons.	Slaves.

Instead of one simple schedule, having but six heads, there were used in the Tenth Census five regular schedules and a large number of special schedules.

Schedule No. 1 in the Tenth Census related to population and the condition of the people, and contained twenty-six separate inquiries. These comprehended the relation of each person enumerated to the head of the family—that is, whether wife, son, daughter, boarder, or other ; the civil conditions of each person enumerated —whether married, widowed, or single ; the place of birth of each person and of the parents of each person enumerated ; the physical and mental health of each—whether active or disabled, maimed, crippled, bed-ridden, deaf, dumb, blind, insane, or idiotic ; and whether employed or unemployed, and if unemployed, during what portion of the year.

Schedule No. 2 comprehended all necessary inquiries relative to the agriculture of the country.

Schedule No. 3 related to the products of mechanical industries.

Schedule No. 4 related to the indebtedness of cities, counties, towns, etc.; the ownership of the public debt of the United States, and inquiries respecting public paupers, criminals, and all kindred matters.

Schedule No. 5 contained inquiries as to the birth-place of the father and mother of each person reported as having died during the year, and as to the usual occupation of decedents.

In addition to these, there were schedules relating to railroad, express, and telegraph companies ; to shipping and all the various

interests of the country; and many special investigations were made, covering a wide range of topics.

This general statement shows the proportions reached by the Federal census as compared with the attempts of 1790.

Congress has now provided by law for taking the eleventh and subsequent censuses, and the purpose of this paper is to show how the census so provided for is to be taken. The new act follows the lines laid down in a bill which General Garfield, as chairman of the House Committee on the Census, undertook to pass for taking the Ninth Census. The bill passed the House, but failed in the Senate; so the Ninth Census, that of 1870, was taken in accordance with the old law of 1850, which provided that it should be done, as previous censuses had been conducted, by United States marshals and their deputies. In 1879, however, the Garfield bill, with such modifications as experience had taught were necessary, became a law, and under it the Tenth Census, that of 1880, was taken. The law recently enacted, and approved March 1, 1889, being an act to provide for the taking of the eleventh and subsequent censuses, contains all that was good in the Garfield bill and the law of 1879, with such provisions as the wide experience of the Tenth Census has indicated. The act of 1879 was carried through Congress by the Hon. Eugene Hale, chairman of the Census Committee, on the part of the Senate, and the Hon. S. S. Cox, chairman of the House Committee. In shaping the measure they had the experience of General Walker to aid them. The new legislation has been carried through by the same veteran legislators in census matters, who have again been chairmen of the committees of their respective houses. Their experience in all the legislation pertaining to the Tenth Census has been of great practical value in shaping the measure for 1890.

The Eleventh Census, that of 1890, is to be taken under the supervision of a Superintendent of Census, appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, who has charge of the Census Office, a bureau in the Department of the Interior. The present act gives the Superintendent a competent organization, consisting of a chief clerk, a disbursing officer, ten chiefs of division, stenographers, statistical experts, and a sufficient number of clerks of the various classes, without number, to enable him to carry out the provisions of the act. The probability is that the

whole organization of the Census Office at Washington, at its highest, will consist of at least fifteen hundred persons. This force, which, of course, will be a gradual growth during the first year and a half of the census, must in its inception make all the preparatory provisions for the census—the preparation of schedules, blanks of all kinds, methods of account, preparation of portfolios, and all the paraphernalia of the material side of the census work; but this force, even at its largest, is small compared with the total army necessary to complete the work.

Before field operations begin, which must be on the first Monday of June, 1890, the whole country is to be divided into not exceeding one hundred and seventy-five great districts, called supervisors' districts, and a supervisor selected for each district, such supervisor being appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. These supervisors constitute the field-generals of the force. They should be selected with great care, and from among men who have good business capacity and who will put something more than mere service into the work intrusted to them. Each supervisor is to receive the fixed sum of $125, in addition to which he is to receive $1 in thickly-settled districts for each thousand of the population enumerated, and $1.40 in sparsely-settled districts for each thousand. This gives a sliding scale of compensation, with a fixed amount for the initiative; but no supervisor is to receive a sum less than $500. These supervisors take the place of the United States marshals under the old order of census-taking as it existed up to 1880, when the change took place. Their duties are to divide their supervisors' districts into enumeration districts, and report such division to the Superintendent of the Census for his approval.

The enumeration districts must not exceed 4,000 population, estimated on the basis of the census of 1880. As a rule, in great cities and in thickly-settled communities, they should not exceed 2,000 or 2,500 at the outside, the object of the small district being to enable the enumerators in cities to complete their work in two weeks, while in more sparsely-settled localities, country districts, etc., thirty days are allowed by law. The supervisor, having made his division into enumeration districts, and his division being approved by the Superintendent, must then select an enumerator for each enumeration district. These enumerators constitute the great census army,—an army equal in size to

that with which Sheridan fought Early in the Shenandoah Valley, —consisting of about 35,000 men. Each enumerator is to be a resident of his enumeration district, and he must, by law, be selected solely with reference to fitness and without reference to political party affiliations ; but it is provided that, in the appointment of enumerators, preference shall in all cases be given to properly qualified persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the United States residing in their respective districts. Of course, as a matter of safety, the law provides that, if it shall occur in any enumeration district that no person qualified to perform and willing to undertake the duties of enumerator resides in such district, then the supervisor may appoint any fit person resident in the county as enumerator. These enumerators are regularly commissioned by the Superintendent of Census, such commission being countersigned by the supervisor of the district in which the enumerator is to be appointed.

The enumerators, as well as the supervisors, take a rigid oath, binding themselves to perform and discharge the duties intrusted to them, according to law, honestly and correctly and to the best of their ability, and no enumerator can be allowed to enter upon his duties until such oath has been taken.

The chief burden of enumeration, or the work of collecting the wide range of facts called for by the Census Law, falls upon the enumerator. It is difficult to secure men for the short service required of them for this work. Their duties are arduous in the extreme. Each enumerator is equipped with a portfolio of schedules relating to the population, as indicated, and with the schedules calling for information relating to manufactures, agriculture, etc., although the Superintendent is allowed by law to withhold from the enumerator all schedules except those pertaining to the population. Before starting upon his tour of duty, the enumerator is supposed to be thoroughly instructed by the supervisor on every point in such manner that he can accurately collect the information desired. To do this he must visit personally each dwelling-house in his sub-division, and each family therein, and each individual living out of a family in any place of abode. In cities he must inquire at great mercantile houses if families are living in the upper part of such buildings. In fact, he must search out and find every inhabitant living in his district on the first day of June, 1890, and by inquiry, to be made of the head of

such family or of the member thereof deemed most credible and worthy of trust, or, if an individual be living out of a family, of him in person, obtain each and every item of information and all the particulars required by the law pertaining to each individual in the whole population as of date June 1, 1890 ; and he may, if no person shall be found at the usual place of abode of a family, or of an individual living out of a family and alone, competent to answer the inquiries made in compliance with the requirements of law, obtain the required information, as nearly as may be practicable, from the family or families or person living nearest to such place of abode. If, however, such information cannot be obtained by any ordinary efforts, then, of course, the enumerator must report the omission to his immediate chief—that is, the supervisor of his district.

In this way the enumerator travels over the whole of his district; and if he is intrusted with the schedules relating to manufactures and agriculture, he must obtain the required information as to products, wages, capital, material, and persons employed, and other information sought, from each individual concern, and the quantity and kind of products, and the value of each product, for every farm in his district. After he has collected all the information required by law, he must forward the original schedules, filled out by him and duly certified as to their accuracy, to the supervisor of his district. The supervisor, in turn, must carefully examine all such schedules as come from the enumerators of his district, and if there are omissions to be filled or corrections to be made, he must see to it that such omissions are filled and corrections made, and then forward the original returns to the Superintendent of Census at Washington.

The enumerator is also obliged by the new law to collect information as to the service and organization in which service was rendered, as well as the length thereof, of each surviving soldier of the War of the Rebellion, and also certain facts relative to the widows of soldiers who served in the Rebellion. These facts, as well as the facts relating to persons who have died during the census year, are collected on separate schedules—that is, independent of the great population schedule.

The compensation of the enumerator is, in ordinary localities, two cents per capita for the population schedule ; that is, he receives two cents for each name entered on his schedule, but the

entry of the name includes all the facts called for. In sparsely-settled localities he may receive two cents and a half per name. Under this compensation the enumerator of ordinary capacity can make from $2 to $6 per day. He also receives five cents a name for all names entered on the schedule relating to soldiers and soldiers' widows, and for the facts regarding each death he receives two cents. He receives for enumerating the facts for each farm fifteen cents, and for each establishment of productive industry twenty cents. In districts where the difficulties of enumeration are very great—as, for instance, island districts—the Secretary of the Interior, on the recommendation of the Superintendent of Census, may designate special rates, but to no enumerator in any such district can there be paid less than $3 or more than $6 per day of ten hours' actual labor, if a *per-diem* compensation is established, or more than three cents for each living inhabitant, twenty cents for each farm, and thirty cents for each establishment of productive industry, when the Secretary of the Interior shall determine that a *per-capita* compensation is deemed advisable in such difficult districts.

After all the schedules have been filled by the enumerator, as may be required of him, he must make up his account as to the number of people enumerated, and the number of farms and manufacturing establishments, deaths, soldiers, etc., for which information has been gathered, such account being sent to the supervisor for the purpose of being audited by him; if found correct, the supervisor must approve the same and forward it to the Superintendent, when, if the number of persons or farms (or whatever the account is for) in the account accords with the returns of the enumerator, his payment is at once made, by draft on a sub-treasurer, and he is practically discharged from the service.

In addition to the work of the enumerators under the direction of the supervisors, the Superintendent of Census employs special agents for special purposes. He is obliged by law to collect information relative to the Indians, and also for the Territory of Alaska—undertakings surrounded by great difficulty and in the prosecution of which many obstacles are to be met. Special agents also collect information relative to railroading, fishing, mining, cattle, and other great industries, as has been stated.

All the vast quantities of information provided for under the act will be poured in upon the Census Office at Washington

between the middle of June, 1890, and the end of the year, and must be properly classified and compiled and brought into tabular form. At this point the heaviest clerical force is employed. The difficulties attending this branch of census-taking are great indeed. Many original errors are found, and must be corrected by correspondence. Thousands and thousands of letters must be written to manufacturers, farmers, and others who have given information, in order that harmony may prevail in all parts. An expert must detect all the various errors that naturally occur. An enumerator may carelessly enter the wrong figure; as, for instance, in taking the facts relating to a farm, the farmer may say that he harvested so many acres of potatoes and that the yield was 20 bushels per acre. The enumerator, in his haste, may use one too many ciphers and leave it 200 bushels per acre, and this error reaches Washington. The expert in charge of such matters must be able to determine from the statements whether they are reasonably correct or not; that is, in the instance cited, he must know, of his own knowledge, that, if an enumerator said the yield was 200 bushels of potatoes an acre, a mistake has been made. So in all other matters of farm-products, a man skilled in the business knows whether the statements of the enumerator are probably correct or not.

But these cases are quite simple compared with the difficulty of ascertaining the accuracy of statements relative to the products of manufacturing concerns. Experience shows, however, that in any given branch of production, with one or two factors of production stated, the other factors can be ascertained with reasonable accuracy. If the manufacturer of a certain line of goods is willing to state the number of people employed and the gross wages paid, and then shrinks when it comes to capital invested or value of products, the expert can determine whether or not an attempt to deceive has been made by the manufacturer, and if such an attempt is apparent, correspondence must be entered into in order to harmonize the results. The population schedules, after they are received, with all the efforts of the enumerators and supervisors, in turn, to make them correct, need a great deal of attention before they are ready for tabulation. Many errors will unavoidably creep into them, and errors that are exceedingly amusing sometimes; as, for instance, a child one year old will be entered as "married." Of course, such an error occurs in the

transposition of the answer, it belonging to the person whose name has been given just before that of the child. So, too, it has been found that children have died of old age and old men of the diseases common to infants. All such errors require careful attention on the part of the examiners and tabulators, although they are, as a rule, easily corrected on the face of the schedules; but correspondence must be had many times in order to straighten out inconsistencies and glaring defects. And so, through the whole process of assimilation, the expert work becomes a necessity.

It is this that causes the delay in the publication of census returns. In the census of 1880 all the essential features of the census were published with remarkable rapidity. The public impression that these were much delayed has been gained through the appearance of volume after volume for eight or nine years after the census began; but these later volumes were the results of the work of special agents upon special topics, and not the publications of the census returns proper. Of course, the greatest value to be obtained from census returns, after accuracy is secured, is in their prompt publication, but the difficulties of prompt publication are great, as already shown. The public always requires the results first, and through its representatives, seeking information in the Census Office, usually states that it does not care for detail, but only wants the totals; but the Census Office is obliged to consider each and every detail and see to it that each is accurate before it can arrive at totals,—the total being the last figure, of course, to be reached, and not the first. All the vast machinery referred to is necessary before the Superintendent can name the figure which can be stated in half a line of text, representing the total population of the country; and the expenditure before this simple statement can be made must reach the vicinity of $3,000,000, and probably more.

The new law makes a wise and radical departure in respect to copies of schedules for the use of local governments; and while this does not come under the title of this paper, it seems to me well to state to the public what it can receive for its own immediate benefit. Under the old census methods, the United States marshals who conducted the enumeration made copies of their schedules and forwarded them to the Census Office at Washington, retaining the originals in their respective districts; but these originals were of little value, after all, because a marshal's

district covered such a wide territory. Now the originals are sent to Washington; but under the law providing for the Tenth Census, copies were made, giving the name, age, sex, birthplace, and color of the persons enumerated within each enumeration district, and such copies were deposited with the clerk of the court of the county in which the district was situated. It has been found that these copies are of little or no value, and simply lumber up the offices of the clerks of court. The chief value which can come from the copies is in having them in the custody of municipal governments; so the new law provides that, upon the request of any municipal government, meaning thereby the incorporated government of any village, town, or city, or kindred municipality, the Superintendent of Census shall furnish such government with a copy of the names, with the age, sex, birthplace, color, and race, of all persons enumerated within the territory in the jurisdiction of such municipality, but such copies must be paid for by the municipal government requesting them. This provision relieves the Census Office of the labor of making copies whether wanted or not, but imposes upon it the labor of making them when municipal governments call for them. These copies, placed in the hands of city or town clerks, will be of great value.

The question is often asked, Why cannot the United States census be taken in one day, as is done in England and many Continental countries? The reasons are obvious on reflection. In the first place, England, which we will take for an example, is a compact nation, all the functions of government being concentrated at the national capital. The constabulary is national, and the census is taken through it. The skeleton of the body of enumerators always exists. The enlargement occurs through the appointment of temporary constables, working with the permanent constabulary force. This gives England—and like conditions exist in other countries—a force always in existence, or easily brought into existence, for census purposes. Each constable is supplied with a proper quantity of blanks for a very small district. These he distributes one day and collects the next. They are to be filled out by the head of the household, and are to contain the names and facts relating to each person living under the roof at midnight. The United States Government has no force which can be en-

larged to a proper extent for a one-day census. This fact alone would prevent our Government from following the methods adopted in Europe. But there is another reason which would entirely prevent the adoption of the European method. The schedule for the English and Continental censuses is a very small affair, comprehending but few inquiries relating to the name, relation to head of family, condition (whether single, married, etc.), sex, age at the last birthday, the profession or occupation, place of birth, and whether deaf, dumb, or blind. This constitutes the whole English census. The United States census comprehends, as we have seen, a very great number of inquiries, relating to numerous topics.

To distribute the United States schedules among the people and ask them to fill them out would simply result in total failure. The method adopted in 1880, and which will be carried out in 1890, of making small districts and appointing an enumerator for each district,—the districts being so small and the enumerators so numerous that the census of the people can be taken in cities in two weeks and in the whole country in substantially one month,—is much the best, when all the conditions, the vast territory, and the wide extent of inquiries of our Federal census, are considered. It is even argued by many that a more accurate census would be obtained by having fewer enumerators and allowing them to work from district to district in a progressive way, so that the experience acquired in the first week or two of the canvass would be utilized during succeeding weeks in other districts; but this would be returning to the old system of taking the census under United States marshals, by giving the person performing the duties of enumerator a large territory. In all probability, the modern method is superior to the one which has been laid aside. The difficulty of the modern system of small districts and a vast army of enumerators lies, as has been intimated, in securing competent men for so short and so poorly-paid a service; but with proper precautions on the part of the Superintendent, with proper instructions to the supervisors, and by them again to the enumerators, all of which instructions should be communicated a sufficient length of time prior to the enumeration to enable all concerned to comprehend them fully, there would seem to be a sufficient guarantee of a fairly-accurate enumeration.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

THE MISCHIEVOUS ICE-PITCHER.

BY WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, SURGEON-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, RETIRED.

"THERE is death in the pot," said Mr. Accum to the people of England, in his diatribe against dram-drinking. The words fell with startling force upon those in high and low places, and set up a train of inquiry which nothing but some short and terrible invective like his could have excited. Artists and manufacturers took up his idea and reproduced it on canvas and in almost every plastic material used for decoration or domestic purposes. Preachers announced it from their pulpits and drew fearful pictures of its appositeness; and, if we are to believe the assertions made at the time, many habitual drunkards were saved from a wretched life and a still more wretched death by being frightened into sobriety. Arguments would have been useless with such people, but a grinning skull looking over the edge of a wine-glass, or a skeleton clasping a decanter in his bony hands, or a snake coiled around the stem of a goblet, caused them to pause as they grasped the poisoned chalice, and to shrink back in terror as they dashed the death-giving vessel to the ground. Many Englishmen renounced their gin and took to tea instead, being further told that it was the "cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

The notion seems to be prevalent that, in order more effectually to reform a drunkard, his stomach must be drenched with water, and especially ice-water. This idea originated in the United States, and has gradually spread to Great Britain and Ireland and their dependencies. The result is that "cold-water brigades" and "ice-water brigades" have been formed in almost every country where the English language is spoken. Tea-drinking, which received so great an impetus from Mr. Accum's expressive words, is rapidly giving way before ice-water drinking. Philanthropic

individuals combine and raise money to establish ice-water fountains in the most populous parts of our large cities, and the people are told to shun the liquor-saloon and the beer-cellar and to quaff the refreshing liquid that nature supplies. These good people forget that the ice they put into the water, to make it, as they suppose, more fit for the wants of the human system, is their act and not nature's. I have heard of one repentant distiller who on his death-bed, thinking thereby to atone for the destruction to those who had imbibed his whiskey, appended a codicil to his will by which a considerable sum of money was set apart, the income of which was to be forever devoted to supplying ice-water to all who should apply at the tail of a cart that was to be especially fitted up for the purpose and to be driven through the streets. Probably more were killed by his whiskey than by his ice-water, but that the latter had its victims there can be no doubt.

It is certainly true that more ice-water is drunk in the United States in one year than in all the rest of the world in ten. This fact is in part due to the facility with which ice can be obtained, and the comparatively low price at which it is sold; but our National craving for ice-water cannot be altogether the result of its cheapness, for we find that in Norway and Sweden, and in the high regions of India, South America, and Switzerland, ice-water as a beverage is almost unknown. Certainly, so far as the appetite is concerned, it is the result of education. Young children, or adults not accustomed to drinking ice-water, find it at first not only unpleasant, but positively painful. Infants shudder when it is first put into their mouths, and I have seen American Indians spit and squirm for several minutes after they had been induced to drink a tumbler of ice-cold water; but persistency in this, as in most other matters of food or drink, almost invariably conquers, just as it does with tobacco or alcohol and many other things, which, originally being repulsive, finally become almost indispensable to the comfort or the factitious demands of the system. There must be something inherent in the American organism which prompts to the formation of the habit, just as there is an inborn tendency in us to indulge in the use of "chewing-gum," hot sodden bread, and indigestible pies. If the proclivity were an innocent one, there would not be much to say against it: that it is extremely harmful is not a matter for doubt.

In the first place, it may cause sudden death, especially if indulged in when the body is overheated. A very important part of the nervous system, called the solar plexus, is situated immediately behind the stomach. A severe blow inflicted on the body just over this part of the sympathetic system of nerves will cause death with as great rapidity as will a stab in the heart. Many a so-called man has killed his wife by kicking her in the stomach. It is not the injury to this organ of digestion that produces instantaneous death, but the shock which is given to the solar plexus, and through it to the heart. A big drink of ice-water reduces the temperature of the solar plexus so suddenly that the action of the heart is greatly lessened; sometimes to so great an extent as to cause instant death. It is quite common for persons to feel faint and to become pale immediately after drinking a glass of ice-water. They attribute these effects to heat or over-exertion, or to some other cause which has nothing to do with the result, not knowing that they have so weakened the heart as to prevent its sending a due amount of blood to the lungs and brain, and that, had the water been a little colder, life would possibly have been extinguished altogether. Direct experiment with instruments especially devised for the purpose of measuring the force of the heart's pulsations establish the fact that there is no agent of the materia medica more powerful with some persons as a depressant of this organ than a large draught of ice-water. Under certain circumstances it acts with all the force and rapidity of prussic acid.

The people who do the most harm in this direction, in this age and country of ice-water drinking, are the keepers of the so-called mineral-water fountains. Most of them, I am sorry to say, are druggists and chemists who ought to know better. It seems to be the chief object of these vendors of frigid drinks to cool them down to the lowest possible point consistent with fluidity. As these waters generally contain some saline ingredients, they can be reduced below the freezing-point of ordinary water without congealing. It appears from the signs that they display in front of their places of business that the colder they can make these mixtures the more pride they take in themselves and the more customers flock to their shops. Many deaths of persons have occurred while in the very act of drinking these more than ice-cold liquids, and I am, myself, conversant with numerous cases

in which great mental and physical prostration was the result, and from which recovery did not take place for several days. In two of these instances obstinate facial neuralgia, lasting over a year and only yielding to energetic medical treatment and complete change of climate, was induced.

Besides being one of the most prolific causes of neuralgic affections, very cold drinks injure the teeth. They crack the enamel, and therefore increase their liability to decay. Americans as a nation have worse teeth than any other people in the world, and this fact is due more to the excessive use of ice-water than to any other cause. In the old days of slavery the negroes of the South were remarkable for their good teeth, for ice-water was a drink unknown to them. But with freedom, and more money at their disposal than they formerly had, they have taken to tippling the icy liquid, and as a consequence bad teeth are now frequently seen among them.

A person who drinks a great deal of ice-water at meals very materially lessens his ability to enjoy the good things of the table, for the sense of taste is greatly impaired when the temperature of the inside of the mouth is reduced many degrees below the normal standard. Indeed, a very excellent method of counteracting the offensive taste of certain medicines is for the one who is about to swallow them to hold a little ice-water in the mouth for a few moments. The nauseous dose can then be gulped down without a tenth part of its offensiveness being experienced. On the other hand, the delicate flavors of the finest wines are entirely lost to the person who has before drinking them taken a glass of ice-water.

The effect upon the stomach of ice-water drinking is no less marked. As soon as the cold liquid reaches this organ, the blood vessels which are enlarged during the process of digestion, in order that a due amount of gastric juice may be secreted, are at once contracted, and the function is accordingly more or less completely arrested. Confirmed dyspepsia is a necessary consequence, and this frequently assumes the form of gastric catarrh, than which few disorders are more intractable. Nor does the morbid action cease here. Many a case of obstinate diarrhœa owes its origin to the refrigeration of the sympathetic ganglia of the abdomen induced by ice-water. There is some reason to believe that cancer of the stomach, a disease certainly more frequent among Americans than other people, is likewise one of its consequences.

It has been asserted by some medical writers that excessive ice-water drinking is a prolific cause of Bright's disease of the kidneys. There does not seem, however, as yet, to be sufficient evidence to support this view, but it is, nevertheless, quite possible that it is not altogether unfounded. Judging by analogy, and by what we know of the effects of ice-water upon other internal organs, I see no reason to doubt that the kidneys may also be brought under its morbid influence. So long as there is a reasonable doubt upon the subject, it would seem to be prudent for those who are predisposed to kidney disease to drink water considerably above the temperature of thirty-two degrees.

Water for drinking purposes should never be below fifty degrees. We can almost always get it even in the hottest weather as cool as this by letting it run for a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any country well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India "monkey," which can now be had almost any where in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that, if ice-water should be generally discarded as a drink, the average duration of life would be lengthened and existence rendered more tolerable.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

THE RELIGIOUS VALUE OF ENTHUSIASM.

BY GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

In order to be understood, I must first of all disclaim acquaintance with any religion but that which consists in following Jesus Christ. Learned and unlearned persons in many lands have taken opportunity to remind me that texts can be found in the New Testament which seem to advocate a hidden religion of the heart which commends itself to them because it can be lived in the midst of a godless world without offending anybody. But with the so-called "Old" Testament, which was the Bible of the Saviour and his apostles, in my hand, I really cannot accept any version of his life or teachings that will not harmonize with the glorious enthusiasm of the Psalms or the conduct of the men who "turned the world upside down." Enthusiasm for Christ is, in fact, first of all valuable in my eyes as a proof that a man really knows him and the power of his resurrection, and possesses some of his spirit of devotion to the salvation of men.

But in writing, as I presume, to practical men,—to men who know how to turn villages into cities, territories into states, and states into stepping-stones to power,—I shall just dwell upon a few of the practical results of enthusiasm as contrasted with ease in connection with religion, which I have myself observed during forty-five years of public labor in the cause of Christ.

Enthusiasm is good for the enthusiast. In endeavoring to promote that most difficult of all objects, the subjection of men to the will of God, one must needs encounter the most chilling and wearying influences at every turn. Merely to aspire to the realization of any considerable results in the religious world is to be the butt of all manner of criticisms and objections, the most painful being the suggestion that some base, selfish motive must be the main-spring of your action. The world has become so sadly unaccustomed to the sight of men leaving all to follow Christ, or putting themselves to any serious trouble on his account, that they are naturally incredulous when they meet with any one who professes to have commenced so extraordinary a life.

Therefore the man who attempts it with a weak and trembling spirit is not likely to persevere. The same man filled with the joy of the Lord, and rushing upon the world with the ardor of a soldier eager for battle, will be far more likely to endure the cross, despising the shame.

How often do we see men and women who have, all their lives, been indifferent or even opposed to religion suddenly reverse their course, declare themselves sorry for the past, and resolve to be godly in the future. If we sent such people out with multiplied cautions, with doubtful looks, and exhortations to be very careful not to be too loud in their professions of devotion to their new master, I venture to say that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if they did not relapse immediately into their former life, they would, at any rate, become timid, reserved, ineffective servants of God. But we welcome them into his kingdom with a shout as hearty as if they were members of the minority elected to some legislative body. We help them to sing as if they really did believe in Jesus Christ and meant to follow him. We make them understand that we fully rely upon their daring to stand up as public witnesses for him the very next day, and consequently we find the Swede and the German capable of becoming as flaming zealots in his cause as the Hindoo or the Irishman.

On the other hand, what do we see? We are anxious to avoid saying any word that may reflect upon any other followers of the same King. But do not the sermons and speeches of the leading ministers of most churches tell us plainly enough that where the motto, expressed or understood, is "No enthusiasm allowed here," the whole body sinks to a level of indifference that no person is capable of stirring? In one of the leading churches of Scotland, the other day, the chief speaker in one of the discussions now so common about the indifference of the masses to religion, summed up with the remark that the church was perishing through the selfishness and indifference of her own children.

Enthusiasm is valuable in its influence upon the crowd. This will, I think, be so universally admitted that there can be no need to argue it. But, unfortunately, the last thing that many able teachers of religion desire to see is any crowd. They have a notion that, in some way, the excitement of the multitude on the subject of religion must bring with it a profane and irreverent result; as though, in fact, there were a danger of crowding Jesus

Christ himself. Now, the whole story of his three years' ministry shows he had no such dread of the multitude; and it would surely do much to disabuse the gospel of the halo of sanctimonious uselessness that so largely obscures it in our day, if we could only realize the clouds of dust and the buzz of oriental chatter that doubtless proclaimed in his own day the coming of the Son of Man.

It will, I think, be admitted on all hands, that no candidate for the Presidency would stand the faintest chance of election if his foremost advocates contented themselves with the quiet and dignified sort of propaganda that is thought the correct thing by those whose business it is to make the nations awake to the claims of Jesus Christ to universal sovereignty. To win the million, there must be the putting-forth at every turn of such efforts as can only spring from the most enthusiastic partisanship. This is a principle that one would have expected any common-sense nineteenth-century being to be wide awake to. But, alas! alas! Jesus Christ is most sacredly guarded from success by the unaccountable prejudices of the bulk of his own party. Consequently we see the little handfuls resorting weekly to the church, and the huge majority crushing daily into the theatre and the saloon.

The enlightened newspaper of a Christian people and the polished inhabitant of the suburb may sneer at the "cranks" who wear glaring uniforms to show their devotion to the cause of a heavenly candidate, and kneel in snow or mud at the street-corner to pray; but the crowd find an irresistible something about men and women who are manifestly in earnest, and from the saloon, and worse places still, they come in ever-increasing numbers to see what all the racket can be about. We shall yet, by God's help, turn the millions right about face.

Need I say that I regard what has been called the enthusiasm of humanity as one of the most invariably distinctive marks of the true follower of Jesus Christ? When once a man has found in him the one grand source of light and happiness, love to his neighbor must above all demand supreme effort to lead that neighbor to Christ; and this principle, in view of a world determined to forget Christ as much as possible, must needs imply a life-long struggle to lead the crowd to the cross.

As for the theory that those who labor in the world-field for God are not responsible for results, it always seems to me one of the most laughable follies of the age. What would any of the

gentlemen who are so eloquent about "sowing the seed and leaving the results with God" say to a gardener who wished to be kept in their employment upon such terms, and who after, say, three years' patient sowing, complained that it was unreasonable to judge of his work by the absence of any apparent result, and endeavored to persuade his master that the quantity of valuable seed deposited in the ground, though not a sprout had appeared from it, should be considered in itself a matter for congratulation and a guarantee of coming fruitfulness? The coolness with which church after church officially admits its failure and its incompetence to deal with the masses, whilst claiming to be none the less in the divine order, is to me simply astounding.

Not to stir the whole multitude, not to make the name of Jesus Christ in sober reality "high over all," seems to me to mean ruinous failure, and I am more and more confident, the longer I live, that the majority in any land can be thoroughly awakened on the subject of religion wherever there are laborers sufficiently enthusiastic in their devotion to the cause.

The masses are never likely to take particular interest in a religion whose meeting-places remain closed most days of the year and most hours of the exceptional days on which they are utilized. Practical men judge, naturally enough, that the professors of such a religion do not, after all, attach very much importance to it, and that they by no means believe the tremendous things they are accustomed in creeds and songs and prayers to declare.

Enthusiasm is necessary to perseverance in hard work. To overcome the disastrous results of so much religion without enthusiasm; to drive out the strange gods that to-day command the honor and devotion which are due to the one Almighty Saviour, and to disciple all nations for him, demand an amount of self-denying and painstaking effort such as enthusiasts alone can put forth. We have to turn one of the smallest and most insignificant of minorities into a majority, and for such a purpose anything short of desperate activity is absurdly inadequate. But I have proved that an enthusiastic love of Christ is sufficient to constrain persons of every class to take upon themselves the form of servants to mankind and to labor without hope of earthly reward up to the limit of, and too often beyond, their strength.

In an age devoted above all to gain, I have seen many thousands of men and women give up home, friends, situations, and

prospects to become the despised officers of the Salvation Army; to toil in all seasons and climes day by day for the good of strangers, who have too often been led to return hatred or contempt for their love. More than 8,000 of these are serving with the colors to-day. I have seen ladies nurtured in the lap of comfort perform the most menial services for the vilest of the poor, and delight to go on with such work year after year, because they felt their smallest effort was helping to bring about the triumph of Christ's cause. Enemies of the Salvation Army, no longer able to deny the self-sacrificing and laborious character of our officers' lives, have actually represented them as slaves to myself and my children, as though it were possible for the members of one family to secure and maintain the daily, faithful obedience of thousands of servants recruited from every quarter of the globe, and employed amidst every variety of circumstance from the Hooghly to the Oregon. How is it that, with all the prizes of the world before their eyes, young men can be relied upon amid the snows of Canada or Sweden, the jungles of India and Ceylon, to carry out the same system of daily toil for others, enduring want and suffering only too uncomplainingly rather than even trouble with the story of their perplexities the leaders who are supposed to be so cruel to them? I say that such lives would be impossible but for the reproduction by the spirit of God in our own day of the very enthusiasm which brought the Saviour from his throne to a manger and from the Mount of Transfiguration to Calvary. If those who sneer at any suggestion of unearthly motive or unearthly power can discover a method of enlisting human activities in the service of the race to a larger extent than has been done in any age by the enthusiasm of the Crucified, I for one would be ready to give their representations every attention. But without enthusiasm one can only expect, in connection with religion, the cold perfunctory service which gains nobody, and sooner or later disgusts and wearies everybody.

Enthusiasm is good for the wretched. How is it that so great a gap generally exists between the representatives of Christianity and those who are in outward or inward misery? The horrible barrier of caste which separates so widely between the rich and the poor in most countries of Europe will surely not be allowed to extend beyond a few large cities of the United States; but without this I think it will be admitted that there is a serious

gulf between those who are surrounded with every comfort and the really poor; between the professors of religion and those who see no good in it. How is this gulf to be bridged? It appears to me impassable except by enthusiasts.

To a poor fellow who feels himself friendless, whether with regard to this life or to that which is to come, the mere "God bless you" of an ignorant Salvationist, who evidently cares about him, is more valuable than a whole course of lectures from some patronizing friend whose style and manner say: "I would like to assist you, if you will be good enough to keep your distance." Human hearts are marvellously alike, wherever they may be found, and the mere discovery of some one wildly eager to do him good is enough to help many a despairing one into a new world, where there are light and hope.

But enthusiasm is, above all, of value to the rich. We have it upon the highest authority that no class has, after all, so great difficulty in becoming or remaining truly religious as those who have plenty of this world's goods. Surrounded and almost overwhelmed by circumstances calculated to divert the mind from every spiritual consideration, and opposed, whenever they attempt anything like hearty adhesion to the cause of Christ, by their whole circle, it is, indeed, "hard for them that have riches to enter into the kingdom of God." I must honestly confess that I have never known an instance of a rich man who was successful in the attempt, without having first sold all that he had, if not in the literal sense, at least in that of absolutely and completely coming out from his circle to be an avowed and enthusiastic follower of Christ. From John Wesley downwards I believe every great leader in the religious world would agree with me that the wealthy "patron of the society," who expects to wield influence at least in proportion to the extent of his liberality, is one of the greatest hindrances to the church's success. How common is it to find ministers and even churches who confess themselves powerless to carry out the work as they believe they ought, because "it would never do" to offend Squire So-and-So. For the scruples of the Squire I have only discovered one effectual cure; namely, to get him fired with the very same spirit which made apostolic farmers sell up and go out to die.

How often have we seen wealthy persons approach us with every sign of interest and sympathy only to draw back to a greater

distance than ever ; and the secrets of the process have not been far to seek. These ladies and gentlemen came to a meeting loaded with all the prejudices that multiplied misrepresentation could create. The first half-hour in the presence of a people whose every look and word demonstrated a furious sincerity scattered these prejudices to the winds, and the astonished visitors left the place thoroughly satisfied that we had God's blessing and deserved theirs as well. But the next morning some friend put before them the newspaper rendering of the very meeting they had themselves witnessed, and a few well-directed sneers were sufficient to cause them to withdraw from all appearance of sympathy, or, at best, to write me letters of remonstrance and complaint with regard to matters of mere taste to which, when present, they made no objection. How can such persons ever be emancipated from the chains of custom and the terrors of criticism in any other way than by becoming absorbed with a passionate love for the Great Master and the souls he died to save?

I must confess that I always have looked, and I continue to look, to the American continent and to the colonies for examples of this chivalrous devotion which has become so rare in modern times in the old world. Surely the energies and abilities of the new nations that are growing up across the Atlantic are not going to be absorbed altogether in the construction of railroads, canals, and palaces. Surely in this enlightened age we shall yet see the spectacle of men, possessed of resources of every kind, throwing themselves into the service of God with something like the completeness of devotion common in what are called the dark ages.

Of one thing, at least, I am certain: religious enthusiasm will be indispensable to the endurance of heaven. How I have been puzzled to imagine the meaning that many persons attach to the authorized descriptions of the country in which they hope to spend their eternity ! Multitudes beyond number, bursts of enraptured song, shouts of gladness, and all this forever, for the enjoyment of persons who are ready to grumble if they are asked to remain at ever so quiet a meeting for more than an hour or two ! I really cannot help thinking that heaven will be simply unendurable for those who detest religious enthusiasm. Perhaps they really hope to see the whole race end in the mud. I prefer to live forever, and while I live, to live.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND PIRACY.

BY ALEXANDER P. BROWNE.

"'PINAFORE'—now being performed simultaneously in over one hundred theatres in America!"

Such was the announcement that, in 1879, covered the bill-boards and dead-walls of London. Brief as it was, it was full of suggestion. It marked the opening of a new field for the foreign author, the American dramatic pirate, and the legal profession, irrespective of nationality.

In it English, French, and German authors and composers hailed the tidings of a new market for their wares—a new and brilliant prospect of exchanging the work of their brain for the proverbially plentiful American dollar. The dramatic pirate chuckled to himself at the chance of capturing and looting many a richly-laden bark, tossed and baffled on the troubled seas of international non-copyright. The lawyers began to rummage among their books for points and precedents, not without a comfortable premonition of long and lucrative battles to come.

The success of "Pinafore" made the names of its authors a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. More than that, it produced the dramatic trade-mark "Gilbert and Sullivan," which to-day stands for actual millions of profit to its owner, Richard D'Oyly Carte, of London. As people there used to say, "Carte invented Gilbert and Sullivan." Having made the invention, he patented it to himself by an exclusive contract with the author and composer, and from the profits of "Pinafore" he bought outright a piece of land in perhaps the highest-priced quarter of London and built on it his own theatre, the Savoy. His English establishment being thus put in order, he turned his attention to the American market. He had already shown him-

self a good business man and a hard fighter for his rights, and Gilbert and Sullivan, knowing this, intrusted to his management their future battles for Yankee dollars.

When the "Pirates of Penzance," the successor of "Pinafore," appeared, the outlook for it in "America," as Englishmen call the United States, was not encouraging. "Pinafore's" success had developed in this country a horde of men for whom that opera had made a considerable sum of money. With the taste of blood in their mouths, they pricked up their ears at the news of further prey; they even quarrelled among themselves, in advance, as to the distribution of the booty. Some of these men were, and long had been, the managers of well-known theatres and in good and regular standing in the profession; but the majority belonged to that class of penniless theatrical speculators who, in the expressive slang of the trade, are now known as "fly-by-nights" or "snides." This union of classes, the worthy and the worthless, showed well the lamentable state of public opinion then existing as to the propriety of appropriating other people's ideas without paying for them. In those days even the newspapers laughed at our efforts to protect such property in the courts, and in this way did much to salve the consciences of those managers who appeared to possess any.

Appeals to "public opinion," "the self-respect of the American art-loving community," and similar phantasms having been tried in vain with "Pinafore," Carte decided to adopt different methods with the "Pirates." It so happened that, whatever the defects of our statutes, our common and unwritten law recognized fully the exclusive right of a foreign author to do everything he might like with his manuscript, except to publish copies of it. The latter privilege would seem a reasonable one, too; but, as a matter of fact, it did not exist. However, the half-loaf of dramatic bread thus promised appeared better than no bread at all. It was decided to keep both the words and music of the "Pirates" scrupulously in manuscript until the piece had been thoroughly run in New York, Boston, and other large cities, thus insuring at least the cream of the business to those to whom the whole of it morally belonged. This plan worked well enough financially, but it was very distasteful both to the author and the composer. Naturally enough, Gilbert, having written his book, wanted people to read it, and Sullivan had the same reasonable wish for his music

—that the lovers of it should have it at home to play over and enjoy. But under our laws it could not be; a foreign author could hold his right of unlimited performance indefinitely until he published either at home or here, but when that day came, good-bye to any further American income for him.

The right of controlling the performance of a manuscript piece I have spoken of as settled in the law, and so it undoubtedly is now, but in the "Pirates" days our courts were very wabbly and uncertain about it. In a case in Massachusetts in 1861, Laura Keene was the fair plaintiff and the stolen goods consisted of "Our American Cousin." The Supreme Court held that you or I might perform for profit as much of anybody's else dramatic property as we could remember, although we would not be allowed to eke out our memory by taking notes. But if we did not have a good memory ourselves, we might employ some one who did, which was actually done in the Keene case. Of course, this was not a sound view of the law. Various writers promptly pointed out the absurdity of the distinction between purloining with the mind and with a lead-pencil, and the case as authority was generally derided. Nevertheless, when the new opera came, in 1880, *Keene v. Kimball* was still available as a sort of cave or refuge for the pirates of the drama, and they hastened to avail themselves of its shelter.

My first dramatic fight was with a pirate of this variety. A certain music-publishing house of high standing put upon the Boston market a *pot-pourri* entitled "Recollections of the Pirates of Penzance." As no music from the opera had before been published, the "Recollections" sold at a great rate. To the general public, the first part of the title probably conveyed no particular idea; they paid more attention to the "Pirates of Penzance" part. To us, however, it was a shout of defiance from the Cave of Memory before mentioned—in other words, the Keene case. "Ha! ha!" cried the pirates from their legal fastnesses, "capture us if you can!" Meanwhile they were busy filling their own pockets with the money which rightfully belonged to the despised foreigners. Human nature naturally could not stand this; so an injunction was asked for, albeit with great misgivings as to the result. They proved to be unfounded. Judge Lowell at that time was the United States Circuit Judge. When the defendant's counsel expressed his reliance on *Keene v. Kimball* as authority, the Court

expressed without reservation its dissent from the doctrine of that case, and granted us our injunction.

Judge Lowell's decision as to "memorizing" had now become pretty widely spread among the would-be robbers of the Northern States, but the Southern managers were still unenlightened and unterrified. Carte next produced "Billee Taylor," over which we had a hand-to-hand encounter in Baltimore before the United States Judge there. Our opponent was Ford, a well-known local manager. His version of the play, so he testified, had been taken from our own by memory. We admitted the taking, for the two were almost identical, but denied the memory part of it. We were morally certain, in our own minds, that a more reliable agent had been employed, viz., a little money judiciously administered to some of our under people, and, in return, the surreptitious loaning of our prompt-book to the agents of the enemy. But the proofs of this were defective. Furthermore, *Keene v. Kimball* had not then been publicly overruled, for Judge Lowell had not published any formal opinion in our "Recollections" case. So the main part of our injunction was denied by the Maryland Judge, who treated *Keene v. Kimball* as authoritative. All that we saved from the wreck, so to speak, was a vast amount of free newspaper advertising—for the case was widely discussed—and an order that our "printing," or illustrated posters, should not be too closely imitated by our competitors.

The gloom of defeat in the "Billee Taylor" case, which was tried in 1881, lasted until May, 1882, when the decision in "The World" case appeared and the memorizing ghost was laid. This was the case where one Byron, the so-called "Boy Tragedian," had been expressly employed, on account of his wonderful memory, to steal the play of "The World," and had accomplished the feat of committing the whole of a long melodrama to memory in only two attendances. The performance of the version so stolen was enjoined by the Supreme Court of the State, and in the course of their opinion the "memorizing doctrine," as it was called, was completely and finally disposed of.

Not long after this, another ray of light broke through the cloudy sky of copyright litigation. Gounod's "Redemption" had recently been produced in England and was attracting considerable attention. Its English owners, the well-known house of Novello & Co., sold the American rights of producing the work

to Theodore Thomas, and performances of it by the celebrated Thomas orchestra were duly announced in all the great cities. Works of this magnitude and character had not before suffered at the hands of the American spoiler; so no one, at least among those most interested, was at all prepared for the following announcement, which suddenly made its appearance in the Boston papers:

BOSTON THEATRE.
SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21, 1883.
First Performance in Boston of
GOUNOD'S REDEMPTION,
WITH NEW ORCHESTRATION ARRANGED
from Indications in
THE PUBLISHED PIANO-FORTE SCORE.

It was once more the shout of the pirate. The Cave of Memory having been knocked to pieces, he had found another shelter, and the announcement showed just what it was.

It so happened that the "piano-forte arrangement" of the "Redemption" was made by an English composer of reputation, Mr. Berthold Tours. With a laudable desire to add to the completeness of his work, he has printed in here and there, above the musical staff, such expressions as "Fag," "Wind and Strings," "Timp," etc.—cryptogrammatic to the general public, but conveying to the musically-instructed person, in a very general way, the kind of effect which Gounod had produced at the place indicated, in his original work.

Such were the "indications" so pointedly referred to in the newspaper announcement, by the aid of which the "new orchestration" had been, or was to be, constructed. Of course, they were not in any reasonable sense indicative of anything, nor were they intended to be, but they offered a toe-hold for the attacking party who were striving to drive out Mr. Thomas, and the fight began.

Like most copyright fights, it took the form of a motion for a preliminary injunction, that being the speediest way of obtaining redress, if redress was to be obtained at all. The first question presented to Judge Lowell for decision was whether the "indications" were, in fact, of any importance or value as suggestive or indicative of the orchestral composition. As the experts on both

sides agreed that they were not, this question was easily disposed of. The second question was one of law, and much more important. The piano-forte arrangement was the work of a foreigner. It was already published both in England and this country. Of course it could have no American copyright protection. The second question then was: "Did the publication of the piano-forte arrangement—the version for that instrument—deprive the original orchestral work of the protection which it, remaining wholly in manuscript, would naturally enjoy?"

The industry of counsel on both sides had found prior decisions more or less analogous, but nothing which was in any way controlling or decisive. The point was one of new impression. In a written opinion, showing great care and ability, Judge Lowell held that the injunction should issue; that the exclusive right of performing the unpublished orchestral work had not been lost by the unprotected publication of the piano-forte book. The opinion held, as we had from the first admitted, that a performance of the music of the piano-forte version, entirely without orchestra, would be permitted; and, to the eternal disgrace of musical art, the "Redemption" was, in fact, afterward produced by Lennon in the Boston Theatre to the accompaniment of two pianos and a parlor organ!

This decision in the "Redemption" case was hailed with joy by our foreign friends. Of course, what was law for Gounod was law for Sullivan. "Iolanthe" was just then about to be produced, and we looked eagerly forward to the full enjoyment of the American market and the easy discomfiture of all our foes.

We did not have long to wait. Once more Mr. Ford, of Baltimore, was the purloiner; once more we advanced to give them battle,—and, alas for the glorious uncertainty of the law, once more we were completely routed. Judge Morris, also of the United States Court, was the instrument of our discomfiture. He fully recognized Judge Lowell's premises, but from them reached a diametrically opposite conclusion. The injunction was denied.

At this juncture there occurred to the writer a plan by which to avoid some of the uncertainties of the disputed "Redemption" doctrine, and to obtain, what we had never before had, a valid American copyright on a part, at least, of the work. The plan in question was so simple and obvious that the wonder is it had not

been hit upon before. It was merely to employ an American to make our next piano-forte arrangement for us. The opera of "Princess Ida" was then under way, and it was determined to try upon it the new scheme. Accordingly a competent Boston musician, Mr. George Lowell Tracy, was engaged and despatched to London. As soon as he arrived there, he was set to work, and the arrangement for the piano-forte was, before long, completed. Now to protect it by copyright in both countries. We knew that such work had already been declared by the courts sufficiently original in character to be the subject of copyright. We knew, too, that England, with a liberality that should be to our own law-makers a constant shame, gives to any alien author full copyright protection, provided only that he be, upon the day of first publication, bodily present within the borders of her realm. Furthermore, and fortunately for our scheme, our law does not insist upon any particular place of residence for the American author at the time of publication. Finally, by publishing the arrangement on the same day in London and New York, the law of each country would be complied with, so far as that matter was concerned.

So, with a free use of the cable, and not without several narrow escapes from disaster through a slip here and there, we succeeded in getting the "piano-forte book" of "Princess Ida" duly copyrighted to Mr. Tracy in both England and the United States. Now once more to the fray! Give us only a foe to fight, and the outlook for having victory perch on our banner would be bright indeed. For the first time we were disappointed through having no one to give us battle. The public here did not want "Princess Ida" enough to induce any one to steal it. However, we had not long to wait.

The marvellous popularity of the "Mikado," which next appeared, brought forth at once a host of would-be pirates. Our "piano-forte book," as in the case of "Princess Ida," was the work of Mr. Tracy and was duly copyrighted by him. The reader will understand that, save for this piano-forte book, no publication whatever of the music of the "Mikado" had been made. It was necessary, therefore, that whoever sought to produce the opera without license must do one of three things. He must either play it with piano-forte accompaniment alone, or if with orchestra, then his orchestral score must be either

stolen from Sullivan's unpublished score or prepared by amplifying our published and copyrighted piano-forte arrangement. As to the production with piano-forte alone we had no fears, for we knew that the public would not tolerate such a wretched substitute for the original. Theft from the unpublished orchestral score was also an unlikely event. The parts were kept with most jealous care, a trusty man being employed, whose sole duty it was to see that they were never out of his sight. He was, furthermore, instructed to report to us instantly the slightest indication of any attempt at copying or otherwise appropriating any part of the precious manuscript. The third and greatest danger was that some American manager of piratical tendencies would have an orchestration made from the copyrighted Tracy book, and use that orchestration in producing the opera.

We had not long to wait before this very thing was done, and by several different managers at once, in New York city itself. Mr. John Duff had gotten an illicit "Mikado" well under way at the Standard Theatre. We decided to make this our next object of attack, and straightway began a suit in equity for an injunction.

Our position was this: As I have said, our piano-forte arrangement was the work of an American citizen, and had been duly copyrighted as such. The airs in it were Sullivan's, and, as he was a foreigner, could not be protected; but the rest of the book, the accompaniment, was the work of our arranger and covered by his copyright, which, of course, we controlled. Now, our American statute says that, when a person copyrights a *dramatic* composition, he and his licensees shall have "the exclusive right of publicly performing the same." Mr. Duff admitted that his orchestral score was simply an expansion of the piano-forte book; a mere reärrangement of our copyrighted arrangement. Therefore, we argued, when Mr. Duff performs his opera with orchestra, he is performing what confessedly contains our copyrighted thing; and therefore he is performing that thing itself. The only question then that remained to be demonstrated to the court was this: "Is an arrangement for piano-forte of the music of an opera originally written for an orchestra, a *dramatic composition* within the meaning of our American copyright statute?"

Judge Wallace decided against us. At the outset of the published opinion, his Honor says, by way of gilding the pill he was about to administer to the unhappy foreigner: "No one questions

the justice of the claim of the author of an intellectual production to reap the fruits of his labor in every field where he has contributed to the enlightenment or the rational enjoyment of mankind. It was, therefore, entirely legitimate for the authors of this opera to avail themselves of any provision they could find in the laws of the United States, which might protect them in the right to control its dramatic representation in this country, and . . . the plan adopted was an ingenious one."

The opinion then proceeds to knock the plan on the head as follows:

"It does not seem open to fair doubt, that the literary part of an opera, together with the music of the voice parts, comprises all there is of the dramatic essence that lies in the action of the performers. The instrumental parts serve to emphasize the sentiments and intensify the emotions excited by the words and melodies. . . . . But the instrumental parts alone are inadequate to convey intelligently to the hearer the dramatic effect communicated by the language and movements of the actors.

"If the orchestration of an opera is not a dramatic composition, certainly the piano-forte arrangement cannot be, ... and the complainant falls short of a case for the relief asked, because representing the arrangement on the stage is not the representation of a dramatic composition, but of a musical composition, as to which the complainant's statutory title consists in the sole right of printing, copying, etc., and not of public representation.

"*While it is much to be regretted that our statutes do not, like the English statutes, protect the author or proprietor in all the uses to which literary property may be legitimately applied, it is not the judicial function to supply the defect.*"

From the last paragraph, the foundation cause of our defeat will be clearly perceived. It was a defect, a "hole," in our own copyright law, and one which concerns directly all my American fellow-citizens of musico-literary tendencies. Bear in mind that Judge Wallace says, in substance, this: "The orchestral part of an opera is not a dramatic composition, and the unlicensed performance of that part of the opera violates no provision of our copyright law."

Now let us suppose that an American composer, say John K. Paine, should collaborate with a foreign librettist, for example J. R. Planché, in the production of an international opera; can

they, or either of them, hold the American performing rights in the piece ?

This raises a serious question of musical copyright law, and one upon which there is little, if anything, in the way of legal precedent in this country. Judge Wallace, as we have seen, was inclined to discriminate in this respect between the melody and the accompaniment, and he held that, while the former might be considered a dramatic composition, the latter certainly was not. While criticism is ungracious that comes from the defeated party, I may be pardoned for suggesting here a question as to the soundness of the distinction, from which, when applied to such a subject as operatic music, it follows that so much of that music as is vocal is also dramatic, and so much as is instrumental is not. If the later works of Richard Wagner were to be judged by this standard, it is certain that the result would fail to commend itself to the musically-educated intellect. In the Duff case, Judge Wallace quoted with approval this statement from a text-book of authority: "Music designed to be interpreted by instruments alone can hardly be considered a dramatic work within the meaning of the law." Yet I venture, with great respect, to doubt very much if the lamented author of "Die Walküre," for example, would admit for a moment that those portions of his work "designed to be interpreted by instruments alone" were not as fully and entirely an essential part of his "music drama" as the rest, in which another instrument, namely, the human voice, was also called into play.

It seems to me that the question whether a musical composition is or is not also a "dramatic composition" within the meaning of our law depends upon the use for which it is primarily intended and adapted ; and that if the air of such a composition is held to be dramatic, the accompaniment should be similarly regarded. However, the gods have decreed otherwise, and up to this writing there has been no reversal of that decree.

The validity of the copyright upon our American-made pianoforte book, so far as concerned its being reprinted by others, was not passed upon by Judge Wallace. The point has, however, been since decided by Judge Nelson, now a United States Judge for the Massachusetts District, and the validity of the copyright sustained, the case being *Carte v. Evans.*

Judge Nelson's opinion contains a full and instructive consideration of the questions presented, and the temptation to

quote at length from it is difficult to resist. I may be excused if I yield to this temptation so far as to reprint here a few remarks of the Court in reply to the claim of the defendant's counsel that our plan of employing an American manager was "a mere evasion of the copyright act."

"I am unable," says Judge Nelson, "to perceive how it can properly be called an evasion, if by that is meant a proceeding by which the letter or the spirit of the law is directly or indirectly violated. The thing copyrighted was an original work by an American composer, and therefore the lawful subject of copyright. All the steps taken to secure the copyright, and vest it in the plaintiff, were authorized by our statute. Undoubtedly the plan adopted displayed great ingenuity, and the effect is to vest in these foreign authors valuable American rights in their work; but there is nothing of evasion or violation of the law."

With the Evans case ends the history of our dramatic battles down to the present time. The legal result has been to increase considerably the protection which foreigners, in the absence of an international-copyright law, are entitled to enjoy in the United States. From the point of view of financial value to American managers of the privilege of playing the Gilbert and Sullivan operas with authority, the situation has greatly changed for the better. Nowadays, there is nearly as much of competition among our American friends for the privilege of production and payment of license-fees, as there was ten years ago to see which one could be the first to despoil us. Moreover, that the long and bitter litigation has not been without other pecuniary fruit is shown by the fact that the profits to the foreign proprietors upon the performances in the United States of the "Mikado" alone are said to have amounted to upwards of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Of course, there is a remedy for all the turmoil and confusion that I have described. Men ought not to have to battle for the preservation of their property. To those who have read this story of the fight, the thought must, before this, have come, "Why not have international copyright?" And in reply the writer can only say with Echo, "Why not?"

ALEXANDER P. BROWNE.

WHY AM I A QUAKER?

To ONE who before all else would be a Christian, the reasons for adhesion to any given denomination must lie in the circumstances of his education, and in his preference for that form of Christianity, in doctrine and practice, which distinguishes the body to which he adheres. I am a Friend, then, because for two centuries my ancestors have as Friends served their generations; and yet more from a conviction that in Quakerism is to be found "what Christianity is in itself," divested of non-essentials and relieved of the accretions it had gathered since the apostolic times.

The Society of Friends grew out of a vivid apprehension of the spiritual presence of Christ made perceptible to men, especially to those who welcomed that presence; of an intense faith in God's universal love to mankind, and an honest endeavor to carry the reformation of Christianity to completeness by a return to the tenets and to the life, moral and religious, of the first Christians. Christ the eternal Word, Christ incarnate, and Christ ascended, yet ever enlightening and teaching men, was their foundation. Without reference to the historic fact, they resumed many of the views held by the orthodox Greek fathers as to God's nearness to man, man's affinity to God, and the universality of the Father's love to those who even the heathen knew were "his offspring." Quaker Christianity commends itself to me by these traits, and especially by its universal spirit. Assured of the operation of the Spirit of God upon the mind and the conscience, the Friends accept without reserve the testimony of the Scriptures to themselves, that "holy men of old spoke as they were moved of the Holy Ghost," and regard the Bible as the only divinely-authorized record of the doctrines they are bound to believe. They hold that the Bible is to be understood and applied by spiritual aid, and have based their Christianity upon its truths and facts, under the illumination of the Spirit. But they have adopted no special theory of inspiration, and have expressed their belief chiefly in Scripture terms, whereby they have escaped serious theological difficulties.

The Friends accept in their fullest import the words that God loves "the world," while he hates sin. Many who have been lovers of their kind and have looked beneath the surface of things, have found themselves face to face with the sin and misery of their race, and have emerged from that dark shadow giving varying answers to the problems it suggests. Of such an experience George Fox wrote: "I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love which flowed over the ocean of darkness, and in that I saw the infinite love of God." Nevertheless, he did not weakly fly to any superficial view of the dread reality and fruits of sin. He and his associates had felt too profoundly "the immeasurable nature of the compunction awakened by wrong-doing—the total inability to forgive one's self—the sense of an evil that is irreparable and sin beyond all gauge,"* to deal lightly with either redemption or retribution. Their conviction was that through and by Christ an offer of salvation was made to all, and that the ultimate fate of each soul is determined by the acceptance or rejection of divine light and love. Believing in God as Creator and King, and recognizing his omnipresence in all the processes whereby the universe has become what it is, they prized above all his relation to men as a Father, to Jew and Gentile, Christian and heathen, who, though marred by the effects of sin, hereditary and personal, still have a child-likeness to him and are the objects of his paternal love and care. This love, ever outflowing, found highest expression in the coming of Christ, who, as the Word that was with God and was God, became flesh, bringing God and man into closest union. As one with the Father and with us he revealed him, by his words, his life, his spirit, his death, in which he was "the propitiation for the sins of the whole world." Yet Christ is ever the Word, who touches the moral and religious nature of man, imparting to all some knowledge of God, some discernment of the right, some recoil from the evil, some aspiration after the good, some power of grace over sinful tendencies, and, if received, some quickening of the sluggish or dead soul into spiritual life and communion with God. In this the Friends have kept the distinction between human faculties and the divine Spirit, between conscience and Christ, have maintained individual responsibility, the necessity of Christ's death

* James Martineau, "Types of Ethical Theory," Vol. II., p. 66.

and life to recovery from sin, and have met the demand of the moral consciousness for a concurrence of supreme love with holiness in the removal of personal guilt. To my apprehension they have thus offered the truest order of Scripture teaching, and to the utmost have justified the ways of God to men. In thus recognizing a universal offer of salvation from sin, there is no undervaluing of the duty to spread abroad the facts and truths of the Bible, for the spirit of Quaker Christianity, as shown in its first period and again in the present, is an earnestly evangelizing one. Assured of finding in every conscience a witness for the truth, the obligation to carry the noontide of Christian knowledge to those sitting in the glimmer that lies beyond it is felt to be imperative.

The same inclusive spirit is shown in the conception of the invisible church as consisting of all those who have been saved, or are being saved, from sin through Christ; and of a visible church as an association of like persons, who, having conscious faith in him, are joined together for worship, work, and witnessing. Though hitherto a small body, the Friends have the most large-hearted views of the church; and as to membership in it, with John Woolman they know no narrowness concerning sects and opinions, provided there are evidences of the reign of Christ in men's souls. Though thus inclusive, their standard of Christian experience is not a low one, but as Christ overcame all evil, so they believe that through his grace and the Spirit's aid victory over all wilful and conscious sin may be known, so that we may really love God and man in the full measure of our individual capacity. It seems to me that this is the true thought as to salvation, not an impracticable one, but worthy of God's offer and man's acceptance.

The mode of worship of the Friends is as simple as its ideal is true and its experience delightful to those that enter into it. It looks upon the few or the many met in Christ's name as permitted to know the "real presence" and headship of Christ, with access, individual and united, through him unto the Father in spiritual communion, without the necessary intervention of any minister or priest. The "liberty of prophecy" accorded in this manner of worship admits of edifying one another, of heart-felt, united prayer and praise, and the preaching of the Word. If its ideal is high, it is the more exacting that worshippers shall habitually walk in the light, following the master in close companionship. But as it depends so little on preärrangement, it is empty indeed

unless there be real life in the congregation. In this simple worship there is a unique feature—the privileges given to women. Christianity is the only religion that has placed women in a true position. The sacred friendship of our Lord for the sisters at Bethany and for the group of noble women that came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, with his hallowed love for his mother, prepared the way for this result and for the saying of Paul, "There is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus." The Friends apprehend that devout believers of either sex may receive spiritual gifts for the profit of all, and that among these is that gift of prophecy which fits the recipient for speaking to others unto edification, exhortation, and comfort. They have, therefore, made room in their organization for the exercise of such gifts by women, and have proved that the use of this liberty is consonant with all that is best in womanhood. They have found inestimable benefits from acting out with quiet confidence what they believe to be the teaching of the Bible in this respect.

It is a like comprehensive view of Christianity that has led the Friends to regard the "one baptism" as that whereby all members of the church are, through repentance, faith, and consecration to Christ, baptized by the one Spirit into the one body. They conceive that to the church the risen Christ in his last commission intrusted "the word of the truth of the Gospel" in the power of the imparted Spirit, and that the means the church was to use in baptism is "the ministry of the word and prayer," whereby others are brought into vital union with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and all drink into one spiritual life. The true "communion" they find not in the reverent use of outward symbols, which they omit, but in welcoming the presence and pure reign of their Lord in the heart, so that in private devotion and in public worship the feast is kept, and they partake by faith of the body that was broken and of the blood that was shed for the many. "Believe and thou hast eaten," wrote St. Augustine, and the Friend responds, "Amen."

All Christians seek for guidance in duty from the Bible, providential circumstances, the counsel of friends, and the best use of their knowledge and judgment. To these the Friends add confidence in impressions of right made directly upon mind and heart. To walk in the light, and up to the light that Christ gives, is their ideal of a religious life. It leads to a strong sense of personal re-

sponsibility and of the sacredness of conscientious convictions. Perhaps it has been this more than anything else that has made them the van-guard in the struggle to secure freedom to every man to serve God according to his conscience, and to repudiate, from their origin, all persecution for religious opinions. I cannot but honor them for the victory won in this field through much suffering and some martyrdom, patiently borne, and for their share in handing down the heritage of religious liberty now enjoyed throughout the English-speaking world. Their love of liberty and of equal justice to all has given them "a genius for humanity," a sympathy with whatever has been best in free governments; and their principles, as expressed in the declaration of rights and laws of the Province of Pennsylvania, have had no inconsiderable influence in shaping the free institutions of America.

Intentness to act in harmony with the spirit of Christ has led them to anticipate or quickly to side with legal or moral reforms, and to have sympathy with the races subjected to oppression or looked upon as inferior. The reduction of capital punishment for crimes (once frightfully common in Great Britain), the reform of prisons, the abolition of the slave-trade and of slavery, the removal of the evils of intemperance, social purity, and the placing of all classes on an equality before the law, are among the movements in which they were pioneers or with which they were early and efficiently associated. As early as 1688 a written protest against slavery as unfit to be practised by Christians, was sent by some Friends from Germantown, Pennsylvania, to their superior meetings; and during the intervening period, until the abandonment of the system, they were among the most faithful in pleading for its suppression and the most Christian in the spirit of their protest against it. From its rise the Society of Freinds has advocated great caution in the use of intoxicants, and it was the first Christian body to make the disuse of them a subject of disciplinary advice. It was a Friend who started "Father Matthew" on his beneficent crusade against "the drink," and up to the present time its influence has been persistent and active against the unspeakable miseries caused by the abuse of alcoholic beverages.

War has brought into exercise many heroic virtues, among them self-sacrificing courage in defence of the honor, the property, and the corporate existence of peoples. It has, doubtless, been the expression oftentimes of a lofty patriotism, and has been

providentially used or overruled to the advancement of the world. But human history has been largely written in blood: too generally war has been carried on in disregard of the sentiment of humanity, as well as of every other moral principle. To-day millions of men, forming the standing armies of Christendom, in the very prime of manhood, are withdrawn from productive industry and are supported by the toil of others. The severe labors they should perform are thrown to a degrading extent upon women ; they are in a large measure debarred from the elevating influences of family life, are subjected to the idle vices of the barracks, debasing the populations around them and being debased by bestial passions.

The industries of Europe groan under the burdens these armies impose, until in Italy—the one Continental state from whose reports accurate information upon this subject can be had—the income-tax is 14 per cent. and the combined taxes upon the farmer equal 40 per cent. of the product of his land. Great nations, like France and Germany, armed with every device for slaughter that ingenuity can devise, and moved by ambition or revenge, stand ready to be hurled against each other. In the middle ages the Popes sometimes commanded a "truce of God," to arrest such fratricidal strife. But to-day no European church but the Society of Friends lifts its voice in entreaty and protest, in Christ's name, against such iniquity. When even philosophers like Spencer and Comte see that the military stage is a temporary one, through which peoples pass from barbarism to a true civilization, I cannot but rejoice to belong to a body that has confidence in the Prince of Peace, from whose teachings such philosophers have drawn their moral conceptions ; that believes he is calling upon the church to condemn all war and to lead men, not into a cowardly devotion to money-making, but into labor in self-forgetting love to set each member of the body politic in his best estate, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. Be it that the time is far till this day comes, it is still well to labor and to wait with patient courage through the decades or the centuries till the end is gained.

The Bishop of Peterborough, in the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1886, vigorously defends the use of oaths by witnesses in courts and in other legal proceedings involving grave consequences; yet he desires that they should be abandoned. Moreover, with faintest hope, he looks forward to a time when men's

words shall be as good as their oaths and the latter may be laid aside. The movement in this direction in Great Britain and America was begun by the Society of Friends, who believe that, although Christ recognized the rightfulness of legal oaths under the old dispensation, he distinctly forbade them in the kingdom of God he came to set up. During the last two and a half centuries the progress towards the end which the Bishop seems to regard as desirable has been a most hopeful one, and confirms a confidence that Christ's law of truth-speaking, "Swear not at all," was founded on a sure insight into our moral nature, and was intended to promote entire truthfulness, individual and national. To accept this view, and to be released from calling down a curse upon one's self in case, through infirmity, one should fail to speak the exact truth, wears to me the aspect of a privilege.

Doubtless the reaction of the Puritans against the license of their times was pressed to an extreme—a course sometimes necessary in righting great departures from the true standard of living; but they had intense moral earnestness, and a love of righteousness that made them lightly esteem a right eye if it stood in the way of its realization. While sharing in the wider view that it is safe to follow him who came, not as an ascetic, but as reverently enjoying his Father's bounties, there are some who still think that this means taking up the cross daily and maintaining simplicity in dress, manners, and modes of living. They judge that amid the abandonment to material success which marks our time it is well to keep the body under, and the soul's eye clear, by wholesome self-denial—a tradition among the Friends that some of us would not willingly let die.

For a long time the Friends have done garrison duty in defence, as they apprehend, of some truths overlooked by others; simply "holding the fort"; but within the last quarter of a century a spiritual awakening and power have come to them, and in all parts aggressive action is taking the place of quietism. In education, preliminary and collegiate, in authorship, in home and foreign missions, they have assumed an activity unknown since their early days, and their most thoughtful members are looking forward with the hope that they will continue to take part with their brethren of all the churches in extending the benign sway of the kingdom of God.

J. A. R.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

ICONOCLASM NECESSARY TO PROGRESS.

THE American is by nature and education an iconoclast. To this fact we owe nearly all our moral and material progress. Had we set out with the idea that the past is sacred, because it is the past, and that its relics and institutions must, therefore, be cherished and preserved, we would still be what we were just before the Revolution—a little cluster of provinces reflecting the ideas of feudal Europe. But, by cutting loose from the past and, when the need arose, destroying its institutions, we became what we are to-day, the most progressive nation on the face of the earth. The Revolution itself was a gigantic act of iconoclasm, which stamped us as barbarians in the estimation of Europe. The organization of a state without a religion was another act of iconoclasm, which surely ought to have called down upon us the vengeance of heaven, if the men who believed in the old order of things were right. So, too, the refusal to perpetuate many of the social customs and traditions of the past was an act of iconoclasm of which, in the opinion of Europeans, only vandals could be guilty. Nevertheless, we have gone right along prospering until at last many of those who began by denouncing us on this score are now beginning to think that iconoclasm may not be such a bad thing, after all.

Such being the case, it is hardly necessary for an American to apologize for this National idiosyncrasy. It is justifying itself even in the eyes of our critics. But it is quite proper to call attention to the good that our iconoclasm has accomplished, in order to reassure the doubters. Many of us, in whom there is but small reverence for the past, are, it may be, secretly ashamed of the fact. We would not, of course, acknowledge it. But in our hearts we confess that we are really very terrible people; and although we go on being iconoclastic, we are oppressed with a sense of guilt. It is to remove that sense of guilt, made heavier, perhaps, by the recently-observed centennial of Washington's inauguration, that I write these lines. It is well, of course, to remember the good that has come to us from the past, and to venerate the names of its heroes, martyrs, and saints. But as for its traditions, usages, institutions, and material remains, the only question with us should be, What use are they to us? If they serve any good purpose in the world of to-day, retain them; if not, destroy them, no matter how closely they are linked with some great name or some mighty epoch. The world of to-day is for the men and women of to-day, and not for the pallid ghosts of the past. Destruction and revision are the two most potent weapons of progress. By destroying what is useless and bad, and by revising what is capable of improvement, we clear the way for the newer thought of our own age, which is capable of adding to and enriching the heritage of the past. Only thus does material and moral progress become possible.

As may easily be inferred, I have, personally, very little veneration for relics of the past. I can see no use in them except the gratification of a morbid sentimentality. I would not give a nickel for the most authentic relic of the most famous saint that ever lived. And the false teeth of Washington, which, I believe, some one treasures as a precious relic, would excite in me nothing more than a feeling of disgust. Still, the lover and collector of such relics is comparatively harmless; his folly affects nobody but himself and his friends; and so we may leave him to his fad, only regretting that so much intelligence is wasted in amassing and gloating over a lot of trumpery stuff of no intrinsic value whatever.

But society at large is injured by the preservation of old institutions and traditions merely because they are old. The man who tries to hold his generation to a belief in and love for an outworn idea, on the plea that it was once vital, is a public enemy and should be so regarded. The man who stands up in this age of marvellous progress and laments the glories of the past is unworthy to bear a hand in the work of the modern world. He is either a dreamer, a sciolist, or a crank. I believe in burying what is old and surrounding ourselves with what is new. If it could be proved that the ground occupied by the Pyramids was needed for the development of the race, I should be in favor of tearing down the meaningless old heaps of stones within twenty-four hours. And in place of the picturesque old dwelling-houses of so many European cities, saturated as many of them are with the disease-germs of half a score of generations, I would like to see newly-built houses, with modern improvements and modern conveniences. Interesting as may be the old house of your grandfather, from an archæological point of view, it cannot compare in comfort and luxury with the house that you can build to-day. The lovers of the past are constantly mourning over the obliteration of old landmarks, especially in our great cities. They actually seem to think that the growth of a great metropolis like New York is a crime because, forsooth, it demands the demolition of some old colonial building whose usefulness has long ago departed. They do not understand that constant and continuous change is the mark of true progress, and that to stand still is to go backward. Let us, if we will, hoard the heirlooms and relics of the past in our museums, where we can look at them when we have nothing better to do. They will, at least, teach us how far we have advanced since the days when these things were considered the master-pieces of human skill. But do not let us, out of a morbid reverence for the past, cumber the earth with useless monuments and buildings whose only value is their age. Do not let us perpetuate laws and customs and traditions in our social and political life, whose only excuse for being is that, a hundred years ago, or two hundred years ago, they were the very efflorescence of human wisdom.

The application of my little homily is this : Do not feel any secret pangs of guilt because you share in the iconoclastic spirit of the American people. Rather rejoice because that spirit has been so largely manifested in the destruction of old institutions, in the abrogation of old laws, in the suspension of old customs, in the breaking-down of old lines of caste, in the death of old superstitions, and in the cutting-loose of the American Republic from so many of the outworn ideas and ideals of the old world. There is still a great work for the American iconoclast to do in politics, art, science, commerce, sociology, and religion. I hope he will do it so fearlessly, so effectively, and so wisely, that in the great American Republic of the future not a vestige of the old abuses and the old falsehoods will remain.

PERCY DOUGLAS.

II.

ILLUSTRIOUS SECONDS.

WHEN a new writer appears and succeeds in attracting attention, the public, having read, praised, criticised, busies itself with his (or her) classification. What is this? Have we a new George Eliot? an American George Sand? an Anglicized Gautier? a reëmbodied Milton? The public, when thus rummaging among the crowded store-rooms of its brain, let it be understood, intends to be friendly and complimentary. If any one advanced the idea that it was heaping insult upon the new and would-be original author, and giving him a seat in the school-room where he aspired to be a master, it would flout the idea with scorn. And as the public will inevitably go on comparing and classifying, the author must look out for himself and not give it the opportunity. As a matter of fact, however, nine out of ten authors can be classified very readily ; it is the tenth's inability to be filed that gives him the position of master instead of pupil, and a chance to live.

Every woman who has written a striking novel in England during the past ten years has been hailed as a second George Eliot. These women have doubtless been flattered, and have not realized that in resembling George Eliot they must ever re-

main Number 2, if for no other reason than because George Eliot had won her immortality before they were heard of. Lucas Mallet, Vernon Lee, Mrs. Ward, have all been relegated to the ranks of illustrious seconds, with the banner of George Eliot waving above them. Olive Schreiner alone refuses to be classified, and judging by this significant fact, as well as by the inherent qualities of her work, one may venture to assert that of the four she alone will live.

Over here we have our—so-called—American Eliots, Zolas, Balzacs, Gautiers, Shakespeares, Thackerays, and even Swinburnes, Ouidas, Rhoda Broughtons, and Blackmores. They all bear that superficial and fascinating resemblance to the originals which a wax apple bears to a real apple, and at least have the satisfaction of being the fads of a day. For this quality of reproduction has a certain temporary value. The great reading world is not creative; consequently not particular about absolute originality. It knows what it likes from habit and is slow to make up its mind to like anything radically new. Naturally, therefore, when a new writer, who has modelled himself upon a great master or a familiar favorite, bursts into being, the public recognizes the flavor at once and is eager to enjoy and appreciate. That the old dish is made by a new cook is a recommendation in its favor, for the world does not object to that light rate of originality which exists in the average author's personality. It is perfectly willing to prophesy a great future for the novice; but always reasoning from the same premise—the meteor resembles an acknowledged and fixed star. And what is the result? The meteors shoot forth and drop, shoot forth and drop, and we all go back to the fixed stars.

Ten thousand dramas have been written on Shakespearean lines since Shakespeare laid down his pen. Many won praise and shekels for the authors. Where are they now? What are the authors' names? Does any one remember? What does the world want of imitations of Shakespeare when it can get Shakespeare himself? Some day a greater man than Shakespeare will be born—but he will in no wise resemble Shakespeare.

All great writers have imitated here and there, but always consciously and for their own amusement solely. Many of these reproductions have been very brilliant, but upon no one of them has the fame of an author ever rested. When Coleridge wrote his remarkable paraphrase of the Bible, "The Wanderings of Cain," it was undoubtedly an event in the literary world, and brought him much praise; but if Coleridge had never written "Christabel," or "The Ancient Mariner," or "Kubla Khan," what niche in literature's temple would Coleridge occupy to-day? Byron, in his "Heaven and Earth," wrote a description of the flood which for dramatic power, vivid portrayal, and stupendous strength, far exceeds the Bible's picture; but because the flood had been the Bible's pecular property for hundreds of years before Byron was born, so it will continue to hold its rights to the end of time. To come down in the scale, "St. Elmo" and "Rutledge" owed their great vogue to the popularity of "Jane Eyre" and the inspiration their authors drew from that famous novel. The Duchess and Helen Mathers pressed their lips to the fever-stricken mouth of Rhoda Broughton and took the disease in a milder form. Rita and Amélie Rives have snatched the falling mantle of Ouida, divided it in half, and wound it so closely about themselves that it has become an extra cuticle and could only be removed by a surgical operation.

Great original genius is only recognized and admitted after a desperate fight, because there is no greater coward than the intellectual public. The well-furnished and critical brain has every shelf of its cells fitted up with the lore upon which centuries or generations of public approval have set their seal. It knows that to admire that choice library is both safe and proper; it gives one dignity and it gives one pleasure. Anything, therefore, which is radically different from the inhabitants of those precious shelves must perforce be worthless. People do not stop to compare or even to remember the difference between the succeeding literatures of past generations. Think of the monotony of the world's letters if no original minds had ever come to break loose from traditions, inaugurate new schools, and plant new ideas! Suppose the glorious galaxy now illuminating our Past had succumbed to the inevitable fire of public protestation,—what sort of a literature would we have to-day?

Unquestionably the literature of one generation, even of one decade, is the natural result of the literature immediately preceding it: evolution is inexorable. But upon this force of heredity operate the great and complex forces of the times, and the man who is thrust head and shoulders above the mass, as the target of his generation and a landmark for posterity, is he in whom both forces have met and been ignited by the divine spark that shot in his unborn brain, whence no man can tell.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

III.

THE POLITICS NEAREST HOME.

IS THERE not something beyond mere accident, or coincidence, in the widespread interest suddenly manifested in America in the question of the government of cities? There seems to be the action of a sociological law in this; for it may be observed that when the time is ripe for a political or social advance the movement begins to assert itself, not at one point alone, but with a sort of spontaneity in various portions of the National mass. It cannot be denied that in the practical government of cities some of the leading European countries are now far in advance of us. This acknowledgment strikes something of a blow at our National pride—or vanity; for we have been so accustomed to regard ourselves as the political models for the world that it seems humiliating to have to concede the superiority of others in any respect. Therefore, while allowing the fact, many of us have been disposed to ascribe it to the fundamental difference between European and American theories of government, and to say that, while great European cities were undoubtedly better governed than ours, the free spirit of the American people would never tolerate the application of such methods here. But if this were true, would it not be a very unfortunate confession of American incapacity? Would it not give the lie to our professed ability to surpass the rest of the world under an equality of opportunities? Fortunately for us, this excuse is not valid. It is not owing to monarchical institutions that European cities are better governed than ours. Those cities are old democracies and the parents of our modern republicanism; self-government maintained itself in them while despotism ruled the land, and it is because of their methods of responsible self-government that their affairs are now so well administered.

It is a healthful sign that this sense of our defects has aroused an active interest in the question of municipal government. If the body politic be diseased, its ills will show themselves most keenly in the parts most immediately concerning the public; and if the very foundation be defective, we can hardly hope for a sound National structure. It is well, therefore, that we are becoming aroused from our self-complacency and made to see plainly that, of all the countries calling themselves enlightened, our own free land has the distinction of possessing the worst-governed cities.

Two important courses of lectures on municipal government, given in Boston and Providence, have commanded exceptional attention far beyond the public to whom they were directly addressed, and the subject has otherwise been widely discussed and studied throughout the country. In the comparisons between European and American methods, made by several of the lecturers, data have been made prominent that plainly show the reasons for the excellencies on the one hand and the defects on the other. The differences lie both in system and in functions. In the chief cities of Great Britain and Germany—the countries furnishing the best examples of model municipal government—the business-like organization is notable. While our system of frequent elections and short terms of both officials and popular representatives puts a premium on inexperience and incapacity, the purpose of theirs is to secure men of experience and capacity at the head of affairs. Their city councils are permanent bodies, only a certain proportion of the members retiring periodically, so that even should none of them be reëlected, there always remain a majority of men familiar with the public business. The other features of their governments are likewise arranged with a view to the best efficiency, and we see the fruits in the economy and thoroughness with which affairs are administered, as against the extravagance and

neglect that are the rule in nearly all our large cities. They are likewise in advance of us in the municipal exercise of functions that are usually here handed over to private corporations with substantially free license to ride rough-shod over the public. Therefore, while we have to pay the highest rates for services of necessity and convenience, rendered as poorly as the public will bear, they get the cheapest and best possible services of the same kind.

When we Americans fully realize the wastefulness and corruption attendant upon municipal methods, we may be expected to make practical application of the lessons imparted by foreign examples, regardless of prejudice. We have taught the old world much of the highest value, and in return we can afford to receive good instruction from that quarter. One of the most profitable things that we can learn is to administer municipal government so efficiently as to make it the instrument for all the services that can be better performed collectively than by individual effort.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

IV.

AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS.

"BECAUSE of its size and the heterogeneity of its components, the American Nation," says Herbert Spencer, "will be a long time in evolving its ultimate form, but its ultimate form will be high. From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population will produce a finer type of man than has hitherto existed."

It is with this question of the heterogeneity of its components that the American Nation has now to deal. Will not this finer type of man, which is evolving from the "allied varieties of the Aryan race"—will not this type, I ask, be slightly impaired by the yearly absorption of masses of criminal, slothful, imbecile humanity from other lands? Will not the yearly dissemination of hundreds of thousands of paupers, criminals, and idiots among us retard, in some measure, the evolution of this "finer type," to which the biologist bids us aspire? I am of the opinion that it will, whether we view the question morally or politically.

When Augustus of Poland remonstrated with France for affording refuge to the fugitive Stanislas, the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, replied to the ambassador in what Voltaire calls these remarkable words: "*Monsieur, mandez au roi votre maître que la France a toujours été l'asile des rois malheureux.*" America has given asylum to all; has hospitably welcomed to her shores the high-born and the low. But when foreign powers persist in flagrantly and shamelessly abusing this open hospitality, then is the time for this hospitality to cease. Then is the time to view clearly the question whether we are to continue to receive yearly, with outstretched arms, the refuse and filth of European governments. From the very nature of the circumstances America is, and ever will be, a hospitable nation, but, as Mr. Depew remarked, "We refuse to act as the dumping-ground of Europe."

When Young America was embarking on its voyage through life, it welcomed all new-comers to its shores, in the very joyousness of youth, demanding no pedigrees, asking no questions. But now that the youth has developed into a full-fledged man, Liberty's Goddess, under whose fostering care this youth was transformed into the man, pauses and views with wrathful eyes her gracious rights of hospitality trampled in the dust and the annual arrival of criminals, idiots, paupers, and diseased upon her shores. We have, indeed, hitherto, cordially received all "varieties of the Aryan race," but there are certain varieties at which we choose to draw the line—a very decided and emphatic line. We are now a nation complete in ourselves, and we ask no foreign assistance in the shape of exotic criminals, imbeciles, and ex-inmates of the poor-house. We refuse to allow that rank weed, anarchism, uprooted from its native land, Germany, and spurned by England, to embed itself in American soil. We may, in accordance with the biological truths previously stated, be evolving "a finer type of man than has hitherto existed"; in some rare, sunny moments we hope that such may be the case; but we have already evolved a nation—a nation fathered by a Revolution, purged by the fire of Civil War—a nation the purity and well-being of which we refuse to endanger by pollution from the offscourings of Europe.

As a nation, we have been kind and generous. Our kindness has been abused; our laws of hospitality violated. This abuse of our hospitality calls for immediate redress. This question of the restriction of immigration admits of no delay. Already the lump of corrupt leaven is at work, as we learn from the daily records. It is always unwelcome—the awakening to the fact that one has been imposed upon; that the world stands ever ready to take advantage of another's adolescence. But the awakening, however unwelcome, has come; the experience, though dear, has been purchased; and now it remains for us to demonstrate to the world that our adolescent period has passed, that we are now a nation mature enough to be conscious of imposition and with vitality enough to cause a speedy cessation thereof.

Mathew Arnold has said: "Politically and socially, the United States are a community living in a natural condition and conscious of doing so. And being in this healthy case, and having this healthy consciousness, the community there uses its understanding with the soundness of health; it, in general, sees its political concerns straight, and sees them clear." Let us gracefully accept this meed of praise, and by our subsequent conduct prove that, in this case, at least, it was well merited. Does America, the land of the free and home of the brave, desire the acquisition from other lands of bondsmen weighed down by the shackles of sin, of dastardly, bomb-throwing Anarchists? America's gracious and far-reaching hospitality has been abused most mercilessly, and America's Goddess, justly incensed and indignant, withdraws the once freely-extended hand of welcome, and with frowning brow writes over her portals: "Not at home to idiots, beggars, felons, murderers, and so forth, of foreign extraction!"

M. A. WESTCOTT.

V.

AN IGNOMINIOUS DESTINY.

"To WHAT base uses we may return, Horatio!" exclaims *Hamlet;* and he proceeds to suggest that Alexander's noble dust might be found, if traced, stopping a bunghole, and that

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

But these base uses of great men's dust, imaginary though they are, hardly surpass the ignominy to which one of the monarchs of Egypt was actually subjected a few years ago. Think of the "father of the mighty line of Pharaohs" figuring as dried fish in the customs entries in his own land! Such, however, was the description under which the founder of the Pharaonic dynasty was suffered to pass through the land over which he once swayed the kingly sceptre. M. Maspero, leaving the Boolak Museum in view of the contingencies that might arise during the British campaign in Egypt, determined to take with him the mummy of Merenra, the most ancient of the Pharaohs. At the railway station the booking-clerk refused to pass the preserved monarch, unless his value was declared and a corresponding payment made. This was not easy to do, and so it was arranged that first-class fare should be paid for his defunct majesty. But then there were the *octroi*, or city duties, to be paid at Alexandria; so, looking over the lists, M. Maspero found that salt-fish paid but a mere trifle upon entry; and accordingly, we are told, the first Pharaoh of Egypt entered the last city of his empire as dried fish, paying the corresponding tax! What a vivid illustration of the well-known saying of Sir Thomas Browne: "Mummy is become merchandise, Misraim heals wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams!" Merenra's descendants are no longer in their narrow sepulchres, or they would turn in them on learning that their great progenitor had been disgracefully smuggled through his own dominions as a package of dried and salted fish.

Ignominious as was the fate of the Egyptian monarch, it was hardly more so than that of the Egyptians whose mummies, as Gibbon tells us, were deposited by their sons, as securities for loans, with money-lenders. Merenra's destiny has been paralleled in modern times by that of Richelieu,—the virtual monarch of France,—whose body, in 1793, was torn from the grave in the church of the Sorbonne

and rudely trampled under foot, after the head had been cut off and exhibited to the by-standers. Passing into the possession of a grocer, the head was sold to M. Armez *père*, and transferred successively to several persons, till at last attempts were made, but made in vain, in 1846 and 1855, by the Historical Committee of Arts and Monuments, to repair the profanation. "We accuse no one," says Feuillet de Conches, who relates these incidents in his "Variétés d'Histoire et d'Art"; "still the fact is undeniable that this terrible head, the personification of the absolute monarchy killing the aristocratic monarchy, is wandering upon the earth like a spectre that has straggled out of the domain of the dead." In the same year the fine marble statue of the great Cardinal at the Château de Melraye was decapitated and the head used by an ultra-republican of the district as a balance-weight for a roasting-jack!

WILLIAM MATHEWS.

VI.

A PLEA FOR THE DIALECT STORY.

IN A RECENT number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Mr. Norton V. Johnson strongly condemns the dialects and dialect stories of this country. His remarks are very much prejudiced; he can see nothing at all to commend in dialects; and altogether he gives his side of the case with great frankness.

Do we want dialect stories in this country? Yes; most emphatically, yes. A dialect itself may be a sign of ignorance, and may also show a lack of education, but there is no denying that there is a certain picturesqueness, a certain fascination, about it that makes it very taking. It is impossible to have the representatives of the different nations and classes in this country speak one universal language with the same accent and enunciation, and as long as the different dialects are spoken, just so long will dialect stories be written. Mr. Johnson states that dialect stories have *irritated* thousands of readers and hundreds of compositors. It is true that a class of readers find it a little difficult at first to get accustomed to the dialect, but a majority of the intelligent readers in this country have no difficulty at all in understanding it. Those who find dialect stories *irritating* have no right to attempt to read them. As for compositors, no doubt dialects are difficult to put into type; but a compositor's business is to follow the copy set before him and make no complaints. One of the best examples of the dialect story is Thomas Nelson Page's "Meh Lady." What can be more simple, more touching, than the way the old negro tells of the death of "Marse Phil"? What can be more delicate, more eloquent than the charming manner in which he describes the love scenes? Would Mr. Johnson like to see "Meh Lady" put into cold, matter-of-fact, grammatical English? What would be the effect if it were done? The story would be utterly ruined. "Meh Lady" is one of the master-pieces of its class, and is also one of the most beautiful short stories that has ever been published. Before condemning the dialects of this country, one should read not only the stories of Thomas Nelson Page, but also those of George W. Cable. The dialect of the Creoles is most musical, pleasing to the ear, poetical, and altogether charming.

In the literature of this country, we always want the Yankee to speak like the Yankee, the Creole to speak like the Creole, and the negro to speak like the negro.

WILLIAM EARLE BALDWIN.

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